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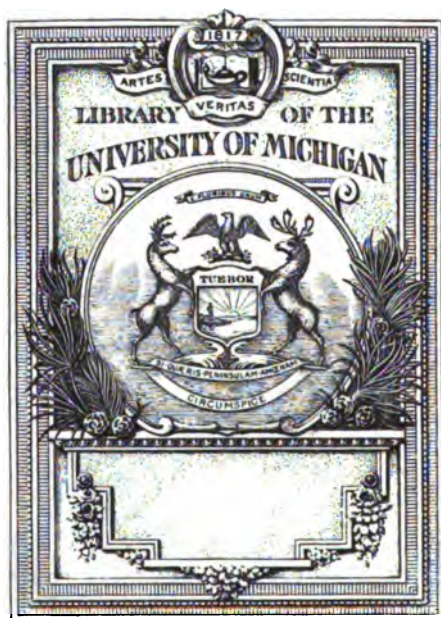
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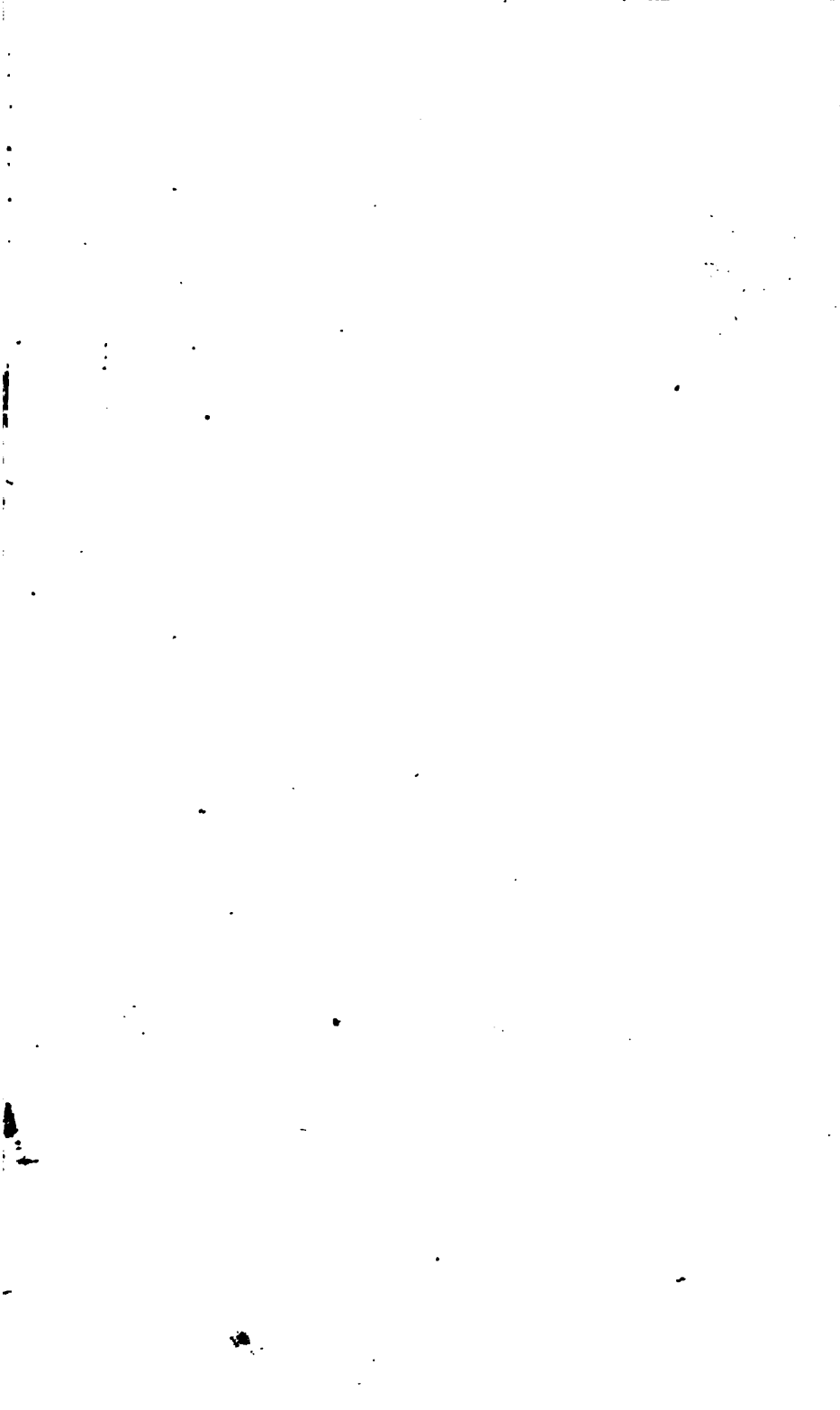
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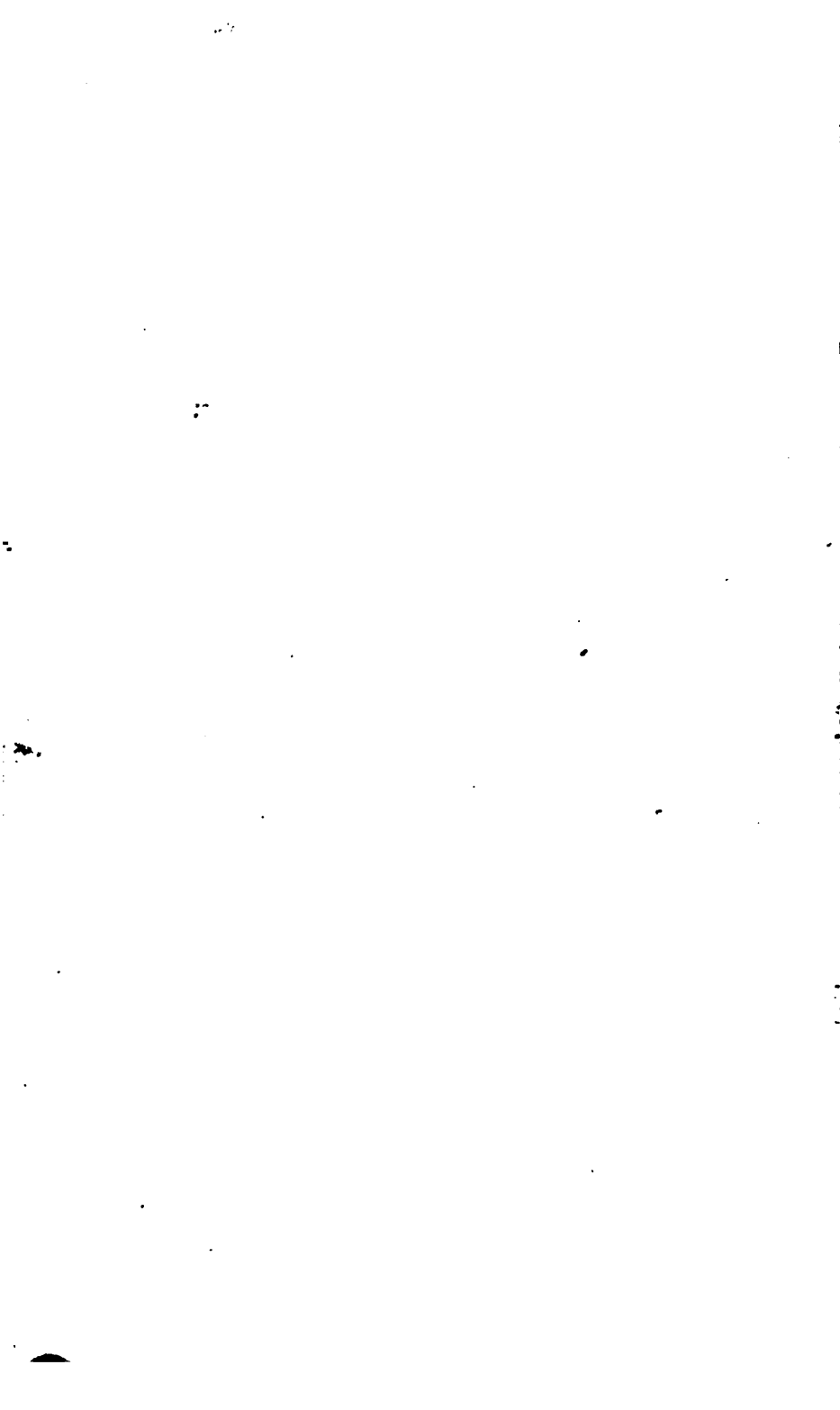
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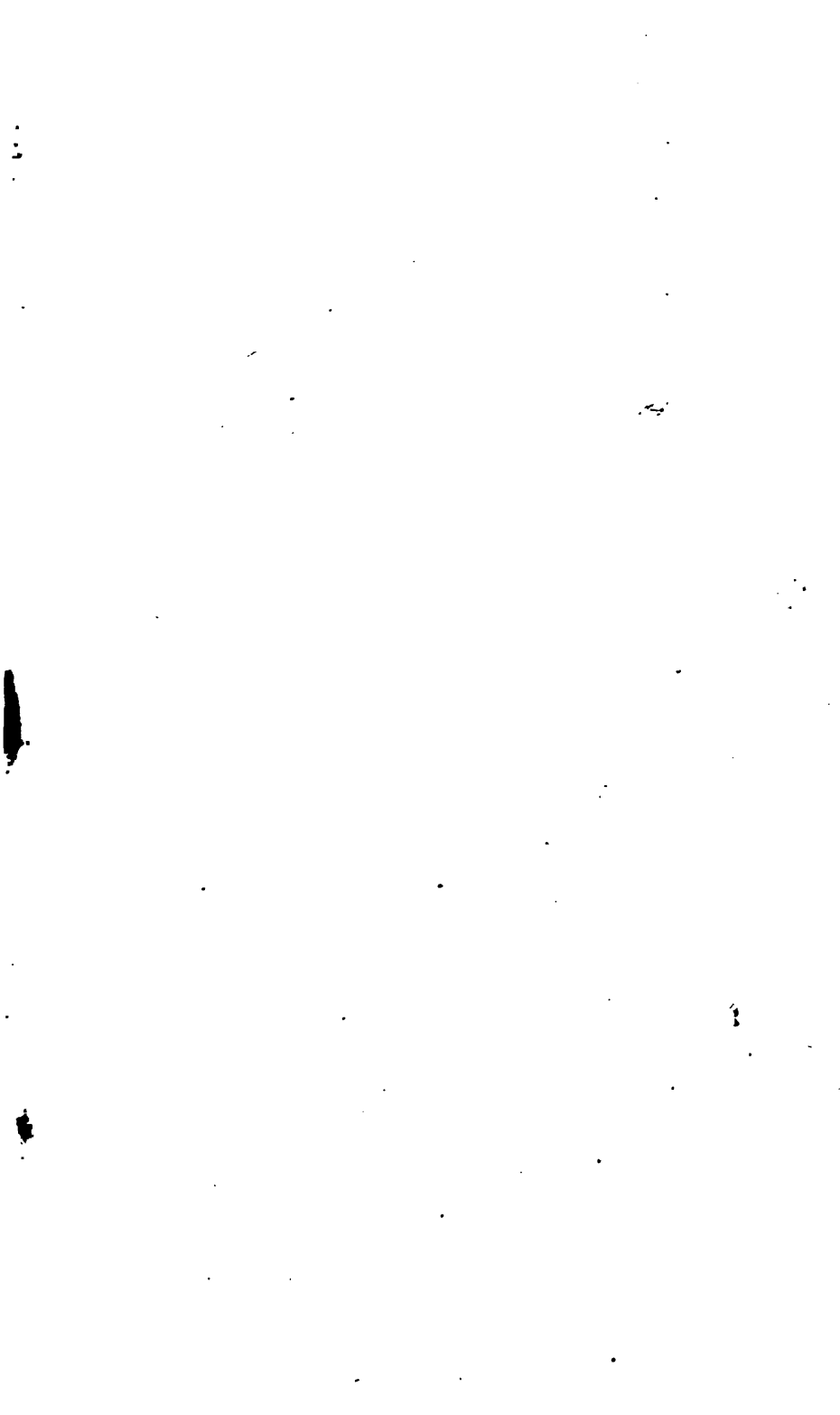
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ADELINE LINDAMORE.

London, Published by Tho^s Kelly 17, Paternoster Row, Sept. 1 1810.

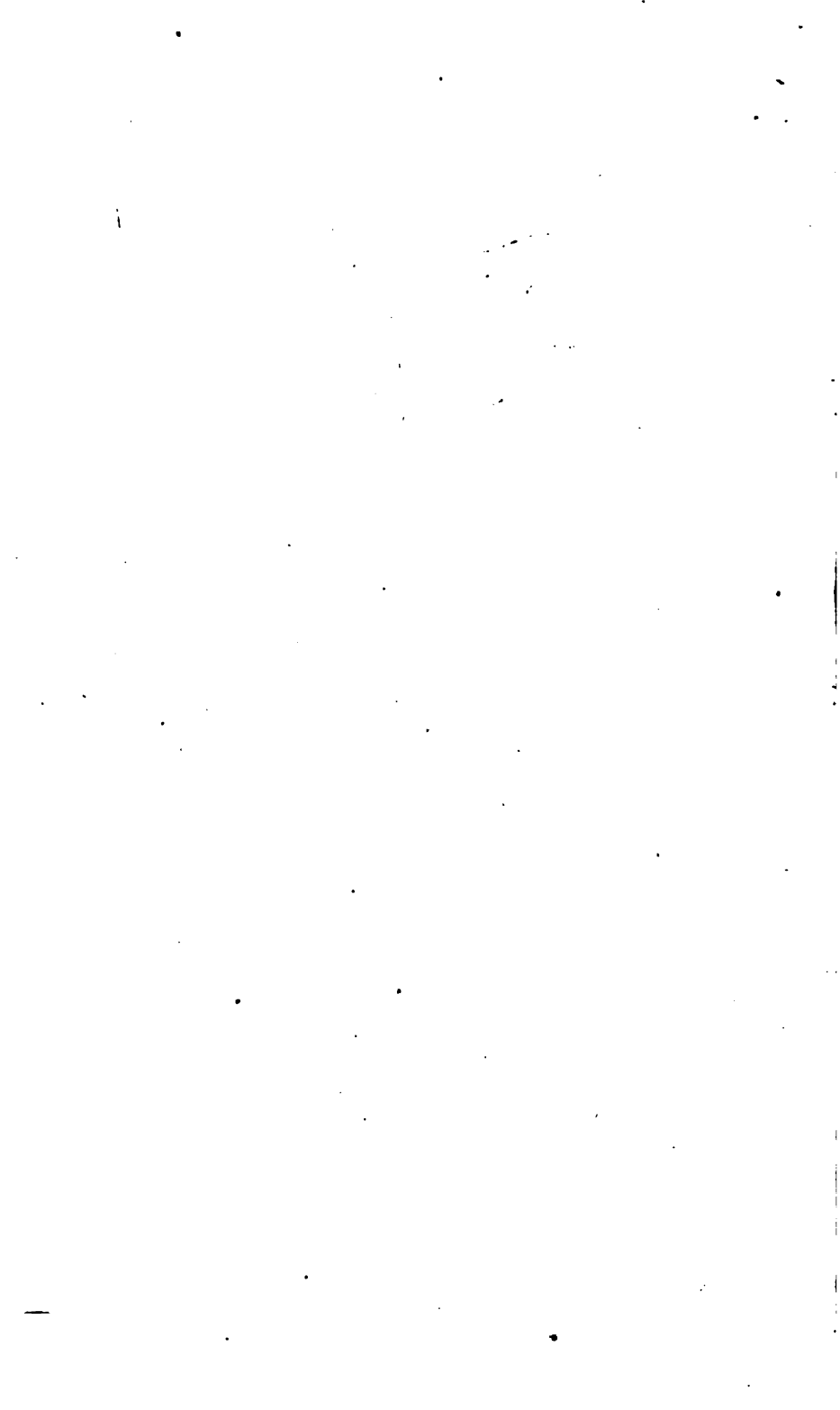


ES &
BROTHERS,
or the
Castle of Aiolos,
a Romance
ES &
ROBERT HUISH ESQ^{RS}



L O N D O N ,

Published by Tho. Kelly, 17. Paternoster Row. Sept. 1. 1820.



THE BROTHERS;

OR THE

Castle of Ntolo.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT HUISH ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"Kelly's celebrated Memoirs of Her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte;"—"The Peruvians," a Poem;—"A Treatise on the Management of Bees;"—"Ferney Castle;" &c. &c.

I have no brother—I am no brother—
And this word Love, which greybeards call divine.
Be resident in Men like one another,
But not in me,—I am—myself alone.

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM EMANS,

Nos. 1. and 2, Peacock Street, Newington.

1820.

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G.L.
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INTRODUCTION.

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THERE is not certainly any thing more pleasing in the hour of relaxation from severer studies, or when the mind seeks relief from a constant and rigid attention to the worldly affairs of the day, than the perusal of a moral and entertaining novel. Nothing indeed can be considered as more unfounded nor invidious than the outcry which has been so unjustly raised by a certain class of individuals against that particular species of literature, and the severe injunctions which have been issued against the introduction of a novel into the hands of the rising generation, is the mere effect of the grossest prejudice, and the most narrow minded illiberality. A well written novel is a faithful picture of human life, with all its lights and shades, its sun-shines and its storms, and although at times some grotesque figure may be delineated, which not only borders on caricature, but resembles some hideous nondescript on the boards of a Theatre, yet with the endless diversity of human character, who will pretend to affirm that its prototype is not to be found. The mariner who is kept in ignorance of the rocks on which his vessel may be wrecked, resembles the individual who is launched upon the dangerous ocean of life, without the chart of experience to guide him, and wholly a stranger to the snares which beset him at every step, to subvert his principles and his virtue. In this respect, the uses and advantages of a novel are very apparent; the vices which disfigure

human nature are there exposed in all their native deformity, and the virtues, the practice of which throws such an enlivening charm over human society, are held forth as the only rule of moral action, from which real happiness can possibly emanate. If it be urged, that the general tendency of a novel is to pourtray vice triumphant, and virtue persecuted, we have only to turn our eyes to the actual scenes of life, to discover, that it is perfectly consistent with truth, and conformable to the actual condition of man, as established by his Maker, which consists in a severe and incessant state of trial, and in which he is exposed to continual temptation, in order that he may overcome it, for therein consists the dignity of human nature. The virtue which has not undergone the ordeal of temptation, is but a negative virtue at best, and although in the novel as in life, virtue may be for a time assailed, persecuted and oppressed, the time will come, when the hideous front of vice will be exposed, and virtue reap the just reward of its noble struggle.

On these principles are founded the scenes of the "Brothers," and if on their perusal any one should say—"this is meant for me,"—the wish of the Author will be fulfilled, if by the delineation of the consequences resulting from a career of vice, the individual should commence the reformation of himself, and at the end of his earthly sojourn, he should sleep the sleep of the virtuous, and die in the fullest hope of forgiveness from his God.

THE BROTHERS;

OR,

THE CASTLE OF NIOLO.

CHAPTER I.

————— Prepare to hear
A story, that shall turn thee into stone ;
Could there be hewn a monstrous gap in Nature,
A flaw made through the centre by some god,
Through which the groans of ghosts might strike thy ear
They would not wound thee as this story will.

IT is a tale of the times of old !—Death has long since had its victims, and corruption its tribute—the deeds of the virtuous are numbered—the acts of the criminal stand in record against him ; —When the dreaded book is opened—well for the former !—Woe to the latter !

On the eastern shore of the Lake of Geneva, stood in proud but decaying magnificence the

VOL. 1. No. 1.

Castle of Niolo. It stood in gloomy grandeur frowning on the scene around it. The upper branches of the oaks which surrounded it, declared their third century was come, for seldom the axe had been heard in the woods, and seldom were the forests stripped to satisfy the extravagance of a spendthrift heir. During a long course of generations, it had been the abode of the powerful family of the Lindamores, and since their accession to the estates, it had been their pride and boast, that they had descended from heir to heir uninjured and unincumbered.

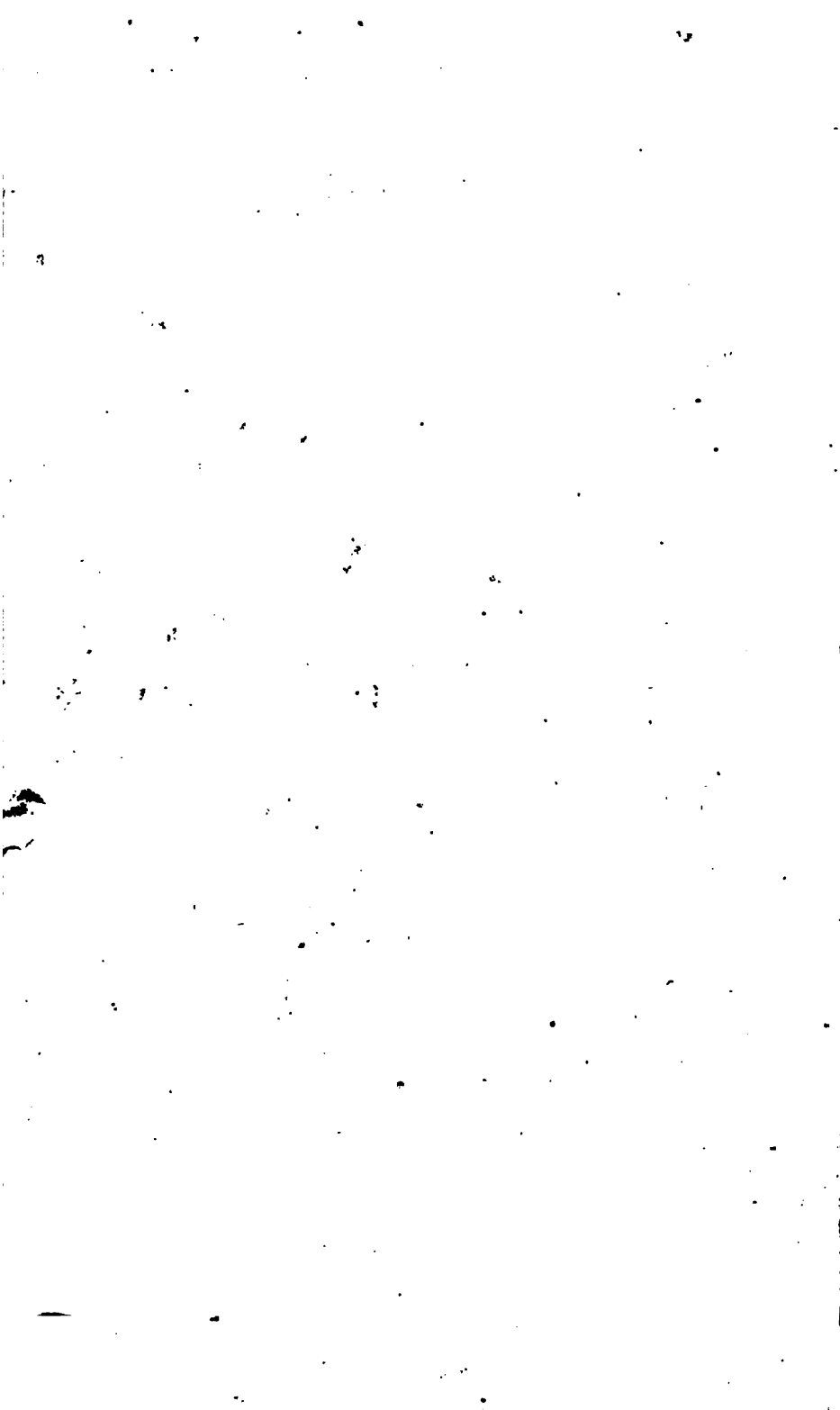
The present proprietor, Count Frederic Lindamore, was far advanced in years, and of the most sober and retired pursuits. He had been a widower from an early age, and the loss of the woman whom he loved, rendered the solitude in which he lived doubly dear to him. He was the father of two sons, Frederic and Leopold, and it was his hope, that they would be the support of his declining age, and smooth his passage to another world. As, however, they advanced towards manhood, that hope by degrees was blighted. The vicious and untractable dispositions of Leopold manifested themselves at an early age, and parental controul appeared to him an usurpation of power not to be endured.

The temper of the two brothers was most opposite—that of Frederic was mild, peaceable, and conciliating—whilst on the other hand, that of Leopold was stubborn, boisterous, and pas-

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 Leopold dissipated his yo-
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The Count of Monte-
 Cassino



sionate; the former founded his delight in the exercise of his charitable and benevolent dispositions; it was his greatest pleasure to relieve the needy; the wanderer never went unrefreshed from the Castle, nor the mendicant without support. He was not merely the passive benefactor, but he sought for objects whose hearts were oppressed with grief, or who were bending beneath the weight of accumulated affliction. He knew and practised the delicate mode of alleviating the burthen, without inflicting a wound on the sensitive mind, and thus the obligation appeared to rest upon the giver, not upon the receiver.

On the other hand, Leopold dissipated his youth in every species of debauchery; there was no vice in which he had not waded deep—there was no crime, with which his soul was not acquainted. When a stripling, he was placed by his father in the service of the Prince of Ysenburg, from which however he was soon expelled, on account of the gross irregularity of his conduct, and the dangerous example which he exhibited to his young associates. He then passed over into Italy, and aided by the pecuniary supplies which were remitted to him by his too indulgent parent, he launched forth into all the profligacies of that luxurious country. His nights were passed at the gaming table; his days in forming plans for the seduction of female innocence, or in hiring bravoës to dispatch the objects of his resentment. His depraved and turbulent

disposition, had driven him from the commission of a lesser crime to the commission of a greater; the connexions which he had formed were of the most dangerous stamp: he was surrounded by parasites, who, under the mask of friendship and esteem, made him subservient to their own guilty purposes, and whose actions were so wrapt in mystery, as to excite the suspicion of the government, under which their lawless practices were committed. For a length of time not one of the desperate horde was to be seen, no one knew whither they were gone, nor the reason of their absence. On a sudden, the country again resounded with reports of atrocities, and the commission of the most heinous crimes—churches were pillaged—the traveller was murdered—the virgins of the country were torn from their parents to satisfy the lust of the atrocious gang;—no sanctuary was safe—the priest was stripped at the altar—the nun was violated as she knelt before the cross—the altar was pillaged—the cross destroyed—and still no resistance was thought of—the country was panic struck, and the inhabitants considered a partial evil to be more easily endured, than the general devastation which would ensue, were the resentment of the whole gang to be excited.

Venice was the principal place selected by Leopold for the commission of his atrocities, but that city was fortunately relieved for some time from the dreadful actions of his associates by a

particular occurrence, which turned almost every stiletto in Venice against him, and from which Leopold escaped solely by the most precipitate flight.

The Marquis Villano was on the eve of marriage with an amiable and beautiful lady of the noble house of Orsini. The rank and consequence of the parties rendered this marriage the subject of general conversation, and at a ball where Leopold was present, he beheld for the first time the beautiful Anna Maria Orsini. His whole soul was immediately captivated by her charms; his eyes followed her in all her motions; he sought for every opportunity of entering into conversation with her; and although he was not ignorant that she was affianced to another, he yet determined to adopt the most resolute measures to possess her. Every engine which his ingenuity could invent, was set in motion, and by the activity and boldness of his associates, he bore away the prize; but the alarm having been given in time, the villains were pursued, and their captive rescued. Irritated at this disappointment, and this obstacle to the consummation of his wishes Leopold determined to prevent the marriage of the woman, whose charms had so enamoured him, by the assassination of her intended husband. Fortunately, however, for the Marquis, the assassins mistook their victim, and in order to avoid the secret poignard of his enemies, he suddenly left Venice, and it was reported that

he had taken refuge in a monastery of Carmelites, near the pass of San Petro, in the Alps.

It was, however, discovered that Leopold Lindamore was the instigator of the attempt on the life of the Marquis, and the stiletto of the assassins was now turned against himself. He made a precipitate flight, at the same time leaving his positive injunction with his emissaries, to convey to him the earliest intelligence of the place, whither Maria Orsini had been conveyed.

This atrocious conduct of his younger son inflicted the severest pangs on the heart of the aged Count. He had tried lenient and coercive measures with him—he had reasoned with him as a man—as a parent—as a friend. He had armed himself with all the authority which the parent gave him, and he assumed all the privileges which the man or the friend allowed him, but all his endeavours failed of producing any permanent effect. The only hope therefore which remained to cheer the breast of the afflicted father was, that when the impetuosity of youth had evaporated, and its fiery and headstrong passions brought under the controul of reason, his son would see the criminality of his life, and by a return to virtue, fill with respect, that honorable station to which his birth entitled him.

It seldom happens, that the most turbulent dispositions of youth will not yield to kindness; the vicious propensities of our early life are in

general confirmed by a harsh and tyrannical treatment, and it is a false principle of education which inculcates that severity alone should be used in the eradication of early vices—one kind word—one gentle expostulation—one friendly remonstrance will sometimes effect more, than all the lessons which a severe discipline ever inculcated, for kindness is the chain by which the world is held together, and it may be moved and managed with a finger.

Frederic, had early in life formed a matrimonial alliance with the daughter of one of the most ancient families in the country, and connected by the ties of close relationship to the family of the Marquis Villano. During several years, he enjoyed under his parent's roof all that happiness which the connubial state can afford. Futurity, conducted by the syren hope, opened to him the animating prospect of an increase to that happiness, when a blooming offspring should spread their smiles around him, sharing their father's virtues and their mother's charms. But hope is a chimera of the human heart—a pleasing, but a faithless friend: the sun of the bliss of man shines bright to day, but ere to-morrow's dawn, its rays are wrapped in clouds.

Frederic beheld with all the joy a parent feels, a lovely infant sleeping on the bosom of its mother—he listened with delight to its prat-

ling tongue, and in the child, he felt his love for the mother increased.

One summer evening, when scarcely a breath of air ruffled the surface of the lake; and o'er all the scene rested a lovely stillness, Frederic proposed an aquatic excursion to a village situated on the margin of the lake. The old Count being rather indisposed, declined joining the party, but on parting with them gave his advice, not to let the night overtake them on the water. The boat was manned, and smoothly it glided over the lake; the joyous song of the boatmen was alone broken by the dashing of the oars, or by the screams of the eagle as it flew to its mountain eyrie. The party reached the village, where they were regaled by an intimate acquaintance of the family. In social converse, the happy hours passed quickly away, and the advice of the old Count was forgotten. On the summit of the snow crowned mountains trembled the last ray of day, and twilight rested on the valleys and the lake. The vesper bell sounded from the neighbouring Convent, and the sound borne by the passing breeze, died away amidst the surrounding hills. The shepherds had driven their flocks from the meadows, and the faithful dog was heard driving the stragglers home. Before his cottage sat the hardy mountaineer, his daily labour done, enjoying with his family the evening meal. Not

more lovely was the scenery, than the view of man in his simple state, unadulterated by intercourse with the world, and a stranger to its vices and contentions; his life is like the stream which flows through the meadows, uninterrupted in its course by rocks and shallows, and gliding smoothly on to that great ocean, on which eternity has fixed its throne.

The party returned to the boat—the sun went down 'midst stormy clouds—wild over the lake flew the blast, the forerunner of the storm—in humid turbulence, the clouds came rolling on, and on the summit of the mountains was already settled the awful spirit of the tempest. The party, over whom death in joyful anticipation flapped its wings in terror, were in the middle of the lake, when the storm, with all its fury burst upon them. The boatmen looked to heaven for help, and on the anxious bosom of Frederic lay his terrified spouse. A sudden squall swept over the lake,—the skill of the sailors was in vain, the boat was upset—Frederic seized his child, and buffeting the waves sought its mother—he heard her agonized shrieks—now faint, now loud; in the glare of the lightning, he saw her arms outstretched towards him—the darkness of the storm succeeded—the angel of death was on the waves—she sunk to rise no more.

Wearied and exhausted Frederic gained the shore, bearing his precious charge, and hope

still glimmered in his bosom, that one of the boatmen might have saved his wife. He called aloud, but no answer was returned—nought was heard, but the roar of the storm, and the tumult of the waves.

Overcome with grief and despair, Frederic returned to the Castle; from a scene of domestic comfort it was now changed to a house of mourning. The old Count felt himself twice a widower, and Frederic, for a length of time, mourned the loss of his wife with the most unfeigned regret.

In the deep solitude of Niolo, the chief solace and enjoyment of the two widowers was the society of the young Adeline. A few books tended also to enliven the monotony of their lives, and to the monks of the monastery of Arienheim, they were often indebted for the perusal of some wild and improbable manuscript romances, which they pretended to have found amongst the loose papers and archives of the monastery. Indeed, the wily priests, whenever their hogsheads began to sound hollow, employed the hours which were not dedicated to their religious duties, or to licentiousness and debauchery, in the composition of tales of murder, and seduction of female innocence, and in which the cowed tribe were always represented as the brightest patterns of moral excellence, and unremitting virtue. Whenever a good action was to be performed, it was invariably in the person of a priest, or monk, and they who were doomed to

suffer all the calamities of life were those, who refused to support the priesthood, or who dared to hint that there was something rather farcical not to call it impious, in their doctrine of absolution.

Nor did they forget to season their romances with lewd and indecent sentiments, the prevailing foible of the times, and having patched up a disgusting farrago, they hastened with it to Niolo, where, from the credulous Count, they knew they should receive the full price of their labor. There they described their own productions as works of extraordinary merit—offered their congratulations to the Count on his being so fortunate as to possess them; and lastly, extolled their own assiduity and perseverance in the search for them. The Count being rather under the influence of monkish sway, attached implicit belief to all the assertions of the monks—bestowed on them his most hearty thanks for their great exertion and attention to promote his amusement, and concluded by issuing his orders, that a hogshead of his best wine should be immediately conveyed to the monastery. The monks in return, left him their benedictions, a commodity of no mean value in the eyes of certain people, and then returned to their cells, to carouse over their glasses; and laugh at the credulity of the Count.

CHAPTER II.

"One in ten, quoth a', and we might have a good woman born every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery. Well! a man may pluck his heart out, ere he draw one."

THE solitary mode of life which the inmates of the Castle pursued, would have ben attended with great disadvantage to the mind of the young Adeline, had not particular circumstances conspired to remedy the defect.

At a short distance from the Castle, in an opposite direction to the monastery of Arienheim, stood the convent of my Lady of St. Roch. Its patroness of holy memory, was the chaste and pious Ursula, although some sceptical legends, in the full spirit of heresy, pretend to say, that she had no claim whatever to the former epithet, having been secretly the mother of a few little chubby Ursulines, who, report goes on to state, in after years carefully followed the example of their mother. The endowments of the convent were, however, large and liberal, and the beautiful and romantic country in which it was situated, rendered it a favorite abode with the sufferers in life; even the victims to family

pride soon forgot their companions, and the beloved scenes which they were constrained to quit.

The abbess was a woman, who, though far advanced in years, shewed not the moroseness, nor the asperity of age. She was a mother to those who were confided to her care, and she knew well how to make the necessary allowance for the thoughtlessness of youth. She had been accustomed to treat the human mind, the wounded, and the sane one, and although the tear of grief was often shed, when the convent gates were first closed on the lovely sufferer, or the unoffending victim, yet, by the maternal and affectionate treatment of the abbess, the eye was soon again brightened with joy, and the bosom a stranger to a sigh.

Frederic being aware of the disadvantages which his isolated situation caused in regard to the education of his daughter, applied to the abbess of St. Roch, to select a female endowed with abilities, requisite for the important task of education. In a certain island, a woman of that description would have very soon presented herself, that is, many would have offered themselves for the situation, considering themselves fully adequate to the performance of the duties of it, if they knew filigree, embroidery, satin stitch, and double stitch—that Goldsmith wrote the Citizen, and Swift, the Tale of a Tub—that two negatives make an affirmative—and two singulars a plural. With a less stock of knowledge than

the above, there are many in that same island who have undertaken the important task of education; and this is one great reason why the ladies of the present age are so particularly noted for solid and useful acquirements, and why they consider the art of making a rheticule, to be far superior to that of making a shirt.

In Switzerland, however, at the time when this history sets out, they managed matters differently. The qualifications of the mind were then taken into the account, and the plus or minus of moral virtue was ascertained. It may however happen, that even in Switzerland, a person may be deceived—nor that it is meant hereby to infer, that the abbess was deceived in the person whom she selected as the governess for the beautiful Adeline; for in all respects but one, (and it is left to the sagacity and penetration of the fair sex, to discover that one point, knowing from woeful experience, that they are sufficiently lynx-eyed to discover what would baffle and confound the greatest metaphysician, which the united kingdom ever produced,) I say, in all respects but one, the governess Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, ci-devant novitiate in the convent of my Lady St. Roch, was a passive character, or in another acceptation of the phrase—she was a good sort of a woman. It was, however, rumoured (but of what will rumour not be guilty) that, from a yielding disposition, and a constitution teeming with the milk of human

kindness, Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen acted in a double capacity, that is, she attended more to the ease and comfort of the father, than to the mental improvement of the daughter.

In England, and "wherever English minds and manners dwell," there is a certain epoch in life, at which a lady either with a positive or a feigned disgust to the appellation, drops the title of Miss, and assumes the more expressive and matronly one of Mistress. Some indeed there are, who, from a particular motive, cling very close to the title of Miss, not being very willing to part with it on the score of antiquity, but very willing, indeed to part with it before antiquity reaches them. Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen was a kind of happy medium between the giddy age of twenty and the more sober one of forty; in other words, she was about thirty years of age—well made—very plump, as if she had been fed with the puppy broth of the Turks—very lively—very conceited—and very vain. Now the giddiness of twenty, well amalgamated with the sobriety of forty, ought certainly to form just that particular sort of character fitted for a governess; but it is a query not very difficult of solution, whether a female of the age of thirty, taken from the confinement of a convent, and ushered on a sudden into the motley scenes of social life, can possibly possess any experience in the world, and consequently, whether she be not likely to fall, her whole length, over the first

stumbling-block which chance or design may throw in her way. Now, whether Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen ever did fall prostrate in the manner above alluded to, no positive data are to be formed, nor are any records existing, by which it can be known whether the said Lady had ever been under the influence of the tender passion, although in a marginal note to one of the papers, from which this history is extracted, there is an illusion to a detected amour, between a novitiate and a monk, and the female delinquent is certainly said to bear the name of Schlaffenhausen ; but there are many Jones's in Wales, many Campbell's in Scotland—and many Smiths in England, ergo, there may be many Schlaffenhausens in Switzerland, and it may have happened that our acquaintance, the governess, had added to the number ; but let calumny continue to spit its venom on her spotless character, and all that shall be here said upon the subject is, that there was certainly something in her make, and in the penetrating glances of a keen black eye, which shewed, that a convent, where love dwindles and degenerates like an exotic transplanted from a genial clime to the frozen shores of Lapland, was not a place in which Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen would wish to spend the whole of her life.

Every family has its secrets and its peculiarities, and it cannot be supposed that the family of the Lindamores proved an exception to that

rule ; on the contrary, it had some very striking peculiarities ; one of which was, that whenever the good old Count retired to refresh himself by a siesto, it was generally the custom of Frederic to send for the governess to enliven his dreary hours by—the perusal of a romance ! and let no cold-blooded, fastidious old maid, attach any other sense to the last expression, than what is actually set down ; there may be some who will wink the eye—give a most wise and significant nod, and whisper that there is more meant in this perusal of a romance than is openly expressed—but the jaundiced eye gives a yellowish hue to every object, and the depraved heart will attach a crime even to an angel's kiss.

Whenever this perusal of a romance took place, Adeline was sent to play upon the lawn before the castle or to visit the venerable abbess of St. Roch. This circumstance, which many attempts have been made to erase from the annals of the noble family of the Lindamores, and which appears like the bar of bastardy in the escutcheons of the English nobility, would not have been thus enlarged upon, had it not had a particular influence on the happiness and mental improvement of our heroine. An apparent evil is often productive of permanent good, and from seeming confusion a general order oft ensues ; and although Rupert, the old Seneschal, shook his grey locks whenever Adeline was dispatched to the convent, yet had he been in possession of

the clue of Ariadne to guide him through the labyrinth of the scenes of life, and thereby expose to him the secret tracks, which, though for a time enveloped in darkness, yet on a sudden open to views of the purest bliss, he would have discovered that those days were the happiest of Adeline's life, and on her own memory they shone at a future period, like a few bright stars in the firmament, when all the rest are clouded.

The amiable disposition, and growing virtues of Adeline, gained her in a particular degree, the affection and esteem of the worthy abbess. The latter soon discovered that the mind of her young favorite was like a spot of fertile ground, which only required cultivation, to produce the most luxuriant fruit, and as it was too evident that in her father's house that attention was not paid to it, which it so imperiously demanded, she resolved to repair the neglect, and become herself the preceptress of Adeline in every branch of useful knowledge. She grew up in loveliness and virtue, and at the age of sixteen, she was one of Nature's fairest works. Her bosom was the seat of maiden purity, her heart the throne of every virtue. Like a solitary rose-bud in a desolate spot, she bloomed unheeded ; the world she knew not, nor from the tales which she heard at the convent, how man in society is the enemy of man, did she wish to know it. Her wishes never strayed beyond the mountains which bordered her prospect ;—her sphere of action was

confined, but with it she was satisfied. All the beauties of nature, the most savage, and the most cultivated, dispersed around her with so much grace and majesty, in the various and romantic sites with which the solitary mansion of her father was surrounded, filled her soul with the most tender and lively admiration, and elevated her thoughts to him, by whose Almighty hand the scene was formed. Blythe as the lark which carolled over her head—happy as the lamb which gambolled at her feet, she ran the even tenor of her life. With Ellen Rosenheim, her chosen favourite of all the novitiates, she enjoyed the bliss of a fond, affectionate, and amiable friend; they worked and read together, and the only grief which Adeline felt was, that when the novitiateship of Ellen was concluded, and she had taken the veil, their intercourse would be more confined and restricted.

From her almost daily society with the abbess and the novitiates, her mind and external demeanor assumed that pensive melancholy cast, which so particularly distinguishes the inmates of a convent, and the most ardent wish of her heart at that time was, to enrol herself in the number of religious enthusiasts; she had even determined to request her father to permit her to follow the bias of her inclinations, when circumstances arose to blight her prospects, and the sun of her happiness became dimmed.

CHAPTER II

" Bear a fair presence, tho' your heart be tainted.
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.
Be secret false."

AFFAIRS were thus situated at the Castle of Niolo, when the father of Adeline was cited to attend a meeting of the nobility at Zurich, to take into consideration the proper measures to be adopted to restore tranquillity to the agitated country. The dawnings of Helvetia's liberty were seen glimmering at a distance ; the sun of priestcraft, tyranny, and superstition had reached its meridian, and it threatened to set in storm and ruin. Though Frederic interfered not in the politics of his country, yet in his heart throbbed the ardour of genuine patriotism. He could not therefore behold with indifference the intestine broils, which threatened to subvert the government and religion of his country, and he consequently determined to obey the summons with the utmost alacrity.

The necessary preparations were made for the journey, and in the breasts of the females, who were to be the companions of Frederic, rose the leading principle of the female character—

rarity. Adeline was young, she was beautiful, and although no pest, prating, or prigmatical coxcomb, had yet sounded in her ears the greatness of her charms, nor in the high rhapsodical cant of the lover had compared her to the most beautiful of the angel tribe, or to the houris in paradise—nor told her that her eyes were brighter than the gems of Golconda, that her bosom was whiter than the snow of spring, which covers the blossom of the peach—the hue of her lip, more lovely than the bursting rose-bud, and the dimple of her cheek, more bewitching than those of Hebe—yet where is the glowing girl possessing real charms, who is at the same time ignorant of it, and with that knowledge, where is the girl who wishes not to display them?

With all the joy natural to the youthful breast, which anticipates the purest happiness from every opening scene, Adeline looked forward to the day fixed for the departure. In the human mind the idea of novelty is always attended with pleasure, a thousand charms present themselves in the perspective arrayed in the most gorgeous colours, and though actual fruition never equals the expectation, which has been formed, yet hope still points to the future, and man is the subject of deception, till the grave closes upon the scene.

At length the morning of departure came, and all was bustle in the castle; on some faces hung the clouds of grief, which separation always

causes, and on a few shone the smile of joy at the prospect of approaching happiness. With a joyous heart, Adeline saw the carriage at the door, which was to convey her from her tranquil home, to the rude and heterogeneous uproar of civilized society. She heeded not the caresses of her favourite dog, nor did a sigh break from her bosom, as she beheld the many mementoes of her infant sports. The flowers which she had planted, were passed by unheeded—the arbour which she had reared, round which the eglantine and jessamine planted by her hands, entwined their branches, had lost its charms. The distant mountains which she had hitherto regarded as the boundary of her world, now appeared to her to be the barriers which kept her from scenes of joy and happiness: beyond them a new world was to open upon her view, and how poor and trifling then appeared the one, in which she had hitherto moved. A tear indeed, glistened in her eye, as she kissed her aged grandfather, but fleeting as the hour of spring was, the grief she felt, the sun of joy and bliss shone at a distance, and though slant its beams, she felt their force, and revelled in their glow.

Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen had a hundred trifling minutiae to adjust, before she was ready to depart—she had forgotten to pack up this bauble or the other bauble, and when the party thought she was in readiness to step into the carriage, she bounced away, exclaiming, I have forgotten my

rouge, and my satin shoes, and my newly embroidered stomacher. The carriage was crammed in every corner with boxes of various sizes, containing the paraphernalia, in which she was to figure away at Zurich, and by the force of which she hoped to effect a conquest over some enamoured swain—for, reader, thou must know, or if thou dost not know, I will tell thee, that though the bloom of youth may have flown from the cheeks of a female, though quenched be the sparkling lustre of her eye, betraying the fire which glows within, though the dimples of the face, where the loves once nestled, have given way to the wrinkles of age, though the bosom with its magic power swells no more lovely on the sight, yet, infatuated woman still, apes the dalliance of youth, demands the tribute which is paid alone to beauty, and prides herself upon the charms that are no more.

With tears in his eyes, the old Count bade adieu to his son, and to his lovely favourite. The carriage drove off, and in a short time, the walls of Nilo were lost from the view of the travellers. When will they see them again? When will the noise of mirth again sound in the halls? When will the song of joy again break on the stilness of night? Ere then the raven will croak on the battlements scenting his coming prey—the eye will be closed in death which now glitters with youthful rapture, and the heart which now beats with Nature's fond affections, will lie

mouldering in its urn: The thread of fate is woven—

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Many numerous absurdities could here be related which Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen committed on the road, but in christian forbearance with human frailty, or more properly speaking with human folly, they shall be omitted; besides, amongst my readers, there may be some who have travelled with a person of the trifling and officious disposition of the governess, and they must in consequence have experienced so many lets and hindrances, so many mortifications and degradations, that it would be an act of cruelty to recall their sufferings to their memory.

To Adeline, the view of Nature in her various forms, in the simple, the beautiful, and the sublime, was most pleasing, and conveyed an agreeable sensation to her heart, which she never before experienced. She delighted to see the jocund peasantry, the work of the day being done, sitting before their cottages, enjoying their evening meal, and how

Amid the dirt-recesses, undisturbed
By noisy folly or discordant vice,
Of Nature sang they, and of Nature's God.

The heart of Adeline beat in unison with the bliss which swam before her, and whenever she

saw a joyous groupe dancing upon the green, she requested her father to allow her to join them, but the sapient governess tossed her head with disdain at the request, and wondered how the daughter of Frederic Lindamore, and sole heiress to the immense property of the family, could condescend to associate with rude and vulgar peasantry—that for her part she never knew any good accrue to those who delighted in low-bred company. Frederic knew, however, how to distinguish between low company, and the society of virtuous peasantry, and notwithstanding the frequent insinuations of the governess regarding the detriment which results to young people, from an ill-founded indulgence of their parents, he seldom refused the request of his daughter, and joy never shone brighter in her beautiful countenance, than when in the midst of a groupe of joyous peasantry, she joined in their harmless mirth.

The party arrived at the foot of the mountains at the close of the second day, without meeting with any occurrence worthy of being related. Being aware of the difficulties and dangers which attend a journey over the mountains, and knowing at the same time that women over-rate those difficulties a hundred fold, and espy a thousand dangers which have no existence but in their perverted imaginations, Frederic determined to rest for the night at a sorry inn, where, although they might not find those ac-

commodations, which would render their stay comfortable, yet which in comparison to encountering the dangers of a nocturnal journey, they might consider themselves fortunate in obtaining. He was also instigated to this resolve by the guides, who in their turn had been assailed by the powerful rhetoric of the governess, who induced them to picture the difficulties of the journey by night as almost insuperable, and too great for a tender female like herself to be exposed to, they therefore, like men in general, made a merit of performing what in reality coincided with their own particular inclination. A flaggon of wine and a bundle of straw, on which to stretch their lazy bodies, were in their eyes preferable to travelling over rugged roads, and by dangerous precipices at midnight, and in pleasing the governess they therefore pleased themselves. It was also with satisfaction, that Frédéric understood, that by an early departure, they could reach Lucerne before the night set in, and thereby enjoy the sublimity of the scene during the day.

The happiness of man is comparative, at any other time the party would have turned away with disgust at the sorry accommodations which the inn afforded—but now every thing appeared pleasant to them; the jocular disposition of the host gave peculiar satisfaction to the governess, and a few well timed compliments, and a little highly seasoned flattery, made her declare that

she was never more comfortable in her life. The lie direct might be given to this assertion, but *n'importe*, we too often forget the comforts that are past, and dwell only on those which are present.

Being wearied with their journey, the travellers retired early to rest, giving orders that every thing should be ready for their departure by break of day.

The doors of the inn were soon after closed for the night, and silence reigned in the house.

Though fatigued with his journey, Frederic could not sleep; he felt an indescribable depression on his spirits, and his heart was weighed down by one of those strong presages, which are sometimes whispered by a guardian spirit; he thought he heard a warning voice urging him to return to Niolo, and being himself rather tainted with superstitious fear, these circumstances had a greater effect upon his imagination. He examined the possibility of events, which could make his return to Niolo, necessary or even adviseable, but with the exception of the advanced age of his father, and the precariousness of life, there was nothing on which to found a surmise of danger or affliction. Unable to sleep, he rose from his bed, opened the window, and stood in contemplation of the lovely scenery which was stretched before him. The moon was at her full, and spread the beauty of her silvery light over every object. Silence appeared to

sway its leaden sceptre over the world, and nature seemed sunk in the arms of repose to rise refreshed and renovated. At times, as the midnight breeze swept by his window, it bore the faint murmurs of a distant waterfall, whose silvery foam was seen tumbling from rock to rock through the dark foliage, and spread its broad waters in the valley, in the undulations of which the moon cast its radiant streak of light.

Frederic, whose mind was at this juncture particularly attuned to melancholy, stood for some time absorbed in admiration of the beautiful scene, which elevated his mind to the contemplation of a superior power, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the view of two horsemen advancing towards the inn. On his arrival, he had observed two men of a mean and suspicious appearance, and who appeared to eye him with peculiar attention; but he attributed their conduct merely to that curiosity which is always shewn by loiterers about an inn on the arrival of a person of consequence, and he therefore dismissed the circumstance from his mind as unworthy of further reflection. He, however, now suspected that these travellers might be the same persons—and to travel at that hour of the night certainly spoke not in favour of their designs. The slow and cautious manner too in which they advanced, evidently declared, that they had some guilty aim in view, and dreaded the consequences of detection. In order to es-

escape observation, Frederic shrunk from the window, still however placing himself in that situation, from which he could observe the motions of the travellers. They were by this time but a short distance from the inn, when one of them alighted, and as if fearful of being observed, crept slowly under the window, at which Frederic had stationed himself. He was, however, soon convinced that they were not the same persons whom he had noticed on his arrival, for although the obscurity of the night prevented him from obtaining a view of their features, yet their dress bespoke them to belong to the higher orders of society. From general appearances, Frederic could not doubt that some work of villainy was in agitation, but he could not suppose himself the object of it, believing, though falsely, that he was unknown in the country; besides every one in the house had long since retired to rest, and therefore the visit of the travellers must have been unexpected. In this last conjecture, however, Frederic had reason to think himself mistaken, and his fears and suspicions increased, when he heard the traveller knock gently at the door of the inn, and it was immediately opened to admit him. Still there was no noise in the house to denote the arrival of a guest, nor even the sound of voices was heard. A few minutes had however scarcely elapsed, when Frederic saw the mysterious person leave the inn, and joining his companion, they took the

road which led into the valleys, and on which he had travelled himself the day before. Although he felt a secret joy at their departure, yet he was so fully-convinced, that the object of the travellers was villainous, and that some person in the house was in league with them, that he judged it prudent to refrain from sleeping, and as soon as the first ray of light appeared in the East, he roused the guides, and gave orders for their immediate departure.

Whilst the necessary matters were adjusting, the most difficult of which were the various necessities, both feigned and real, of the governess, Frederic determined to question the host respecting the mysterious occurrences of the night, but yet so to frame his questions, that even were the host guilty of conniving in a work of villainy, he might not suspect he was discovered.

But the host was an Italian—shrewd—penetrating, and artful—before the devotee he could cross himself, and mutter his ave-marias and paternosters, and with the adepts in villainy, he was completely *a son metier*. He could conform himself to any society ; with the grave he could assume a truly philosophic seriousness, and with the merry, no one could vie with the host of the inn of San Petro, especially if it were at any other person's expence than his own.

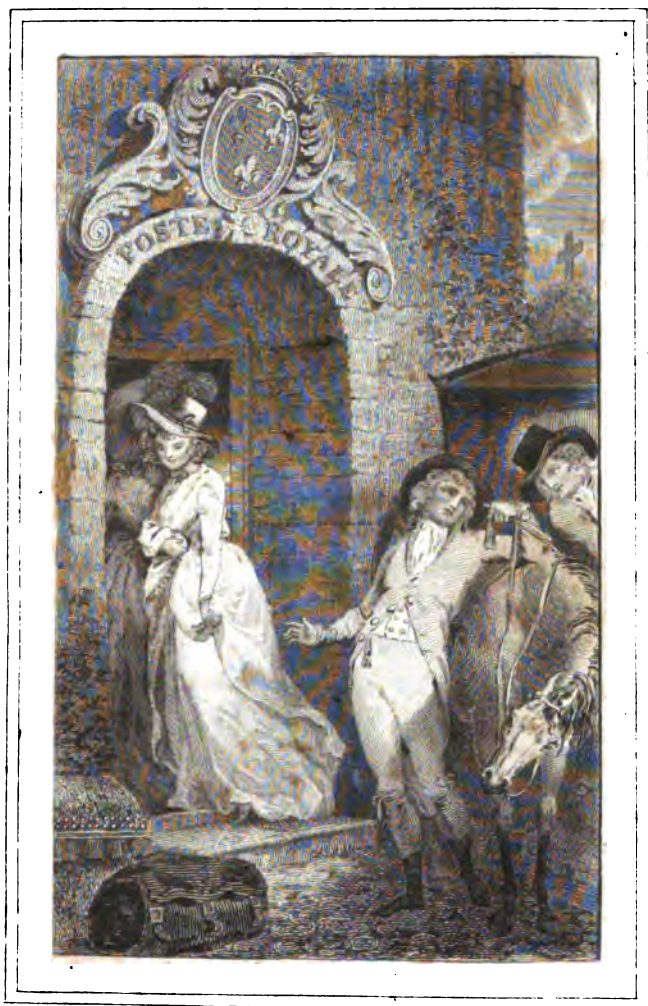
Whether however he was really ignorant or not of the midnight travellers, time must develop, but he soon contrived to convince his cre-

dulous guest, that were any improper nocturnal proceedings carried on in his house, he was as ignorant of them as the mules in his stables, but he added, "that from particular circumstances, some suspicions had arisen in his mind, that one of his female domestics was not quite so strictly attached to virtue as he could wish, or as she ought to be, considering the very regular and respectable family in which she lived, and that she might, for ought he knew, take the advantage of the family retiring early to bed, to admit her paramour into the house—there is no keeping these jades in any order," he exclaimed, "if a thing in the shape of a man does but present itself, they stare and ogle like a nun at the naked boys which are carved in the chapels, and as for attempting to reform them, I would sooner attempt to turn Montblanc on its summit, and spin it like a top—but Signor, my grief is very great, that your rest should have been disturbed by a set of libidinous jades. It shall not happen so again, depend upon it, Signor, when you honor my house with your presence."

Frederic was fully satisfied with this explanation; nothing could be more natural, than that the host should have a kind-hearted Maritornes in his house, and nothing could also be more natural than that she should have an enamoured swain, who, heedless of "the pelting of the pitiless storm," should venture forth to receive the protestations of her love. Had Frederic, however, made

any inquiries into the establishment of his host, he would have discovered, that the only female domestic who graced his habitation with her charms, was an old toothless granny, who administered to the necessities of the piggeries, and who was as much fashioned for nocturnal love scenes, as for the seraglio of the Grand Signior. The conclusion must therefore be drawn, that the host had some particular interest in the visit of the travellers, and therefore pretended ignorance on a subject, the knowledge of which might expose him to suspicions of a very serious nature, or perhaps—but time will solve all further doubts upon this subject.

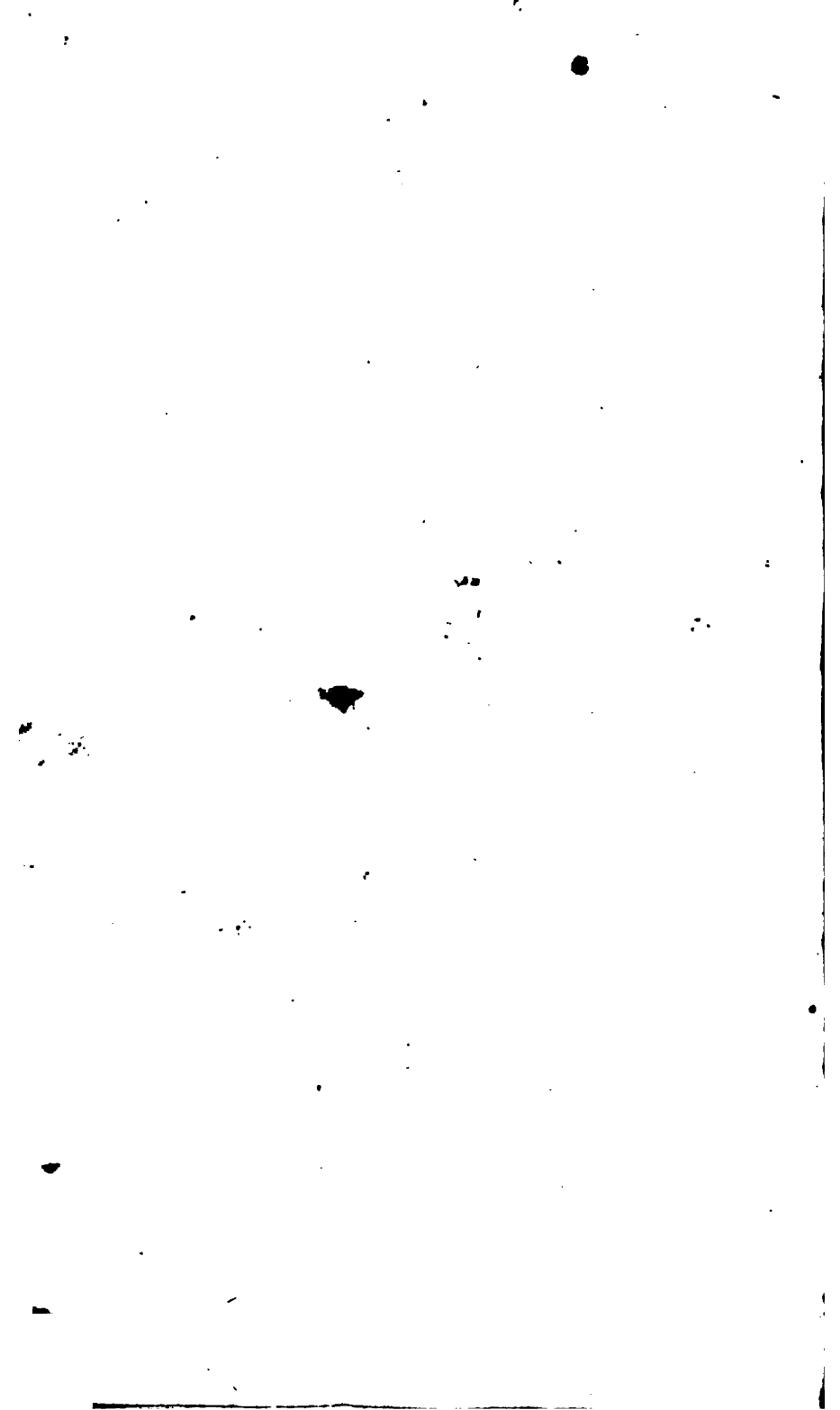
With many bitter invectives uttered by the governess on the ruggedness of the Alpine roads, the hardness of the beds, and the impudence of their nimble inhabitants, who had dared to sip the sweets of her spotless body, the party arrived at Zurich, and the females saw themselves on the eve of the actual enjoyment of those pleasures on which they had so long dwelt in anticipation.



Adeline & Party arrive at Zurich.

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CHAPTER IV.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

THE monks of the monastery of Arienheim were just retiring from their midnight devotions, and their midnight orgies, when the bell at the portal was rung in a most violent manner, announcing the arrival of a stranger. It was a standing rule of the monastery, that after the vesper bell had rung, the gates were on no pretence to be opened, and although the monks in the arrangement of their private affairs, or under the pretext of giving spiritual comfort to some needy soul, and spirituous comfort to themselves, often contrived to infringe the rule, yet by the inhabitants of the country it was held most sacred, and no one presumed to approach the monastery, after the specified time had elapsed. It was therefore wisely concluded by the monks, that the person at the

gate must be a stranger in the country, and unacquainted with the rules of the monastery, but how to act in this emergency, puzzled the heads of the whole cowed tribe ;— the question of the absolution of a murderer, provided he was prepared with a good sum to pay for it, would have been dispatched in a quarter of the time. To add to this dilemma, the abbot had unfortunately on that evening retired earlier to rest, and was then enjoying a profound repose. During the day he had broached a hogshead of old Johannisberg, and finding the flavour of it uncommonly fine, he had, according to his own conscience, innocently indulged himself with an extra glass. For very cogent reasons, he was therefore obliged to retire to his couch before the sun went down, pretending to his brethren, that he was suddenly indisposed. These sudden attacks upon the health of the abbot took place, however, so frequently, that the monks paid little or no attention to them, and as it was a species of indisposition rather epidemical in the monastery, they wisely adhered to the maxim of *clericus clericum non decimat*.

The bell now sounded again, and with greater violence than before ; the monks therefore determined to repair to the gate *en masse* (a precious mass of iniquity) and boldly demanded the cause of so unseasonable an intrusion.

Courage and priesthood seldom coalesce ; what the man performs by courage, the priest effects

by craft; the monks, therefore, had no sooner gained the outer court, than, as if by a sympathetic impulse, they all suddenly stopped, and looked at each other like a set of school-boys, bent on a dangerous excursion, who cast upon each other the weary eye of fear—longing to return yet ashamed to own their weakness. The question was now agitated whether the gates should be opened, and it was at length decided, as monks generally decide a question, when their personal safety is under consideration, that it were more prudent first to ascertain the strength of the intruding party, before the bolts were withdrawn. At last, one of the monks supposing himself gifted with more courage than his brethren, ascended the steps which led to a small room over the portal, and from which he could have a distinct view of the intruders. On peeping cautiously from the windows, he observed two persons at the gate, who by their dress and accoutrements filled no mean station in society. The monk knowing himself in a place of safety, demanded in a surly and commanding tone, who they were, and the business which brought them to the monastery at that improper hour?

“I must see the abbot,” said one of the strangers.

“You cannot see him to-night,” said the monk—“whence came you?”

“That is of no import,” said the stranger—“my name is Leopold Lindamore.”

At the name of Lindamore, the monk instantly descended, and the gates of the monastery were opened. With a haughty air, Leopold and his companions entered.

"Lead me to the abbot," said the former.

"Being rather indisposed, he retired to rest some hours ago,"-answered one of the monks.

"Then he has had sufficient time for sleep," said Leopold, "go and rouse him."

"We dare not," said a monk—"we shall be expelled the monastery."

"Shew me then his cell," said Leopold, "and I will awake him, be he in his last sleep."

The monks were still irresolute.

"Lead on," cried Leopold, "or by the holy Father, this blade shall force a road for me."

The monks crossed themselves, and muttered a paternoster.

"Pshaw on that foolery," Leopold exclaimed, at the same time placing his hand on the hilt of his sword—"lead me to the abbot or by ——"

"We will, we will," exclaimed the monks, and like a flock of waddling geese, they hastened to the apartment of the abbot.

Leopold, mean time, paced the court in violent agitation—his soul appeared to be brooding over some mighty project—his brow was furrowed with the lines of intense thought, and every moment he uttered the deepest curses on the tardiness of the monks. For a length of time not one of them was to be seen—they had all has-

tened to their cells, like bees before a storm; and Leopold and his companion were left to enjoy the solitude of the scene. At length, an aged monk appeared, and in the most obsequious manner informed the visitors that the abbot was prepared to receive them; Leopold apprized his companion that his conference with the abbot would not be of long duration, and requested him to await his return in the refectory.

The conference however lasted much longer than was agreeable to the stranger in the refectory, who felt himself much chagrined at being excluded from it, considering that Leopold had informed him of the purport of his visit to the abbot, and why then should he not be permitted to be present at the conference. Leopold was, however, too consummate a politician, to tell the real motive of his actions to his associates, for he adhered to them no longer than they were useful to him, and the stranger will perhaps find in a short time, that Leopold had deceived him as to the real cause of his visit to the abbot, and that he had only chosen him as a companion, as from a knowledge of his desperate character, he might be of use to him in the execution of his nefarious designs.

The conference at last was closed, and Leopold gave to his companion a very substantial reason, for not having admitted him into the presence of the abbot. "The abbot," said he, "is a man of most singular humour, he must

know a man a dozen years before he will give his opinion in his company, but I knew that were I alone he would speak without reserve, and he has given me his advice how to act in the business which we have on hand. There is no doubt of our success, and your assistance shall be most amply rewarded. We will now bend our steps to Niolo—you shall see how I will inveigle my old father into the belief, that I am grown a very saint in virtue, and having fathomed the depth of the old man's purse, then away for Zurich."

Ortano, the name of Leopold's companion, listened to this speech with apparent satisfaction, nor did he attempt to throw any obstacles in the way of Leopold's intentions, but notwithstanding all his endeavours to conceal it, there was that embarrassment in the manner of Leopold; which ever attends the dissimulating villain, and which did not escape the penetrating eye of Ortano. The offended pride of the Italian was roused, and from it sprang a keen desire of revenge. Whatever crimes he might himself commit, it galled him to be thought the instrument of another, who, after his end was gained, would probably reward him with — thanks.

Thus suspicion was awakened in the mind of Ortano, and he determined to keep a narrow watch upon the motions of Leopold, and should he have practised any deceit upon him, to seize the first opportunity of revenging it. Having

taken some slight refreshment, Leopold conducted Ortano to Niolo.

As Rupert opened the gates to the two reprobates, he shook his head, for he was certain their visit to Niolo boded no good to his aged master, and especially as Leopold had taken the advantages of his brother's absence to obtrude the society of his worthless companions upon the privacy of the venerable Count. Leopold might have read in the demeanor of the old servant, the opinion which the family entertained of him, for that hearty and cordial welcome was not given to him, which in general is bestowed by an aged servant to the younger branches of a family, in whose service he has spent the morning of his life, and in whose service he hopes to pass the evening of his age.

"How fares it with thee, thou old moving wine butt," Leopold exclaimed, "thou lookest like a full blown rose; hast any good stuff in the cellar?"

"Aye," muttered old Rupert, "and I intend to keep it there."

"If drunkenness be a deadly sin," said Leopold, "thou'lt never be admitted by St. Peter into heaven."

"Then I shall go to the other place," said Rupert drily, "and what do you think I shall meet with there?"

"I cannot tell from experience, old fellow," said Leopold.

"Why with the same good company," said old Rupert, archly, "as I am in at present."

"Old age has made thee crabbed, Rupert," said Leopold, "but hast any fine girls in the neighbourhood—and how are the novitiates at the convent, thou old sly he-goat? How is old Deborah—has she forgotten the ways of her youth, or dost thou keep her in mind of them?"

"I wish every one," said Rupert, "could look back with the same satisfaction on the days of their youth—we shall not then hear of fathers dying of a broken heart."

"Hast been amongst the monks lately, old do-tard," asked Leopold "to learn to preach morality—and I suppose thou practisest it like them? Thou wouldst shrink with abhorrence from the touch of the gauze which covers the bosom of a nun! Where is my father? thou old crab of Niolo."

"Asleep," muttered old Rupert.

"We will not disturb him then," said Leopold. "Lead us to the hall, and bring us a bottle of the best old Hockheimer, and thou shalt have a glass of it to welcome the return of the prodigal son. Thou hast perhaps heard of such a person before now, from the monks?"

"Yes, and I know more than the monks do on that head," said Rupert.

"Why what dost thou know of him?" Leopold asked.

"I know that I see him before me," Rupert answered.

"Well said, old boy," Leopold exclaimed, "go now and kill the fatted calf, I am going to turn saint."

"Heaven defend us from such saints" said Rupert.

"Come then," said Leopold, clapping Rupert upon the shoulder, "shew us to the hall, my jolly son of Bacchus, and

Thou shalt drink, and I will drink,
And we'll be wond'rous merry."

"O what people there are in this world," said Rupert, as he conducted the hopeful pair into the hall, and having placed some glasses upon the table, he left them for a time to their own meditations.

Rupert having closed the door, Leopold began.

"If you were to search all the monasteries from Naples to Vienna, and from Vienna to Madrid, you would not find a greater hypocrite than this old Seneschal, he'll talk to you against drunkenness for an hour, and yet he scarcely ever goes to bed sober. He is as cunning as an old fox, that has been hunted twenty times, and when he is sober, you may as well talk to a rotten skull as to him for information, or with the hope of extracting a secret from him; give him, however, but a certain quantity of wine, and his tongue is as voluble as an old woman's whose

grand-daughter has just been brought to bed I must pass many drunken hours with him before I can gain all the information of which we stand in need."

"But will he not be upon his guard with you?" Ortano asked.

"He can no more withstand wine," Leopold answered, "than I can the kiss of a blooming girl—one kiss always leads to another, and the last glass is always so enticing to the old Seneschal, that he calls for the next, and the next, until he sinks into a state of stupid forgetfulness, and then you may extract from him all the secrets which are stored in his."

They were disturbed in this analysis of the character of the Seneschal by his arrival in person.

"How unfortunate," he said, "that I cannot partake of this good wine with you, for your respected old father is just awakened, and I must attend upon him—Shall I inform him of your arrival?"

"By all means" said Leopold, "and tell him that I long to throw myself at his feet."

"I will not forget that," said Rupert, with an arch look, as he closed the door.

The old Count heard with surprise, of the arrival of his son, but it was mingled with displeasure—his heart, however, harboured not the unchristian feeling of perpetual resentment. He could pardon the follies, and even the vices of youth, and a ray of hope dawned in his breast, that his son was

come to seek his forgiveness for the many bitter and sorrowful moments which he had occasioned him, and to give him the promise of leading hereafter a life of virtue and of goodness. In his breast still glowed the fire of parental love, though deadened and almost extinguished by the abhorrence of the course of life which his son pursued. But when a son begins to plead, a father's heart is ever open, and ere Leopold had been long in the company of his father, he so worked upon the feelings of the good old man—by a full confession of all his faults—by a promise of future amendment—by an acknowledgment of the indulgence which his father then granted him—and by a few crocodile tears, that the joyful prospect spread itself before the weakened sense of the old man, that ere he was placed in the vault of his ancestors, he should see his son restored to virtue, and in the enjoyment of that happiness which virtue always yields—

His face spoke Hope, while deep his sorrows flow'd.

In the parent, the judge was lost—the solitary tear which glistened in the eye of the aged man, was the tear of joy which rose at a father's happiness at the reformation of a vicious son. Sweet were the slumbers which on that night weighed down the eye-lids of the benevolent father—on that day he had stretched the hand of forgiveness to an erring son—then with confidence

could be on that night, as he bent his knee in prayer, look to an almighty power, and ask that pardon for his own transgressions, which he had not refused to another.

Leopold introduced Ortano to his father, as the son of one of the grandees of Venice, who had resolved to spend the early years of his life, in visiting the most celebrated countries of Europe, rather than spend them in luxury and debauchery.

By the consummate art and address which Leopold employed, he soon convinced his father, that the sole purport of his visit to Niolo, was to keep him company during the absence of his brother, and to separate himself from those companions, whose society had driven him to the commission of every crime. The old Count thanked him for this proof of his returning love, and Leopold acted his part in such a masterly manner, that each hour added to the happiness of the Count, and the suspicions of Ortano were even almost stifled when a particular circumstance again awakened them.

CHAPTER V.

Present feats

Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought whose murder, yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

ONE day, Leopold had absented himself from the Castle, under the pretence of visiting a family in the neighbourhood, and at his departure he informed his father, that he should not return until the morrow. His father promised that the most hospitable attention should be paid to his friend, and urging his speedy return, Leopold departed.

During the day nothing particular occurred to excite the attention of Ortano. The circumstance of Leopold having an acquaintance in the neighbourhood, whom he might wish to visit, appeared as nothing uncommon to Ortano, and he therefore dismissed every lurking suspicion from his mind, as being injurious to the confidence which ought to subsist between them, and excepting the hours which were dedicated to the society of the old Count, he amused himself in

wandering round the grounds, and observing the decaying splendor of the edifice.

At night, the Count retired to rest at an early hour, and Ortano disliking solitude, repaired to the room of the old Seneschal, where, over a bottle of the Count's best wine, he was soon made acquainted with the affairs of the whole family, which information he contrived at a future period to turn to his own advantage. Ortano would also certainly have gained a little further information, as Rupert had begun to descant very freely on the family affairs, had it not been for a political stroke on the part of Deborah, who knowing the particular foible of her companion, had concealed the keys of the cellar, so that when the Seneschal rose to fetch one more bottle, which would either have elevated him to the gods, or made a beast of him, he could not exactly recollect where he had deposited the keys: although all the saints in the calendar were invoked to inform him where the keys were to be found, not one was so kind as to whisper the wished intelligence—not even St. Ernulphus, who, having been himself a notorious drunkard, might be naturally supposed to possess a fellow feeling with all those who followed his pious example. Now, had he only in expounding to Deborah the *faux pas* which had been at one time committed by one of the female branches of the house of Lindamore, placed his hand on the thigh of Deborah, the chances were one hundred

to one, that either in placing his hand there, or in withdrawing it, it would have come in contact with Deborah's pocket, and he would then have discovered where the keys were concealed: but no—it was only on very particular occasions, that he dared to place his hand on the part mentioned—and as it appears, that on the night of which this story is now treating, not one of those particular occasions presented itself—the thigh of Deborah remained untouched, the keys were not discovered, and vowing his rankest vengeance on every elf, gnome, demon, or spirit, who in their pranks had concealed his keys—he retired to bed, and Deborah soon followed him, rejoicing in the success of her stratagem.

The hour of midnight had struck from the tower of the chapel of the monastery of Arienheim, and Leopold, and the abbot still sat carousing in one of the subterraneous cells of the monastery,

“I could keep a person here concealed for years,” said the abbot, “and the world should hold him dead.”

“But would he not be discovered by some of the fraternity?” Leopold asked.

“I alone,” answered the abbot, “am in possession of the keys of the great door, which leads to these cells, and excepting for particular purposes of my own, which to you I need not relate—they have not been opened for many a year.”

"Do any of the fraternity know of the secret outlet?" Leopold asked.

"A few are privy to it," answered the abbot; "but I keep the tale alive in the monastery of the hermitage being visited by the spirit of the last hermit, who was supposed to be murdered. If one of the brotherhood only views it at a distance, he crosses himself from fear.

"Keep up the delusion," said Leopold,— "we shall now require it more than ever. Gold I must have—though I waded through seas of blood to obtain it—it is only by dint of heavy bribes, that I can ever expect to discover the retreat of Maria Orsini, and my debts already weigh me to the ground."

"One bold stroke, my son," said the abbot, "and all your difficulties are removed."

"And your monastery also enriched by it, holy father," said Leopold. "True, true," said the abbot, with a significant nod, "we have lately had some heavy claims on our charity."

"And some large draughts from your cellar," said Leopold, with a smile, "but it is now time we set forth on our expedition—by the time we arrive at the Castle, the inmates will be all asleep. It is, however, rather unfortunate, that the room in which Ortano sleeps, looks upon the very road, on which we must travel."

"You are positive," asked the abbot, "that the outer door will yield."

"I have taken care of that," said Leopold—it took me some time to remove the rubbish which had accumulated in the inside; but perseverance conquers every difficulty, and I did not leave the spot, until I knew every impediment was removed."

"Are the ornaments on the coffins massy," asked the abbot.

"One half of their value," answered Leopold, "will supply my immediate wants; the sums, which I have lately lost at the gaming table, are immense—and the minions, whom I have despatched in search of Orsini, threaten to desist, unless more money be provided—but what will I not undertake to gain possession of that woman—blood, indeed, has already flowed profusely, but to no purpose; to the point, however—the residue of the gold will purchase you some good hogsheads of wine." "Come," said the abbot, "it grows late, the brotherhood will be at matins before we return—my absence then may excite surprize."

"These cloaks which I have provided," said Leopold, "will be a sufficient disguise for us—come on—success ever attends the daring—the dead can make no use of that, which we are going to take from them." The miscreants left the cell, bent on their work of villainy.

Ortano, on leaving the Seneschal, retired to his apartment, but he felt no disposition to sleep. The night was beautifully serene, the

moon silvered the grey and mouldering turrets of the Castle, and the snow of the distant mountains sparkled with its beams. Silence, twin sister of darkness, rested upon the earth, and no motion told of life, nor being. The heart of Ortano, was a stranger to fear and superstition, he could look danger in the face, even in its most terrific form, but on this night, his mind was vexed with various passions. Among other topics on which old Rupert had largely descanted, was the glowing beauty of Adeline—he had given to her all the charms which can grace the female form—and all the virtue, which can give a charm to beauty. His soul was fired with her praises, and he resolved to take every advantage of his intimacy with Leopold to gain possession of her charms.

He was standing at the window, meditating upon his plans, when his attention was suddenly excited, by two persons, whom he saw bending their steps towards the Castle. Ortano gazed on the objects with astonishment, and his curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, to discover the design of their midnight visit. He determined to leave the Castle, and watch the motions of the strangers.

With the light tread of the villain, bent on a deed of murder, he paced the silent halls of the Castle, and finally succeeded in gaining the drawbridge; here, however, he suddenly arrested his steps, for he spied the objects of his

curiosity advancing at a slow pace, and looking round them every minute to discover if they were watched. Ortano concealed himself behind one of the pillars of the bridge, and his astonishment knew no bounds, when, by the light of the moon, he saw them apply a key to a small door in the northern wing of the Castle, which immediately opened, and the two persons having entered, it was gently closed again. For what purpose these two persons entered the Castle at that hour, and certainly without the knowledge of the family, and by what means the keys were procured, with which they gained admittance, set all conjecture at defiance. On the first impulse of the moment, Ortano determined to rouse the family, but on more mature consideration, it occurred to him, that some great event might be on the eve of disclosing itself, in which the interest of the family was particularly concerned, and that were any danger attached to it, he might be the instrument of discovering it. His mind was, however, so perplexed and confused at this strange and singular circumstance, that resolution was half chilled, and a hundred plans presented themselves to his fancy, each of which was rejected in its turn, to make room for another more preposterous.

They will perhaps take the same route back again, said Ortano to himself, and observing a small thicket close to the path by which they had proceeded to the Castle, and from which he

could have a distinct view of the door by which they had entered it, he crept sily thither, and he was rejoiced to find that the foliage was sufficiently thick to conceal him completely from the view of the strangers.

On looking towards the Castle, he observed a light suddenly appear at one of the windows, and in a few moments vanish. It was in that part of the Castle which the Seneschal had informed him was uninhabited—but by whom was the light carried—and by what means was it obtained? The solution of these questions, puzzled Ortano, and he began seriously to consider, whether he were acting right, in suffering two persons to be prowling in the Castle, whom he now verily believed to be robbers, and he not to take the necessary steps for their apprehension. On this view of the subject, he determined to return to the Castle, and he was on the point of leaving his hiding place, when he saw the two persons coming out at the same door by which they had entered, and having for a minute looked cautiously around them, again locked the door, and retraced their steps by the same route. Ortano was now pleased, when he saw them approaching the spot where he was concealed, and as they advanced, he heard them discoursing in a low but serious tone. As they approached nearer, he observed, that one of them carried a heavy bundle under his arm, that both of them were muffled in long black

cloaks, and their hats were drawn deeply over their faces. Ortano had now no doubt they were robbers, and compelled by the boldness of his nature, he was on the point of rushing from his concealment, and wresting from them their ill-gotten prey—when the sound of one of their voices struck him, as being most familiar, and on coming opposite the place of his concealment, his surprise was boundless, when he discovered one of them to be Leopold. This sudden discovery of the duplicity and villainy of his associate, roused the whole fiery temper of Ortano, and revenge was now the ruling passion of his breast. He had entrapped Leopold in deceit, and it instantly occurred to him, that he had been brought to Niolo, merely to be his tool, as the necessity of the case might require.

“You will provide a fit place for him,” said Leopold, as he passed the spot where Ortano was concealed.

“Leave that to me,” said his companion, “you shall hear no more of him.”

“Take care that no suspicion rests upon me,” said Leopold.

“The dead tell no tales,” said his companion.

Ortano could hear no more, as they had gained some distance from him—but what construction could he put upon their words—of whom were they speaking—and who was the destined victim? Perhaps himself? His soul maddened at the thought—he knew well, that

Leopold feared him, for he was privy to most of his criminal actions ; and had he now enticed him to the solitude of Niolo, to free himself from a person who was so dangerous to his future peace ? Whom, beside, could Leopold mean ? There was no other person whom he knew of, in that part of the country, whose removal could benefit him, or save him from an ignominious exposure of his actions. The more he pondered on this circumstance, the more he was convinced, that he was himself the object of his secret machinations ; perhaps the confederates, had on that night, entered the Castle, with a view to destroy him, and as Leopold had pretended that he was gone on a visit to a friend at some distance, no suspicion could consequently attach to him. This idea, appeared the most plausible to the alarmed imagination of Ortano, and he resolved to keep the most observant eye on all the actions of Leopold, and of those with whom he associated.

He emerged slowly from his concealment, and with a cautious step, followed the hardy villains. He saw them at last strike into the road, which led to the monastery of Arienheim, and he now thought, that he had discovered some clue to the cause of his not being admitted to the conference of Leopold with the abbot ; for it was evident, that it was either the abbot himself, or one of the monks, who was privy to the secret designs of Leopold. He was, however, not a little surprised

when he saw them suddenly strike into a path at a short distance to the eastward of the monastery, and they stopped at length, at a small circular building, the roof of which appeared to be almost fallen to ruin; and having opened a small door, they entered, and closed it after them.

Ortano took a particular survey of this building, and it appeared to him to be, or to have been the abode of a hermit; but its proximity to the monastery gave, in some degree, a negative to that opinion. On a sudden, he saw a light issue from a small window, at the side of the door, and having remained for about a minute, it disappeared, and all again was darkness. This was a new source of wonder to Ortano, and he attempted to account for it, by supposing the place to be uninhabited. His suspicions, however, of the abbot being concerned in the nefarious practices of Leopold, appeared to him now, to be erroneous; but still his wonder ran, how Leopold could so soon have found a coadjutor, so willing, and so able to execute his plans, had he not found him at the monastery, and the more deeply he sought for a solution of this enigma, the more he found himself perplexed.

Leaning against a tree, he awaited the return of Leopold—but one hour elapsed—and a second—and a third—and he came not. Light began to dawn in the east, and warned Ortano to hasten home. He left his hiding place, taking the same route on his return, and arrived at

the Castle, before any of the inhabitants had risen. Without undressing, he threw himself upon the bed; and reflected on the mysterious occurrences which he had witnessed that night. Sleep visited not his eyes; he pondered much on the deep and difficult part which was presented to him to act; and from the superficial knowledge which he entertained of his own character, he feared that he could not maintain a sufficient command of temper, to give Leopold the meeting, without at the same time betraying a sense of the injury which he had sustained, by his duplicity.

No one was yet stirring in the Castle; and he determined to seize the opportunity of exploring that part of the Castle, where he had seen the light. He passed the long corridor, which led to the northern wing; the door of one of the rooms stood open, and he entered—all was desolate and dreary. Some old fashioned tapestry hung mouldering from the walls—not a single piece of furniture decorated the room to declare that it had been lately inhabited, and the huge cobwebs which hung from the ceiling, shewed that the room had been long neglected, by the family. On looking from the window, however, he observed, that he was then standing at the very window, in which he had seen the light, but it baffled him to conjecture what particular business could have attracted Leopold to such a desolate spot.

Seeing nothing more worthy of observation in this forsaken apartment, he proceeded in his search. After descending two long flights of stairs, his progress was suddenly arrested, at the end of a narrow and gloomy passage, by a large door, which appeared not to have been opened for a number of years. He examined the floor, as well as the gloominess of the passage would permit him, expecting to discover the marks of footsteps, as he supposed that Leopold had entered the Castle by that very door; nothing, however, appeared, to confirm him in that supposition, and fearing, that were he to prolong his stay, he should be discovered by some of the servants, he returned to his apartment, determining to renew the examination of the northern wing, on the following night.

CHAPTER VI.

But conscience, what have I to do with thee,
Awe thou thy dull legitimate slaves ; but I
Was born a Libertine, and so I keep me.

ORTANO no sooner heard the inhabitants of the Castle stirring, than he went in search of old Rupert, as from him, he knew, he could obtain all the information which he required, respecting that part of the Castle, to which the door led, and by which he had seen Leopold and his companion enter.

The Seneschal was soon found fortifying himself against the keenness of the mountain air, by a dram of his favorite cordial, and the compliments of the morning having passed, Ortano began—"This is a wild sort of a place, there are so many turnings and windings, and passages and stairs, that I am in danger every moment of losing my way."

"Aye, Signor," said Rupert, "if you had lived in it as many years as I have done, you would be able to find your way blind-folded."

"This very morning," said Ortano, "when I thought I was directing my steps hither, I found

myself on a sudden, in a passage, in the northern wing, nor did I discover my mistake, until I had nearly broken my head against an old rusty door, which appears not to have been opened for centuries."

"Alas," said Rupert, "it was a melancholy day, when I last passed through that door."

"Was it to fetch the last bottle of your favorite cordial," asked Ortano with a smile.

"O no," Rupert answered with a woeful shake of his head, "it was on a very different business; the door you mention, leads to the family vault, and the last time it was opened, was to admit the corpse of my good old lady—aye, it was a sad day for us all, when she died."

"Are many of the family deposited there," Ortano asked.

"The vault contains ten coffins," Rupert answered, "six of which are almost crumbled to dust—hugh! I tremble when I think of it—and when I pass the outer door which leads to the vault, I always turn my head aside, expecting every moment to see my Lady's ghost burst the door open."

"Are your ghosts guilty of such tricks in this part of the world," asked Ortano.

"Marry are they," said Rupert, "and worse too—it was but the other night as I was—but I'll tell you the story another time."

"Do so," said Ortano, "but where is the outer door of which you were speaking."

"As you pass by the outside of the northern wing," answered Rupert, "you perceive a small arched door, thickly studded with nails."

"Right," said Ortano, "I remember to have observed it—but proceed——"

"I never remember to have seen it opened."

"How so?" asked Ortano.

"Why it is strongly barred and bolted in the inside," said Rupert, "to prevent any person breaking in to steal the gold from the coffins. O! you should see the heap of gold that is on my Lady's coffin—but bad indeed must be the man, who, to satisfy his avarice, will rob the dead of their ornaments."

"Of what use are they?" asked Ortano, "they are like a gilded frame to an ugly picture—the dead do not take them with them to purchase of St. Peter their entrance into heaven, but it would give me great pleasure to see those valuable depositories of the dead—will you accompany me to the vault?"

"I accompany you!" said Rupert, stepping back a few paces, and looking at Ortano with an eye of wonder—"I would not go thither for all the treasures of the Lady of St. Loretto."

"I will then go myself," said Ortano, "give me the keys."

"Why you would not be so rash," said Rupert, "but I well know, that when you Venice noblemen once take a thing into your heads, it is as impossible to talk you into reason, as to make grapes grow on the top of St. Gothard, but come along with me, and I will give you the keys."

Ortano, rejoicing at the success of his interview with the Seneschal, accompanied him to the place, where the keys were in general deposited, but the surprise of Rupert was boundless when he discovered that they had been removed, and although the most diligent search was made for them they were not to be found. Ortano could, in some degree, account for their disappearance, and he was secretly vexed at being thwarted in his examination of the midnight adventure, but the old Seneschal was convinced that the Castle was bewitched, for although the keys of the vault stood by no means so high in his estimation as the keys of the cellar, yet, that they should both disappear in the same night, was in his eyes, a positive proof, that some demon of mischief had crept into the Castle, but to what necromancer, wizard, or magician to apply to exorcise it, puzzled him as much as we in our days are puzzled to know what is under the seven seals of chancery. He, however, set his brains to work to unravel these apparent mysteries, but like many other persons, who, from a supposed superiority of understanding,

undertake to solve a knotty point, he found himself more perplexed, as he proceeded, and he would have floundered for some time in the mud of conjecture, had he not suddenly been called away by the arrival of Leopold.

On their meeting, Leopold greeted Ortano with all the ease and freedom of an upright friend, who was conscious to himself of not having forfeited by any mean or criminal act, the good opinion of his chosen intimate. Ortano received him with the same mark of deceit, and expressed his sincere joy at his return. Thus each was the dupe of the other's artifice, and whilst their words and actions breathed the purest friendship, a secret enmity rankled at their hearts. Leopold pretended that his pleasure would have been greater during his visit, had his friend Ortano, accompanied him, and Ortano assured him, that he felt the time hang heavy on his hands without the society of his friend.

How strange is often the situation of man, the subject of deception, and himself the deceiver at the same time. He is the dupe of the villain, whilst he is himself the villain. He clothes his face with smiles—assumes the gaiety of the unburthened conscience, and talks of vice as of a hideous monster he would shun, when, if the veil could be drawn aside, which hides the working passions of his breast, his native deformity would stand revealed, and his boasted virtue prove a thing of nought.

During the day, Leopold assumed an unwonted gaiety; his aged father joined in his mirth, and from the looks and actions of the inmates of the Castle, even the most shrewd observer of mankind might have been deceived in his estimate of their moral qualities. Wherever mirth and happiness reign, he would say, there must be virtue—it is in the furrowed brow—in the scowling look—in the eye that cannot bear the full and ardent gaze of another, that true vice is to be read—but the joy of the villain is in the completion of his designs, and his happiness rises and falls according to his success.

At night, Leopold complained very early of fatigue, and apologizing to Ortano for retiring, he withdrew to his apartment. The mind of Ortano was however upon the rack; the more he saw of the conduct of Leopold, the more he was entangled in a maze of conjecture, the openness of his countenance—his exterior carriage would have deceived many a vaunting proficient in the knowledge of the human character, but the scene of the preceding night, hung so heavily upon the recollection of Ortano, that he dismissed every thought from his breast, which did not, in some degree, tend to confirm the guilt of Leopold.

Having bidden him good night at the door of his apartment, he retired to his own, but it was not to sleep. The Seneschal, had shewn him the place, where the keys of the family vault

were deposited, and he knew, when the family were at rest, he could steal to the spot, and perhaps, like Leopold, steal something from the vault, for he saw no substantial reason, why Leopold and the abbot should engross to themselves all the treasure of the place, and he be left in a state of poverty. This little mine of wealth he knew was not inexhaustible, and therefore, like a prudent man, it became him to seize the golden opportunity, before it escaped from his grasp for ever.

Not a sound was heard in the Castle, which gave a token of life—the wind swept at times in hollow gusts along the passage—the half decayed casements of the windows rattled with the blast—and at times, from the ruined part of the Castle, sounded the dismal hootings of the owl. Dark and heavy clouds, driven by the fury of the wind, shot across the moon, and threw their disheartening gloom over the earth. Terror might have conjured up the spirits of the dead, and superstition given them a “local habitation and a name.” Fear was, however, no inmate in the breast of Ortano—then seizing his lamp, he repaired to the spot, where the Seneschal had shewn him on the preceding night, that the keys were usually kept. To his great satisfaction, he found them, and listening for a time, if any persons were moving in that part of the Castle, and no sound striking his ear, he bent his steps towards the door which led into the vault.

With a cautious tread, he proceeded along the low arched passages ; no sound was heard, but the echo of his own footsteps dying away at a distance, and having arrived at the door of the vault, some time elapsed, before he could find the proper key. At one time, he was certain he heard a noise within, as if something heavy had fallen on a hollow place. This circumstance would have deterred many persons from proceeding, but to Ortano it was rather an incentive, and having opened the door, which moved heavily on its hinges, he descended a few steps. A cold piercing air met him at the entrance—it was the air of the mansions of the dead—and the stillness which reigned within, told him how little the dead are to be feared. He held the lamp on high to view the interior of the place, but the farther extremity was wrapped in gloom. He had descended the steps, and was proceeding cautiously along, when a sudden and violent blow from an unknown hand, knocked the lamp from his hold. The light was immediately extinguished, and he was left in utter darkness. It was a moment of terror, even for the stoutest heart, and it was now evident to Ortano, that he was in the power of some individual of desperate character, who, in order to prevent any exposure, might stab him in secret. Rallying all his presence of mind, he removed from the spot, on which the lamp had been knocked from his hand, and leaning against the wall, he

calmly awaited the result of this mysterious affair. For a short time all was still—Ortano heard the beating of his own heart, for in his breast expectation wore the semblance of fear—a dread blank presented itself before him, impenetrable as the dim chaos of futurity. On a sudden, he heard a door close at the further end of the vault, and by the chilly air which passed by him, he concluded it to be the door, by which he had seen Leopold and his companion enter the vault; after staying some short time, and nothing further occurring, he groped his way back to his chamber. On a sudden, the idea occurred to his mind, that the person in the vault might be Leopold, for although he could not have entered from the interior of the Castle, yet his retiring to rest might have been merely a plea for absenting himself, and he might then have left the Castle, and entered the vault by the outer door. He determined therefore to satisfy himself on that point, and immediately bent his steps towards the apartment of Leopold; but he found it locked. This circumstance tended to strengthen the belief of Ortano, that the person in the vault was Leopold; fearing however, that he might be himself discovered patrolling about the Castle, at night, he retired reluctantly to his apartment, his mind labouring under an agitation of the most conflicting passions.

CHAPTER VII.

— Were thy suspicions just ?
Wherefore reveal them ? Why unguard thyself,
And lay each secret open to thy foe ?
With him whose rankling malice works unseen,
While smiles becalm his looks ; 'twere best pretend
Not to perceive the lurking treachery—
Reproof but goads him, and new whets his passions,
Till what was policy, becomes revenge,
Detected villainy can ne'er forgive.

THE family met at breakfast, and the weather being fine, Ortano proposed to Leopold to accompany him in a walk to the mountains. Leopold objected not, but he gave his assent in that sort of tone, which might be well construed into a dissent ; for certain reasons, however, he did not consider it policy in him to refuse the proposal of Ortano, and they accordingly set out, Leopold, however, observed with displeasure, that Ortano took the road leading to the monastery.

“ Why should we just choose this road,” said Leopold, “ we shall be so abominably tormented by the monks.”

“ They will give us their benediction,” said Ortano.

"I set no value on it," said Leopold,—“it costs them nothing, and therefore they are profuse with it.”

“We will then strike into the first path,” said Ortano, “which leads from the monastery,” and with design, he soon after struck into the road, which led to the edifice, which he had seen Leopold enter on the preceeding night.

Leopold, however, raised many objections to continuing on that road.

“What are you afraid of here,” asked Ortano, sarcastically, “surely not of the monks—we shall enjoy a beautiful prospect from yonder summit.

“What is the prospect to me?” said Leopold, surlily—“it is so common to me, that I see no beauty in it : it was familiar to me in my boyish days—and familiarity always creates disgust.”

“I love to inhale the mountain air,” said Ortano, “and besides a ramble of this kind is surely preferable to staying at home, and reading those old musty books to your father—but if it be disagreeable to you to proceed—I will walk alone.”

This was a death blow to the hopes of Leopold—he wished to divert Ortano from the road altogether, but as he saw that he was determined to proceed whether he accompanied him or not, he judged it more politic, not to leave him to his own resolute mode of action, considering, that when he came to the edifice, he might be more minute in his search, than would exactly

coincide with his wishes; assuming therefore, a false gaiety, Leopold continued his walk.

When they came within sight of the edifice, Ortano exclaimed, "Ah! what have we here? what a sweet romantic spot for a pair of lovers—I should not be surprised, my friend, to find from your unwillingness to proceed, that you had a pretty little nun concealed amongst these shades, a most lovely spot indeed, for two turtle doves to bill and coo in."

"I should not keep her long concealed here," said Leopold, "for it is too near the monastery, and no pointer possesses a readier art of discovering its game than a monk has, in discovering the abode of a pretty girl."

"I know they are sly dogs," said Ortano, "but it is perhaps only your place of rendezvous, it is not a very long walk for the novitiates of my lady of St. Roch."

"You mistake the place much," said Leopold, "it was formerly the abode of a hermit, who, after having spent ten years of his life in this solitude, on a sudden disappeared, and no one was ever known to trace his steps, nor to discover his retreat. Since his departure, the place has been suffered to go to ruin, and, a few years more, will see it level with the ground."

They now arrived at the door; it opened easily, and they entered. It was a small circular place; on the eastern side were seen the remains of the altar, before which the hermit had often

knelt, and Ortano thought that he could see the stone indented, where the anchorite had knelt. The cross was still remaining in a small niche, and it was the only relic, which told of the place having been formerly inhabited.

On the northern side, was a small recess cut into the rock, which was evidently, once the rude bed of the hermit.

Ortano surveyed the interior with a most scrutinizing eye, but he could not discover any thing, which could lead to an elucidation of the purport of Leopold's visit. The roof was in many places so broken, that the rain had penetrated, and the flooring was broken and destroyed.

"Come, let us leave this place," said Leopold, "there is nothing here worthy of observation."

Perhaps not to Leopold and his dissolute companion, but to the virtuous heart, a pleasing melancholy is imparted, in viewing the delapidated abode of a human being, who perhaps, injured by the world, had retired to this solitude to pour forth his sorrows in secret, or to dwell in painful but pleasing remembrance, on the joys he once knew—on the friends with whom he once associated—and on scenes, with which are associated the happiest hours of his life—scenes which he will never view again—his little spot becomes his world, it also hears the sighs which break from his burthened heart—it alone hears the name of those repeated whom his heart

once cherished—the plants which grow around it are his companions—they have his affections—but they cannot return them. How often have the stones, which now lie scattered at the feet of the two reprobates, been moistened with his tears, flowing perhaps at the ingratitude of his fellow creatures; perhaps, when sleep hung heavy on the eyelids of men, and the world lay stretched before him in solemn stillness, himself, a Selkirk in society, he sat before his door, in contemplation deep, on all the moving worlds of heaven—he adored the Power which made them, and blushed for the Atheist. Perhaps he was a father, and his children persecuted him—perhaps he was a husband, and a beloved wife was unfaithful to him—perhaps every affection of his heart was bound to one being—and she was false to him.

“It is a wild and desolate spot,” said Ortano, “know you ought of its last tenant?”

“He was a murderer,” said Leopold, “and here sought refuge from the world, which he had injured by his actions.”

“A murderer,” exclaimed Ortano, “and can a murderer live in solitude?”

At these words, a death-like paleness overspread the countenance of Leopold—“Let us be gone,” he cried, “the place is hateful to me.”

The sudden change in the countenance of Leopold, did not escape the observation of Ortano; “Were the groans of the murdered ever heard here?” he asked.

"It is a question I cannot answer," said Leopold.

"Is that little mound before the door the murderer's grave?" Ortano asked.

"It is not," Leopold replied, "he suddenly left the hermitage, and has not since been heard of."

"And no one knows whither he is gone?" Ortano asked.

"So runs the tale in the country," said Leopold, "but there are some wiseacres who pretend a knowledge of him, but they cannot substantiate any particulars—let us, however, begone"—and he immediately left the place. Ortano instantly followed him; and as they were standing before the door, he enquired of Leopold, "If he knew the particulars of the hermit?"

"But few," Leopold answered, "and they are merely gathered from the romantic stories which have been circulated in the neighbourhood, and which are scarcely worth repeating. Towards the latter part of his stay, he was regarded by the common people as a saint, and they flocked in crowds to obtain his blessing."

"A murderer's blessing," exclaimed Ortano, "cannot possess any efficacy, but I suppose it was imagined that ten years penance and abstinence had washed away the crime of murder—or perhaps he was wholly innocent of it?"

"I believe," said Leopold, "his innocence stood upon grounds equally good as yours of

never having seduced a girl—but he is gone—and the country has almost forgotten his existence and his name.”

“By what name was he known?” Ortano asked.

“He was called Father Anselm,” Leopold replied, “some, however, pretend to say that it was an assumed name; at all events, it is certain that he was born in the vicinity of Geneva—but see, yonder a monk approaches—let us avoid him.”

“And why?” asked Ortano.

“I do not wish that he should find us here,” said Leopold; “the monks consider the hermitage as a sort of sanctuary, or rather a spot too sacred to have even the silence of it disturbed—they think it is visited by the spirit of the deceased hermit.”

During this conversation, the two friends had gained some distance from the hermitage, and discoursing in a desultory manner, they reached Niolo.

Ortano was, however, by no means satisfied with his visit to the hermitage. He could plainly perceive an embarrassment in the manner of Leopold during the short stay in the edifice, and he remarked that he seldom moved from one spot. The floor was, however, in such a ruinous state, that had there been any subterraneous passage, it would have been difficult, and almost impossible to discover it. Still, how-

ever, there was ample food for further enquiry, and Ortano was determined to persevere until he discovered the secret.

At night, after the old Count had retired to rest, the two friends sat carousing over the bowl, when on a sudden, Leopold sunk into a deep fit of musing.

"Of what are you thinking so profoundly?" Ortano asked.

"I was pondering on your happiness," Leopold answered.

"On my happiness?" Ortano exclaimed, in a sort of ironical tone—"is it on my past, present, or future happiness? as to the former, I have found it only in wine and the lips of a woman, and both are full of treachery, and as to the latter, it is so hidden from me by a bankrupt fortune, that unless some old rich widow will take a fancy to me, and as soon as the priest has made us one flesh, quietly betake herself to her grave, I may be hunting after it all my life, and never find it."

"But I will tell you where it is to be found," Leopold cried.

"In a full repentance of all my sins and transgressions?" asked Ortano, with a smile.

"That is certainly one way to it," said Leopold, "but I fear it is of too rugged a nature for your disposition. The way I mean to propose to you, is to seek it in the arms of a beautiful girl, and a fortune with her, which would enable you

to figure again in the world—would not that be happiness?"

"I grant it would," Ortano answered, "but I must travel many a league ere I can find it."

"Not so many as you imagine, perhaps," said Leopold, "but what if I were to shew you the way to it," he added, with a significant look, "and not only that, but put you in full possession of the object."

"Then", exclaimed Ortano, "were the gates of hell open, and you bade me enter, I would do it to serve you."

"You will enter them soon enough," said Leopold, smiling, "without my sending you thither—but to the point, you know I have a niece—the beautiful Adeline."

"Yes, yes," Ortano exclaimed, his eyes glistening with delight—"her beauty, I hear, is matchless, and her virtues——"

"We will talk of them another time," said Leopold—"her beauty, however, may be your's if——"

"If what?" exclaimed Ortano, with impatience.

"If you will follow my advice," said Leopold, "and assist me in the execution of my plans."

"And were they to blow up all the monasteries in the country, and make seraglios of the convents, my hand and heart are yours", exclaimed Ortano.

"My plans are not of that serious nature,"

said Leopold, "but you will have to remove some obstacles, which will be attended with a little difficulty, but who can expect to gain so rich a prize, if he hazard nothing?"

"Right," said Ortano, "the richest pearls lie in the deepest water—you, however, know me well—I never leave my work half finished."

"But," said Leopold, in a hesitating tone—"perhaps—I only suggest the case—you may have a rival—or some other person may throw an obstacle in the way of your happiness—and then perhaps—your dagger may be wanted."

"Then I have only to provide," said Ortano, "that it be well sharpened—that is an obstacle very soon removed—mere baby work."

"And," said Leopold, "I merely state it as a supposition—heaven forbid that I should be serious—you would not hesitate to strike, even if it were her own father?"

"Even if it were your own brother," said Ortano, with an expressive look, "but as that is a case which can never happen, we will not dwell upon it."

"If you were to say," said Leopold, "it never can happen, that yonder lake will one day be dry, I should say you were in an error—it is possible, but I will admit its great improbability, yet, merely, for the sake of conversation, I will state a case to you,—suppose every obstacle were removed to your possession of Adeline, but her father's consent, and that he not only vigorously

opposed your union, but threatened to immure her in a convent, if you dared to persist in your designs—under those circumstances then how would you act?”

“Take her by force,” said Ortano.

“But then,” said Leopold “you might miss your aim—for her father might recover her, and at all events, he might deprive you of her fortune.”

“Under such circumstances,” said Ortano, with a most significant look, directed full upon Leopold; “I should take your advice how to act.”

“And will you promise to abide by that advice?” Leopold asked.

“I will,” said Ortano.

“Hush,” said Leopold, looking cautiously around him, “heard you no noise in the Castle?”

“A mere gust of wind,” said Ortano.

“It appeared to sound beneath us,” said Leopold.

“All the effect of fancy,” said Ortano, to whom the sudden agitation of Leopold was strikingly apparent.

“Methought I saw a gleam of light shoot across the window,” said Leopold.

“A faint flash of lightning, perhaps,” said Ortano, going towards the window. “I see —”

“What! What!” exclaimed Leopold, hastily.

“Only some black clouds rising in the east,” Ortano answered, “they portend a stormy night.”

“Would it were over,” said Leopold. “I hate this silence of the midnight—the brain then con-

jures up a thousand forms, and terror in their parent."

"Would terror be the parent of your midnight thoughts," asked Ortano, were "Maria Orisini with you?"

"Heaven!" exclaimed Leopold, "that name rouses every passion of my soul—what foolish weakness has seized me for a moment?" 'tis merely one of those depressing fancies which at times seize upon the heart of man, and turn his best resolves into childish inanity. Are not our prospects such as would almost give vitality to the marble statue? Adeline in your arms—and Orisini in mine, we have then reached the pinnacle of human bliss—and though the road to it be here and there stained with blood, the traces of it will soon be effaced—but morning soon will dawn—we will to work immediately; now hear me—I have succeeded in extracting from my old father a portion of the money sufficient to satisfy my immediate wants—and he may now amuse himself if he can, by counting his grey hairs, or measuring the wrinkles of his hand; we will leave the doting curmudgeon to talk to monks about their celibacy, and their fleshly mortifications, and hasten to complete our plans."

"If courage, and determined resolution be wanting to effect our purpose, we may consider it as already gained," said Ortano.

"O, I will so play the saint before the old do-

tard," said Leopold, "that he shall clap his hands for joy at my reformation—I will tell him how much I am grieved to leave him for a short time, but that I will hasten my return: in the mean while, I will make a merit of having solicited the abbot to come and comfort him with his holy, and spiritual conversation—the old man will thank me for that mark of my attention to his happiness. Now for Zurich."

"For Zurich!" exclaimed Ortano.

"Yes," said Leopold, "is not your Adeline there? but I will impart my plans more fully to you on our journey—see it already brightens in the east, repose yourself for a few hours—then for Zurich and Adeline."

"And for Orsini," exclaimed Ortano, "may you see her in your dreams—good night."

The villains parted, the one with the full assurance of having obtained an able coadjutor in all his plans, and the other congratulating himself with soon being in possession of the beautiful Adeline.

CHAPTER VIII.

O dearest thou indeed,
No pleasing influence here by nature given,
To mutual terrors and compassion's tears ;
No tender charm mysterious, which attracts
O'er all that edge of pain, the social Powers,
To this their proper action and their end.

THE old Count lay on his bed of sleep—no baneful images disturbed his slumbers—no sudden starts declared the guilty conscience—he lay the image of a saint in death, free from a mortal's sins ; on this night, before he repaired to rest, he had knelt in prayer, and with feelings of the purest gratitude, had thanked his God, that ere he was laid with his fathers, he had lived to see a dissolute son reformed, and restored to virtue.

Thou good deluded man, be happy in the depth of thy error—enjoy the sun-beam while it shines upon thee, and cast not thy look towards the dark and turbulent clouds, which are rising on the horizon of thy bliss ; thy happiness is like the meteor in a murky night, gone, ere we

can say it was—for a moment it shines, to cheer the darkened scene, then swift evanishes, never to return. I see that smile of joy, resting on thy face, old man—I see the serenity which sparkles in thine eye, like a wandering sunbeam, gilding for a moment the desert snows which crown thy native hills. A few days more, and the storm which is gathering, will burst upon thee, and who can say if thou wilt not be crushed by its fury.

“And will you not stop with me till your brother returns,” said the old Count, as they sat at breakfast.

“Most unwillingly do I leave you, my dear father,” said the hypocrite, “but my friend has requested me to accompany him to the nearest pass in the mountains—in a few days I will return to Niolo.”

“Fail not my son,” said the old Count, “few and slender are the props which now sustain my drooping life; I would not have them fall, and my children at a distance—I should not die in peace, did I not bless them on my death-bed.”

“I will hasten my return, father, but do not let us dwell upon the melancholy subject of your death, let us hope that there are many years in store for you; and it shall be the study of Frederic and myself to make each year more pleasant than the former.”

“Thank you, my son, thank you,” said the good father, with an evident degree of emotion,

“ you will meet with your reward. Do you depart soon ?”

“ Immediately,” replied the hypocrite, “ or we shall not reach the inn, where we intend to rest, before the night sets in.”

“ My blessings go with you,” said the father, “ and fail not to return.”

With feigned sorrow, Leopold took leave of his father ; with real grief, the old Count pressed his son to his breast ; with his wrinkled hands, he grasped those of his son, and with a tear trembling in his eye, pressed them with a parent's warmth. He stood at the gate, and followed his son with his eyes, till he was lost to his view by the turnings of the road, and returned in dejection to the solitude of his Castle.

Leopold and his companion, travelled for some time, without either uttering a word ; the former, was conscious to himself of the atrocious part he was acting, and the kind and solemn manner in which his father had bidden him farewell, stung him with remorse. It was however, but a transient feeling ; it was the momentary effort of a seared conscience, attempting to re-establish its power, long since blunted by a continual adherence to vicious propensities ; it was the faint echo of the warning voice of virtue, struggling for victory over vice.

The depravity of his character, however, soon burst forth again, and in the most coarse and unbecoming epithets, he ridiculed the good and

generous dispositions of his father. During the day, he often sunk into sullen fits of musing, which were particularly noticed by his companion, who, like some stiff-necked pretended moralist, looking always to the most criminal side of an affair, drew the most unfavourable conclusions from it.

At night they arrived at the inn, at which Frederic and his party had stopped on their way to Zurich, and where the former had been surprised by the adventure of the midnight travellers. Leopold was no sooner seated in a sorry apartment which the host appropriated for the transaction of his private business, than the garrulous old fellow began —

“Your brother, Signor, has something of the owl in him, he prowls at night, and sees when he is not seen. What evil deed has he committed to prevent him from sleeping?”

“Explain yourself,” said Leopold, with eagerness.

“You little thought,” said the host, “that you were observed by your brother, when you called at midnight some little time ago, to enquire if he had passed this house on his route.”

“And did he recognize me,” said Leopold, with agitation—“hell and fury, were that the case —”

“Thanks to my address,” said the host, “that you were not discovered—he little suspected that I knew him as soon as he entered the house; but

for certain reasons, with which I make no doubt, Signor, you are well acquainted, I did not choose to make myself known to him and particularly as I had nothing to say in my own favor, I judged it most prudent to be silent."

"You did right," said Leopold, "but keep me not in suspense—what know you of my brother?"

"You quite frighten me, Signor," said the host, "I never saw you put on such terrible looks, not even on that horrible night—when——"

"Relate all you know about my brother," Leopold exclaimed, rising furiously from his chair, "you know me well when I am roused."

"Not quite so well," said the host with a significant look, "as certain people whom I could mention, and yet better still than some would wish to know you."

"Fellow," cried Leopold, who began to fear the loquacity of his host, "if persuasion has no effect upon you, there's gold, now relate to me all you know about my brother."

"Aye," said the host, "you are just the same generous man I always knew you, but I assure you I did not think of being so well paid for the trifling service which I rendered you, and when I think of the imposition which I practised on your brother, I cannot even now refrain from laughing; you should have seen the innocent and demure countenance which I put on, when your brother questioned me about the two persons, whom he had seen at midnight, near the

house, and I told him they were come after some wench—Santa Maria! a wench in my house, there was not any one in the shape of a female, but old Loretta, whom I might have suspected some fifty years ago, of opening the door silyly at midnight to her lover; no—no, Signor—women talk too much to be kept in a house of this description, but your brother thought it a very probable case, that I should have some wanton giddy girls, in the house, so paying me handsomely for his entertainment, and for the true and correct information which I had given him, he set forward on his journey, and then I exclaimed, fare thee well; thou art not the first fool, whom I have made by a lie.”

“It was well done, thou old fox,” said Leopold, “I see thou hast not lost a bit of thy cunning since I knew thee at Venice.”

“It would be strange, indeed, Signor,” said the host, “if as I advanced in age I did not increase in cunning, besides, you must allow I have been under an excellent professor.”

“Your impudence is equal to your owning,” said Leopold.

“But, Signor, what an angel your niece is—she will make many a heart ache at Zurich. It is down right sacrilege to bury such a beautiful creature amongst the wilds of Niolo.”

“So the monks say,” said Leopold, but looking full at Ortano, “her fate is fixed, and happy indeed must that man be, who calls her his own.”

"Her bosom," said the host, "would make an anchoret forego his vows, and return to the world."

"To rest on it, must be the foretaste of heaven, I suppose," said Ortano.

"Then you'll be the first in heaven," said Leopold.

"It will then be the heaven on earth," said the host archly, "for as to the other, it is with me a great matter of doubt, if any of us will ever know it—but will you not drink a glass of wine, Signor?"

"Aye, a bottle," said Ortano, "to the health of the beautiful Adeline."

"It is no common wine, I assure you, Signor," said the host, "for about a month ago, three muleteers stopped at my house, and from their discourse, I learnt that their mules were laden with some precious wine as a present to the old drunken abbot of Mulhausen—a fair exchange is no robbery, said I, so whilst the muleteers were asleep, I sent the fat friar some of my sour stuff in exchange for his luscious wine, and many a traveller now boasts of the famous wine of the inn of San Petro—it is a very cordial, Signor, you shall taste it."

Thus saying, he hastened away, and the door was no sooner closed, than Leopold said, "a more consummate villain never stalked the earth than our host. I know not how many victims to his revenge or his avarice have writhed

under his poinard ; were a work of the deepest villainy to be perpetrated, no better agent could be found than this same host, and I scarcely ever knew him engaged in an action, in which goodness or virtue had any share.

True, indeed, was this slight sketch of the character of the host ; his house, excepting the accidental visit of a few travellers, who stopped on their passage over the mountains, was the constant resort of the hordes of banditti, which infested the roads and passes, and it was their general plan always to have one of the gang stationed in the house to learn the route which the travellers intend to take, and by those means, the unarmed and the defenceless seldom escaped unpillaged or unwounded. It may be remembered, that on the arrival of Frederic at the inn, he observed two men standing at the door, and they were at that time stationed there for the purpose above mentioned, but for very cogent reasons, which will in time disclose themselves, the party of Frederic were suffered to pursue their route without annoyance.

" We shall rest with you to night," said Leopold to the host, as he returned with a bottle of the abbot's wine.

" You are most welcome," said the host, " we have slept under the same roof before now."

" But," said Leopold, " my friend and I have business of a very important nature to adjust,

you will, therefore, take particular care that we are not disturbed."

"Not even by the mice, if I can prevent it," said the host.

"Then place the wine upon the table," said Leopold, "and leave us."

The host departed.

One villain is always suspicious of another, and Leopold listened till he heard the host conversing in a distant part of the house, when he thus addressed himself to Ortano—"you remember what I mentioned to you about the beautiful Adeline, but the obstacles which present themselves to the consummation of your wishes are very numerous, and were I not acquainted with the perseverance and ardour of your character, I should be tempted to say they were insurmountable."

"Some, in the pursuit of their object," said Ortano, "turn away at a mere trifle, at the bare sprinkling of a few drops of blood—I am not that chicken hearted mortal."

"I know it well," said Leopold, "but the possession of Adeline will depend on your own address and ability—more of this hereafter—now to my private affairs. You are well acquainted how unsuccessful I have hitherto been in my endeavours to discover the retreat of the beautiful Orsini, notwithstanding the numerous emissaries who are at work—and as for my hated rival, Villano, I have the most posi-

tive assurance that he can give me no further trouble in this world—now I have reason to believe, that were I in possession of, or only heir to the estates of Nioło, my suit would be accepted by Orsini's father—or, at least, she would be recalled from her retirement. Now listen to me, and if I should not be perfectly intelligible—your penetration must supply the meaning. The life of my father is now precarious, a few more years will see him in his grave—besides the departure of age may on an emergency, be hastened by the most simple means; it does not require violent measures to bring a tottering fabric to the ground—but my brother, aye, there's the damning fiend that's ever present to dash from my lips the cup of happiness—he stands before me like an evil demon to blast all my hopes and wishes—but —

Leopold fixed his penetrating eye upon Ortano.

Ortano pointed to his dagger.

"The shroud of the night will cover the deed," said Leopold.

"The mountain wolf," said Ortano, "shall soon revel o'er his victim."

"Listen to my plan," said Leopold, "On our arrival at Zurich —"

A slight noise which appeared to proceed from an adjoining apartment, made Leopold pause suddenly—"we must speak low," he said, "we may perhaps be overheard."

In vain have the records of the family of the Lindamores been searched for the continuation of this discourse, but it must either have been purposely destroyed, or the secrecy under which it was conducted, must have prevented it from ever having been notified. There was, however, a rumour current at the time, that the curiosity of the host was excited, to know the particular business, which his guests had to transact, and that the noise which was overheard by Leopold, proceeded from the host, who was at that time in an adjoining apartment, in which he could overhear the whole of the discourse. The host was certain it was not a work of goodness, on which they were consulting, and in his own peculiar way of arguing, he saw no reason, why he should not discover the person, whom they had now selected as the victim of their criminal passions. The great main spring of human actions was put in motion, for by a discovery of their designs, he saw advantage accruing to himself from every point of view ;—he might act the part of a secret informer, and then his reward was certain, or he might assist the villains in their projects, and reap a share of the plunder. It is, however, most certain, that he attained to a knowledge of their designs, but the means by which that end was obtained, are veiled in obscurity.

As soon as the light broke in the east, Leopold and his companion rose, and directed their route towards the mountains. "Your part will be

a difficult one to act," said Leopold, as they journeyed on, "your disguise must be beyond a chance of discovery."

"Fear not," said Ortano, "I will even so disguise my speech, that it shall not be recognized."

"Your greatest difficulty will be," said Leopold, "to deceive the keeper of the inn, where they will take their guide through the passes of the mountains."

"Do not despair," said Ortano, "I will invent such a story as shall lull the most suspicious soul—Adeline is my reward, and danger then to me is of secondary consideration—where shall we rest to-night?"

"We will take up our abode at the monastery of San Stefano," said Leopold, "it would not be prudent to stop at an inn, as our plans might be frustrated by the loquacity of the keeper."

"Is not the monastery of the Order of the Carmelites?" Ortano asked.

"It is," Leopold answered, "and I frankly acknowledge I wish it were of any other Order."

"I must own," said Ortano, "their rigid fare will not be agreeable to me. I would rather mess with the White Penitents at Rome—but we shall for once mortify our flesh by horse-hair beds, and I have heard say, that it is one road to heaven."

"It is at all events a rough one," said Leopold.

Whilst they were thus engaged in conversation,

the spire of the monastery of St. Stefano rose in view. "There is our resting-place for the night," said Leopold, and spurring their horses, they were soon at the gates. No objection, whatever, was made to their admission, and the Superior, promised them the best accommodation the monastery could afford. The bell soon after sounded for supper, and conducted by the Superior, Leopold and Ortano entered the refectory. They were, however, scarcely seated at the supper table, when on a sudden an ashy paleness came over the countenance of Leopold, and he appeared as if struck by some supernatural appearance. This demeanor of Leopold did not escape the observation of Ortano, and he was not a little embarrassed to discover the cause. Mean time the agitation of Leopold increased — his eyes shot an unwonted fire, which joined with the death-like hue of his countenance, rendered his appearance an object of terror. Ortano also noticed that the look of one of the monks was constantly directed full upon Leopold—a look, keen and revengful in the extreme. It was also easy to peruse in it that malicious joy which an individual feels when he sees his aggressor in his power. The repast being over, Leopold and Ortano left the refectory, and were politely informed by the Superior, that the gardens of the monastery were open for their inspection, which, for beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of Alpine scenery were not to be equalled. Leopold pre-

resented his acknowledgments for this favor and condescension, but excused himself on the plea, that he would take the advantage of the beauty of the evening, and proceed on his journey as far as the next village, which was only a few miles distant, and requesting that the horses might be got ready, he soon afterwards set forward on his route.

The travellers were scarcely out of the gates of the monastery, when Leopold began—"I have been deceived—my confidence has been abused—I have been lulling myself into a false security, and when I supposed that I had surmounted the most difficult part of my journey to the summit of my wishes, I now find that I have to travel the whole of it over again; but some blood shall flow for this vile imposition which has been practised upon me; did you not perceive, that, during supper, a monk fixed his eyes steadily upon me?"

"I did," Ortano answered, "nor did the embarrassment escape my notice, into which you were plunged by the basilical look which he cast towards you."

"Did you not then recognize him?" asked Leopold.

"I could not obtain," Ortano answered, "that distinct view of his features, which could be obtained by you, seated as you were so nearly opposite to him."

"You know," said Leopold, with a piercing glance, "there is one man in the world, whose

death I have long meditated, and whom I fondly hoped had been long since a dainty morsel for the worms."

"This man," said Ortano, "I know to be the Count Villano."

"The same," replied Leopold, "and did you not recognize him, in the garb of the Carmelite?"

"Hell and fury !" exclaimed Ortano, "and is that possible ?"

"It is too true," said Leopold, "but still I am in a degree happy, that I have discovered the nest in which the eagle has concealed himself ; by skilful management, I may perhaps now discover the retreat of Maria Orsini—but at all events there's fresh work for us—the eagle may one day fly too far from his nest, and then I will take care that his wings shall be clipped, to prevent his return."

"But," said Ortano, "may not the eagle, in one of his flights, direct you to the spot where he has lodged his mate ?"

"Right," said Leopold, "and for that purpose only, will I spare him for a time."

They now arrived at the village, where they spent the night in deliberation on their future plans of operation ; for now the scene of action was changed on the part of Leopold, and his fertile and inventive genius, had a fresh field on which to employ itself. The night passed slowly with the travellers ; the copious draughts of wine, in which Leopold indulged, served only

to add to the ungovernable impetuosity of his passions, and oft he sat in sullen silence brooding over schemes of death and ruin to all those who dared to oppose him in the attainment of his wishes.

With the first dawn of day, they proceeded on their journey, and late at night, they reached a wild and inhospitable mountain track—dreary and desolate was the scenery around it; the monk, had he trodden it, would have crossed himself with fear, and in expectation of his death, would have confessed the crimes which he had committed. The bacchanalian shouts of a lawless banditti, who frequented a neighbouring cave, now and then broke upon the monotony of the place, and the rocks at times reverberated with the report of their pistols, fired, either as signals, or aimed at the lonely wanderer. At the entrance of this cave, Leopold and Ortano halted, and having giving a particular signal, they were immediately admitted.

CHAPTER IX.

Love should in secret like the sun
Burn, though a world should shade it,
But shew its source of heat to none,
Except that God who made it.

THE visit of Adeline to Zurich, was attended with consequences from which the misery or happiness of her future life was to emanate. All the nobility of Switzerland, and the flower of its youth were assembled ; on many, the charms of Adeline made a deep impression, and some talked of love to her, but it was a language she did not understand. Some knelt at her feet, and called her their divinity, but she thought them fools ; even some old greybeards, whose rotten teeth rattled in their jaws, attempted in her presence all the fooleries of the love stricken youth—but Adeline thought them mad ; others lavished upon her the most fulsome compliments, and like the knight of the woeful countenance, called her *Dia di mi noche*, *Gloria di mi pena*, *Norti di mi Caminos*, *Estrella di mi ventura*,—Adeline heard and pitied them. The young

knights wore her favorite colour, at all their warlike sports, and each tried by his prowess to draw her attention towards him. At every tournament, Adeline was [the word of combat, and her beauty gave even valor to the coward. Adeline gave her applause where applause was due, but every endeavour failed to gain the look which tells the rapture, which the heart enjoys, when a favored individual conquers o'er his peers, in warlike deeds. One or two wily adepts in the science of intrigue, in order to gain the citadel of Adeline's affections, made a false attack, and laid open siege to the governess. They knew how often before the toilet, or in the secret hours of the night, the governess or the Abigail utters forth her praises of the different suitors of the hand of her mistress, according to the magnitude of the bribe which has been received, or the flattering attention which has been paid. A parent may educate her daughter in the strictest principles of virtue, and with the purest delight, she may see her acting up to those principles; she may send her into the world able to cope against all its temptations, nor will she shew a disposition to lend a willing ear to the syren tongues of any of the imps of seduction; but in order to maintain her in that happy state of virtue and innocence, let her be careful not to give her daughter, a female confidant, in the capacity of a servant. An intriguing artful woman, at the toilet of her young

mistress, will do more in one hour to undermine the beauteous fabric of female virtue, than a general intercourse with the world will do in a month. It is not in the motley situations of social life, that the corruption of the female character begins, it is in those secret and dangerous hours, when the ear is open to flattery, that the poison of mental contamination is infused; the adulation which is proffered, excites the self-love of the warmhearted, but credulous female, and her heart beats warmly in favour of those, who offer to it such palatable food.

The first wound which the heart of a young female receives, often arises from the encomiums which a menial declares to her young mistress to have heard uttered by the lips of an enamoured youth, and the extent of which are in proportion to the presents which the Abigail has received. In the case now before us Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen did not pass her praises on the good qualities and other essentials of the many suitors, of Adeline's hand, from the influence of presents, or of a bribe, from the best of all possible reasons, namely, that no present nor bribe whatever had been given to her—but so great was the good lady's opinion of herself, and so high did she rate her own personal charms, that she did actually and bona fide believe herself to be the favoured objects of the wishes of enamoured youths—and she sighed and walked by moonlight—complained of loss of appetite—wondered

at the unusual paleness of her cheeks—deplored the want of sleep from extreme restlessness, and nervous sensibility—contrived to faint two or three times, when she saw one of her supposed admirers paying his addresses to another female—in short, she committed every folly incident to the tender passion—except that of hanging, drowning, poisoning, or poinarding. She might indeed have some particular and private reason for not performing any of those last above mentioned acts, so peculiar to the crazy-brain'd lover ; but as the motives of the private acts of a female are often as difficult of solution as the problem of the quadrature of the circle, we will not now stop to investigate the particular reasons, which, in this instance, influenced the conduct of the governess —

For 'tis in vain to think to guess,
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their temper o'er with washes,
As artificial as their faces.

She was happy—very happy in her error—and on what is the happiness of man founded in general, but on error ? Besides I would not be the churl to undeceive her—nor would the circumstance of her amours have been introduced into these memoirs, had they not in some measure been incorporated with the fate of our heroine.

And shall I not write of love? Shall I banish from my pages, a glowing description of all the predicaments, pitiful plights and pitfalls, into which lovers plunge, and in which they lie floundering with all imaginable grace, and all unimaginable folly, until some power "not born of earth," comes most opportunely to relieve them? Shall I make no mention of those blissful situations, which they who have not yet loved, would wish to know, and they who have loved, would wish to know again? Shall I not write of heart-breakings—despair—suicide—eternal misery, and elysian bliss—of deifications—quarrels, and reconciliations; those never-to-be forgotten moments of our first love? And shall I banish from my pages, a recital of that blissful era of our love, when the first kiss is given, perhaps in the silent hour of the midnight, and witnessed by no eye, but that of heaven? Shall I make no mention of that crystalline gem, which sparkles in the eye of hymeneal bliss? What were this book without them? It would lie mouldering on the shelves of some circulating library, which may be considered as the pigstye of literature, and be as little asked for, as Locke on the Human Understanding—or my Lord Monboddo's Metaphysics.

Yes, I will write of love—I will shew its pleasures, and its pains, I will pourtray the heart, when it is bleeding with agony; and will shew it, when the blissful moment of the first kiss,

fills it with celestial rapture, when the confession, long trembling on the lips, at last bursts forth, and calls into the eye the tear, which glittering on the cheek, is higher valued, than the diamond, which sparkles at the breast.

Among the young men, who had been attracted to Zurich, by the splendor of the scene, and the singularity of the occasion, was Adolphus Rosenheim, the second son of a noble, but not very opulent family, in the vicinity of Geneva. It was at a ball, given by his father, that Adeline first saw Adolphus Rosenheim; and although it cannot be said that either of them fell downright in love at once, yet it is certain, that the beauty of Adeline made a deep impression upon the young and susceptible heart of Rosenheim, and may also be affirmed, with some degree of certainty, that the polished and elegant manners of Adolphus had their due effect upon the young and virgin heart of Adeline. With the name of Rosenheim, was also associated the memory of some of the happiest hours of her life; she knew not, however, at the time, that he was the brother of her favorite novice in the convent of St Roch, but from the resemblance of the name, she was highly prepossessed in his favor. She thought also, that she could trace a resemblance in the features of Adolphus, and her favorite Ellen, and if any similarity of disposition existed between them—she could not but love him.

The rise of the most powerful affection of the human heart, often depends upon a trifle. It is not the studied demeanor—nor the full display of elegant accomplishments—nor a scrupulous desire to please, which will at all times awaken a reciprocal affection. The coincidence of a cherished name, will sometimes effect more, to rouse the first dawning of an attachment, than all the arts, which were ever tried, by the most skilful votaries of love.

It cannot be here exactly stated, that the heart of Adeline was wounded by the mental or personal accomplishments of Adolphus, or that she fell in love with him, because his name was Rosenheim ; nor are there any data, from which to draw the conclusion, that she was in love at all. Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, was it is true, most liberal in her encomiums on the elegance of his manners, and the amiable dispositions which he displayed, but Adeline paid little or no attention to the rhodomontade of the governess, from which some wiseacres would draw the inference, that Adeline could not possibly be in love as it is certain that a female listens with the greatest attention to any eulogium which is passed on the youth with whom she is enamoured. It must, however, be acknowledged, that there may be some justness in the inference, but it must also be allowed, that it contains a great degree of fallacy. The symptoms by which the disease of love is known, are so various and heterogeneous, and

are in some respects so nearly allied to the prognostics of insanity, that it in general baffles the most profound observer to tell when the disease has taken root, and when it may be considered as a confirmed case. It were indeed no difficult task, to have drawn the following scene, and thereby have made my heroine downright in love at once, and in which scene, I should only follow the example of certain novelists, who contrive to make their heroes and heroines fall in love in those situations, which have no affinity whatsoever with the natural occurrences of human life, and which might have been in vogue, in the good old times of the Antediluvians, but which are as rare in these polished and civilized days, as to find a bishop contemning the good things of this world, or an attorney entertaining a well founded hope of enjoying the good things of the next. I could have sent Adeline, with the Phædon of Socrates, or Lucretius *de natura rerum*, into an arbor, so shaded by the thick foliage of jessamines, honey-suckles, roses, and climatis, as to render it impervious to the rays of the sun, and she might be leaning on her hand in deep reflection, *de vanitate mundi et fugæ seculorum*, when, on a sudden, she must be roused from her reverie by the sudden appearance of Adolphus, standing at the entrance of the arbor, casting on her bewitching form, an expressive look of the tenderest love. Adeline must then cast her eyes to the ground, and her face must

be suffused with blushes—then Adolphus must advance, and gently take her hand, which she must not withdraw, and which has been considered by all the novelists, from Fielding to Etherington, (the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last of the prolific tribe of novelists) as the most indisputable sign of love; then a tremendously heavy sigh must break from her burthened heart—Adolphus must echo back the sigh—and then, as if by an involuntary impulse, rush into each others arms.

According to this description, I could have made Adeline, most naturally and decorously in love at once, without diving into the ocean of incidents, for one of those extravaganzas, which decorate the life of a heroine. But unfortunately for myself there was no arbour in the garden attached to her residence; nor upon consulting the almanacks of that period, can it be discovered, that the planets were in such a favorable conjunction, as to produce that combination of circumstances, which were to give birth to the love of our heroine. It must, therefore, be left to time alone to develop the situation of her heart, for if she were really in love, at the time of which I am now speaking —

—She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

Adeline, took little delight in the amusements

which Zurich presented to her : she longed to return to the tranquillity of her home, and free as the chamois of her mountains, bound over her native plains. She repeatedly urged her father to return to Niolo, but the governess, who still hoped to catch some enamoured knight within the net, which she most industriously spread whithersoever she went, exerted all her influence with the Count, to protract her stay ; she persuaded him, that the mind of his daughter would reap great advantage from an extended intercourse with society, and from which she could obtain some practical knowledge of mankind. How that knowledge was to be obtained, the governess did not exactly demonstrate, and considering that there are two species of that knowledge, we are left in the dark, as to the identical one, meant by the governess ; but if the knowledge of man so to be gained by Adeline, were to flow from the same source, from which the governess had extracted her stock of that particular species of knowledge, the ignorance of Adeline might be to her rather a benefit than an injury. Whatever lessons may have been inculcated in the schools of the Stagyrite, or of Plato, I believe it may be considered to be definitively ascertained, that there are few persons, who have risen to any eminence in the knowledge of man, but are constrained to confess, that it has been gained at the expence of personal happiness, and at all events, with many

sacrifices, which it were a query, if they were worthy of the point which is to be gained. As to Adeline, she was disgusted with the forms and ceremonies of public life. She had penetration sufficient to discover, that the heart of man is a machine, impelled into motion only by the force of self-love and interest, and seldom yields, but for private ends, to the impulse of charity or humanity. The sudden transition from the most sequestered state, to the noise and bustle of a populous town, which were increased by the particular circumstances which attracted her father thither, distracted her mind, and rendered her solitude doubly dear to her.

It is not certain, however, whether Frederic would have yielded immediately to the solicitations of his daughter, to return to Niolo, had not a particular circumstance occurred, which determined him to hasten his return. One evening he was returning home unattended, from a meeting of the nobles, and had nearly reached his residence, when, at a little distance, he espied a monk of the Order of the Carmelites, approaching towards him. There was something particular in the manner and deportment of the monk, which attracted the attention of Frederic. His cowl was drawn deeply over his face, and his look was apparently directed constantly upon Frederic. In order to avoid him, Frederic crossed the street—but the monk crossed also, and Frederic was now convinced that the cause of his strange behavi-

our had some reference to himself. As he drew nearer, the monk drew his cowl still closer over his face, and on passing Frederic, he spoke in a low and rough voice—"Return to Niolo, your enemies are at Zurich," Frederic was so astonished at the conduct of the monk, that for some time he was irresolute, whether to follow him, or to treat his warning with contempt. The monk, however, without ever taking a retrospective look, turned suddenly round the angle of an adjoining street, and was lost from the view of Frederic.

On his return home, he retired to his apartment to ruminate on the singular circumstance, which had just befallen him. In the first place, he could not perceive what enemies he could have in Zurich, at least of that consequence and importance, as to render his return to Niolo a matter of necessity—but what other motive could the monk have than his welfare—and were any danger threatening him, why have recourse to such a mysterious method of guarding him against it? Why not step boldly forth, and announce to him the quarter from which that danger was to spring? were the monk his real friend, why not avow himself? But at all events, it were a question, whether any consequence should be attached to his warning, given as it was, under the cloak of mystery, and the giver a perfect stranger. After a long and mature deliberation, he concluded, that the warning of the monk must

have some reference to the part which he had taken in the political discussions, and that the party which he had opposed, had employed the monk to intimidate him with the report of dangers which hung over him, and by which he might be induced to return to Niolo. Under this impression, he resolved to dismiss the circumstance from his mind, as unworthy of his notice, and at supper he appeared in his wonted gaiety. The following conversation, however, took place after supper, which again set the mind of the Count on the alarm:—

“Father,” said Adeline, “I have been much perplexed to account this evening for the conduct of a monk, whom I have seen passing and repassing the house, for above an hour before your return.”

“In what particular did his conduct surprise you, Adeline?” asked her father.

“He always walked on the opposite side of the street,” Adeline answered, “and one time, on passing the house, he looked up, and I am certain I knew him.”

“Knew him! my dear,” Frederic exclaimed, “can you ever recollect having seen him before?”

“I am almost certain,” Adeline answered, “that it was father Anselm from Arienheim.”

“That cannot be,” said Frederic, “the monks of Arienheim are of the Benedictine Order, and this monk belonged to the Carmelites.”

"You saw him then?" asked Adeline, with surprise.

"Yes, yes, my dear," Frederic answered, who was secretly piqued that he had so committed himself. "I now remember meeting a monk, but his dress denies him to belong to Arienheim."

"But may he not have joined the Carmelites?" Adeline asked.

"For what purpose," Frederic rejoined, "it is not usual for the monks to change their Order, and it is only permitted on particular occasions."

"The whole circumstance, however," said Adeline, "is perhaps unworthy of our notice."

Frederic thought otherwise, and it is most probable that he would have pursued the discourse, had they not been interrupted by the entrance of the governess, who, if she had been made acquainted with the fears or suspicions which at that time racked the mind of Frederic, respecting the mysterious actions of the monk, would have sallied forth into the street, even *in naturalibus*, and searched every crook and cranny of the city, until the object of her curiosity had been attained.

I like that active, meddling, and prying curiosity, which in general forms a component part of the female character—it is the foundation of all that superior knowledge—that correct taste—that impartial judgment—that liberal sentiment, and that unbounded candour, with which one female passes her opinion on the actions and

conduct of another. Deprive the female of curiosity, and you render her a *caput mortuum*—a mere nondescript—in fine, you belie the very essence of her nature. But in the words of the sapient Hudibras,

Let that pass at present, lest,
We should forget where we digrest
As learned authors use,—to whom,
We leave it, and to the purpose come.

On the close of the conversation, Frederic retired to his apartment, and throwing himself into a chair sunk into a deep fit of musing. Were the conjecture of Adeline founded on truth, that the monk belonged to the monastery of Arienheim, there could be little doubt that his warning had some good and positive foundation, and that it demanded a degree of attention on his part, which, under any other circumstances, it would not deserve. Might not Adeline be mistaken in her knowledge of the person of father Anselm, and the circumstance of the difference of the Order, argued strongly in favour of that belief; but still there was too great a connexion in Adeline recognizing the monk, and the warning which had been given to him to suffer it to pass without some attention being paid to it.

CHAPTER X.

How sweet is Love's first gentle away,
When crown'd with flow'rs he softly smiles !
His blue eyes fraught with tearful wiles,
Where beams of tender transport play :
Hope leads him on his airy way, -
And faith and fancy still beguiles,
Faith quickly tangled in her toils.
Fancy, whose magic forms so gay,
The fair deceivers, self deceive,
How sweet is Love's first gentle away.

FREDERIC passed the night in a most restless state of mind ; being naturally addicted to superstition, he figured every thing in the most sombre colours, and his imagination was now haunted with fancies of the wildest cast. At one time, he considered that the injunction of the monk relative to his return to Niolo, might be only a snare to entrap him into some danger—at another, he resolved instantly to return, for at all events, the retired situation of Niolo, would afford him greater opportunities of discovering his enemies and their designs, than he could obtain in the populous, and, at that particular time, licentious city of Zurich.

The business of the meeting was nearly concluded, and he therefore determined not to await the final adjustment of affairs, but to expedite his return without any further delay. Adeline heard the resolution with the greatest satisfaction, nor was that satisfaction in the least diminished, when, on the morning previously to the departure, the father of Adolphus paid them a visit, requesting permission for his son to join their party, as it was his intention to pass a few days with his sister, who was a novitiate in the convent of St. Roch. This request was immediately granted by Frederic, who also promised, that every hospitable attention should be paid to Adolphus, at Niolo.

This discovery, that Adolphus was the brother of her favorite Ellen, gave no small degree of delight to the heart of Adeline. She felt a secret joy in the contemplation of being witness to the happy meeting of Adolphus and his sister, and in her eyes the former now possessed an interest, which she could not define, but which was most pleasing to her. The reserve, which is ever the attendant on a new acquaintance, now vanished between Adeline and Adolphus ; they had now a never failing subject of conversation ; Adeline described to Adolphus the love she bore his sister—painted to him in all the charms of simplicity, their gay and happy sports, and Adolphus, in hearing the praises of his sister—loved the praiser.

“With what delight,” said Adeline, “shall I conduct you to your sister—she will love me the more for the happiness which I shall bring her.”

“She must, indeed, be happy in your love,” said Adolphus.

“Not more so than I am in her’s,” Adeline said, “we have but one wish between us, and that is for each other’s society, and we have but one sorrow, and that is when we are obliged to part.”

“Her joy will be so great to see you,” said Adolphus, “that she will look upon her brother with indifference.”

“You will not be jealous of me?” Adeline asked, with a smile.

“I shall never be jealous of my sister’s love for you,” said Adolphus.

There was a construction in this answer, which a stricken heart would have immediately seized upon, and by the slight confusion which Adeline displayed, it is, perhaps, no false surmise, that she hit upon that very construction—at all events, there was a pause in the conversation, but from what cause it arose, I leave it to be determined by some cold blooded calculating casualist, or by some warm-blooded planet-stricken youth, who has ever found himself in the same predicament as our hero.

The day of departure at length arrived, and, with a joyful heart, Adeline entered the carriage. Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen bade adieu to

the joys of Zurich with great regret—all the arts which she had tried, had failed of success ; some like the wary fish, had indeed, nibbled at the bait—but darted off as soon as they saw the snare which was laid for them, leaving the fair angler a prey to the most bitter dissatisfaction, and the most severe mortifications. One object only, therefore now remained on which the fascination of her charms could be proved, and that object was Adolphus, in whose presence she always shewed herself to the best possible advantage ; a most bewitching smile at times graced her countenance, but which unfortunately at the same time betrayed the loss of her principal teeth— a sigh, apparently struggling for suppression, burst at times from her labouring bosom, which shone beneath the transparent gauze in all its saffron beauty, like two globes of blauc-mange, sweetly coloured with the marigold. In fine she knew the net wherewith to entrap poor Adolphus, with so much matchless grace, and with so much refined art, that it is a query not very difficult of solution, whether he would not have been caught, had he not been in the presence of an object, who without seeming to know it captivated every one around her.

With a heart loaded with anxiety, Frederic reposed in the corner of the carriage, totally inattentive to exterior objects, until he was roused by the sudden darkness occasioned by passing under the covered ways of the fortifica-

tions, and the hoarse challenge of the sentinels demanding their name and business.

Whilst the necessary forms were going through Frederic perceived a monk brush hastily by the carriage, and on passing, he threw a small billet into the window, which Frederic immediately seized, but the obscurity occasioned by the walls, prevented him at that time from reading it. It appeared to him, however, not to be the same monk, who had given him the warning in the street, for this monk was dressed according to the order of the Benedictines, but on more mature reflection, he now thought, that the opinion of Adeline was corroborated, and that father Anselm had assumed the dress of the Carmelites, in order to prevent detection in the open streets, but that he had now assumed his own garb, as he supposed the darkness of the place would elude the discovery of his features. This opinion appeared to him to be the most plausible, and he longed for his arrival at Niolo, that he might ascertain whether father Anselm had been absent from the monastery, which would, in some degree, give him a clue to the development of the mystery.

In a basty tone, he bade the postillions drive on, and as soon as he had emerged from the gloom he opened the billet, and read—“*Return not by the Pass of Saint Petro.*” To what can all these serious admonitions tend? said Frederic to himself, as he reclined in the corner of

the carriage. What plots are in agitation against me? Whom have I offended or injured, that a stranger should thus perplex me with his warnings? What have I then to fear? Perhaps I am made the sport of some mischievous fools who when they have gained their end, will laugh at my credulity. Who will vouch for it, that this same monk may not himself have some sinister designs against me, and thus tempts me to take another route, that he may put them in execution.

Wrapt in these opposite and painful reflections, Frederic pursued his journey, and he might have exclaimed with the poet—

O tell me how it is—for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

To Adeline, the scene was most depressing. She regarded her father, with emotions of grief and sympathy. She saw the heavy clouds which hung upon his brow, and she could read in his fixed look, an intensity of thought, foreign to his natural disposition, and which she could only suppose to proceed from some dreadful calamity having befallen him, the communication of which he thought would affect her, and therefore resolved rather to bear the whole weight himself, than distress her by imparting it. As for conversation, the governess supplied ample materials—but they were of a rude unconnected structure. She had a remark to make on every

thing she saw, which is at least, more than every woman can do, and it may therefore be considered as a mathematical truth, that the governess was by no means one of those common, milk-and-water every day characters, against which we stumble on our road through life. She had either heard or read that eccentricity of conduct is the concomitant of genius, and according to her own peculiar mode of definition—she considered it to consist in acting differently from other people, and in chalking out for herself a particular line of conduct, to which she might with justice lay the claim of being the original. The title of a genius was, in her estimation, one of no mean distinction, and by certain peculiarities of action, and by expounding some most abstruse and knotty points, such as, how many angels can dance on the point of a needle, and whether the wings of the said angels were made of goose or cock and hen feathers, she had certainly appropriated to herself the appellation of a clever woman. I know not that ought has been set down in these memoirs, which were a coterie even of her enemies to be assembled to pass their verdict on the important question, would go the length of depriving her of that honorary title, excepting it be a few *Egaremens*, which in all cases of female judicature, are considered (excepting with reference to the jurors themselves) as an act of high treason against the sovereignty of virtue, and which *Egaremens*

arose from a fortunate warmth of constitution, to which other ladies beside herself are equally liable. It must, however, be allowed, that it requires no secondary abilities to maintain a continual discourse in a *partie quarrée*, where three of the members appear to be struck with the wand of taciturnity. In this instance, therefore, the abilities of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen shone in resplendent light, for she descanted with equal depth and sagacity on the fashion of a cap, (for there were fashions even in her days to turn the heads of the females) and the origin of evil (which en passant is a sore subject for a woman to dwell upon) but unfortunately no one was disposed at the present juncture to disturb her in her exposition of the different subjects which presented themselves to her capacious and grasping mind ; and she consequently enjoyed, what many women strive during the whole of their lives to obtain, an uninterrupted freedom of tongue. She chiefly directed her discourse to Adolphus, who, though far from being deficient in mental capacity, was at this particular period, by no means disposed to enter into an elaborate argument on the superiority of man over the brute creation—nor on the particular cut of a gown—nor on the becoming height of a tucker. It were high treason on the sagacity of the reader to adduce a cause for this most apparently servile compliance on the part of Adolphus to

all the arguments or remarks of the governess; a simple negative or affirmative being all that could be expected from him in his then happy situation, seated as he was opposite to a young, beautiful, and captivating female, and at a moment too when beauty sways with a resistless power over the heart of man. A tear stood trembling in the eye of Adeline, for the grief in which she saw her father plunged, and who can describe or comprehend the magical power which so often lies in a single look of a beautiful eye, and especially if it be dimmed by a crystalline tear. A transient smile, indeed, played at times upon her countenance, exerted by the ludicrous gestures and rhodomontade discourse of the governess, yet it was like a faint beam of the sun through a watery cloud. In whatever relation Adolphus had followed beauty, whether with the harp in the hand, in the moment of enthusiastic love, or when sorrow clouded the sparkling eye, or deep melancholy spread its dark shade over the countenance—or whether he had followed it in the moment, when beauty is heightened by the dignity of offended greatness, still it had never appeared so lovely in his eyes, as when he saw the sparkling gem on the eyelids of Adeline. It was a moment of his life remembered for ever, and O! it is a moment seldom erased from the memory of a human being. Sweet is the recollection of the moments of our first love. When age has crept upon us, and

cold and desolate appears the way before us, then a benignant spirit raises the veil of the past, and we see flit before us the scenes of our former days—the hours of our first love stand most conspicuous to our view—in fancy we live them o'er again, and are twice blessed in the remembrance.

During the first day of their journey, no particular circumstance occurred to excite the attention of the travellers, but as they drew nearer to the mountains, the depression on the spirits of Frederic appeared to increase. At every place at which they stopped, he was most particular in his enquiries of the different routes over the mountains, and what degree of dependance could be placed on the skill and probity of the guides. The route commonly known by the appellation of the Pass of San Petro, was recommended by every one, as being the most safe and eligible, but Frederic remembered the warning of the monk, and he determined to await his final conclusion as to the choice of the route, until his arrival at the place where it would be necessary to take the guides, and to be regulated by their report. On the evening of the following day, they arrived at the foot of the mountains, and took up their abode at an inn for the night, resolving to depart early in the morning, that they might pass the mountains before the following night.

CHAPTER XI.

No flattery, an honest man can't live by't,
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole, and soften fools withal,
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with it,
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

It was late in the evening, previously to the arrival of Frederic and his party at the inn, at the foot of the mountains, that a traveller knocked at the gates, and demanded a lodging for the night. There was that apparent frankness and openness in his manner, joined to a noble and imposing exterior, that the inhabitants of the inn were immediately prepossessed in his favour, and the best accommodation was immediately granted to him. He expressed himself in the highest terms of approbation of every thing which was prepared for him—the omelets which the hostess provided for his supper, were far superior, he said to any he had ever tasted before and he so far praised her culinary powers, that she in her turn declared, he was one

of the most agreeable guests she had ever known in her house. What will not flattery do, and especially on a female heart?—It will make that look beautiful which one short moment before seemed grim and ugly; it is the food a little mind can feed on even to satiety, which being conscious to itself of its own insignificance is in a parallel degree delighted to hear those virtues ascribed to it, which it does not possess, and which it can never reach.

The traveller declared the wine was most exquisite, which the host set before him—the host joined in the encomiums of his wife, and flattery has its influence too even over the male creation. Be assured, reader, he who flatters thee on every trivial occasion, is working on the weak side of thy nature, to effect some secret and unlawful purpose—he sees thy foible, and flatters it—he fosters, and approves of it. It is more pleasing to a man to have his weakness flattered than his virtue. The one has a commanding voice of itself, and requires no auxiliary to establish its worth. The other calls for it to gratify his self-love, and in that gratification lies the weakness of his nature.

The hostess had two daughters, in the composition of whom, beauty had by some accident been wholly forgotten. The traveller expressed his regret that two such lovely rose-buds should be consigned to waste their sweetness amongst the recesses of the mountains, and spend the

spring tide of their youth, unnoticed and unknown. The two females were told of the high opinion the traveller entertained of their beauty, and never having heard it extolled before, he was directly, in their eyes, a most charming man. Thus by flattery, he had gained the good opinion of the whole house, and thereby laid an excellent foundation for his future designs.

This traveller was Ortano ; well, indeed, did he know the way to the human heart, and had he exercised his abilities in the cause of virtue, the benefit reaped by society would have been great and lasting.

The supper being ended, he invited the host to partake of a bottle of wine ; the offer was accepted. Ortano knew how to make himself a most agreeable companion—he could be the debauchee with the libertine, and he could pray with the devotee ; he could declaim on the great happiness of a life of virtue, and he could belie his sentiments the next moment by his actions. The host was, however, delighted with his guest, and the copious draughts of wine, with which Ortano supplied him, made him both merry and loquacious. After some desultory conversation, Ortano began with a smile on his countenance :—

“ I must now inform you, host, that I am in a most unfortunate predicament.”

“ Nothing serious, I hope,” said the host.

“ Why yes,” Ortano answered, “ It is a most serious dilemma, for many men who have been in

my pitiful plight, have either hanged, drowned, poisoned, or shot themselves."

"Santa Maria," exclaimed the host, and crossing himself repeatedly, "I hope that will not be your fate."

"Not at present," said Ortano, "for my malady has not yet reached its crisis—tho' heaven knows it's a growing worse and worse every day."

"Surely nothing will happen to you in my house," said the host.

"Do not fear," said Ortano, "matters are not yet so desperate, but you have it in your power to extricate me from my embarrassment."

"I," exclaimed the host,—“in my power? you may command my services. But pray, what may be the nature of the predicament into which you have fallen?”

"I have fallen in love," said Ortano.

"And is that all," exclaimed the host.

"All," rejoined Ortano, "and is not that enough to drive a man to perdition?"

"To Heaven you mean," said the host, with a significant look—"but in what manner can I assist you in your love affair? I shall make but a sorry 'squire to an enamoured knight."

"Listen to me," said Ortano, "and should you grant me the assistance I require, your reward shall be great."

"I hope," said the host, "you do not wish me to perform any vicious act for although I be not

rich, I have a conscience that I would not exchange for all the riches of the earth."

"Heaven forbid!" said Ortano, "that I should bring a spot upon it—be above all suspicion; I am myself above the commission of a criminal act, and would not, therefore, ask another to commit one."

"Proceed then," said the host, "but suppose I bolt the door?"

"Right," said Ortano.

"I have two daughters," said the host, "who are of that age—you understand me, Signor—love; love is all their thoughts."

"Now to the point," said Ortano. "I am just arrived from Zurich, where I have seen many captivating females, but one in particular, has so enchained my heart, that her lovely form is ever hovering over my fancy."

"I was just in the same situation," said the host, "the first time I saw my Dorothea. She was then frying an omelet for her father, and ——

"We'll talk of Dorothea and the omelet afterwards," said Ortano.

"After repeated trials, I at last obtained an interview with the object of my affections, and in a short time, Oh how great was my happiness, I found my love returned."

"Exactly my case," said the host. "Dorothea soon ——

"Peace," said Ortano, "and hear my story."

"And you talk of hanging yourself, and such like tricks," exclaimed the host, in a spirited manner, "and know yourself beloved by a beautiful woman!"

"Pooh, pooh," said Ortano, in rather an angry tone, "if you interrupt me thus, we shall sit here all night."

"Well, well, Signor, I crave your pardon, but proceed —"

"On finding my affection returned," continued Ortano, "great was my joy."

"So was mine," said the host, "when my Dorothea —"

"Have done with your Dorothea just now," said Ortano, peevishly.

"I will obey your orders in all things," said the host.

"Fail not," said Ortano. "But in this life," he continued, "where is the cup —"

"Here it is," exclaimed the host, "quite empty."

"Fill it then," said Ortano, angrily, "and interrupt me not, or —"

"I will, I will fill," cried the host. "Here's to the health of the most beautiful of all the beauties—your sweetheart, Signor."

"I was going to say, but for your very unseasonable interruption," continued Ortano, "that the cup of joy of this earth is seldom without its bitters."

"A wise saying indeed, Signor," said the host,

"I have experienced the truth of it this very day, my old sow farrowed this morning nine young ones, and this night she ate four of them—think of that, Signor."

"D——n your sow and you too," exclaimed Ortano in a rage—"consider the reward."

"True, true," said the host. "I will not transgress again."

"Interrupt me not then," said Ortano. "This same dearly beloved object, is by her austere father, promised to another."

"That was not the case with my Dorothea," said the host. "I lov'd—she lov'd—we lov'd both together, and we had no father, who said, love *this*, or love *that*."

"Thou wert a happy man then," said Ortano, "but family pride here steps in, and forces the match."

"And I must inform you, Signor," said the host, "that my family has a good share of pride—my great-grandfather was cousin to ——"

"To the devil, for what I care," said Ortano, rising from his chair in a passion—"cannot you listen to my story, without these frequent interruptions?"

"Do be seated, Signor," said the host, "and you shall not have reason to complain again."

"If the plan which I have laid down succeeds," said Ortano, "to-morrow night I hope the priest will speak his blessings over us, but with your assistance alone, can I gain the point."

"What part am I then to perform," said the host, "clerk or sponsor, or perhaps some distant cousin to witness the marriage?"

"Neither," said Ortano, "I must inform you, that her servant, who travels with her in the capacity of companion, governess, or some such thing, is completely in my interest, and she was sent by my adored Adeline to inform me, that they were on the point of leaving Zurich, and she gave me the exact route they intended to take. Now we have devised the following plan—they will arrive here on their journey over the mountains to-morrow night."

"How! what! here did you say, Signor?" asked the host.

"Yes, at this inn," Ortano replied.

"How fortunate!" exclaimed the host. "I must run and inform my wife of it immediately, that she may kill a kid and some fowls."

The host was hastening away without any further ceremony, but he was stopped by Ortano.

"Let me first inform you of our plan," he said, "and then you may prepare for the reception of your guests with all possible dispatch."

"True, true," said the host, "pray how many beds will they require? we have but three—but we have plenty of clean good straw."

"That will do," said Ortano, in a peevish manner, "but listen to me. The cruel father of my beloved girl, is now taking her to the family estate, to be married to the young man who

accompanies them, but for whom she has the most violent aversion."

"Poor thing," said the host, "how much she is to be pitied—it was not the case with my Dorothea."

"True," said Ortano, "it is a sad thing, when a beautiful girl is obliged to marry the man she hates."

"I would not do it for all the fathers in Christendom," said the host.

"Right," said Ortano, "and my beloved girl is exactly of your opinion, and she is determined to seize the first opportunity of escaping from her cruel father, and concealing herself from the hated suit of her intended husband."

"She shall be concealed in my stable," said the host.

"I have a better place for her," said Ortano, significantly, "but there's much to do, ere that point be gained. The following plan has therefore been adopted; on the arrival of the party to-morrow." —

"Yes, yes, to-morrow night," said the host, rubbing his hands, "how busy we shall be."

"Her father," continued Ortano, "from certain circumstances, which have come to my knowledge, will be very minute in his inquiries about the guides. Now it is understood that I am to assume the character of a guide, and to disguise myself as much as possible."

"What an excellent plan," said the host, "how the old father will be taken in—a plague of such curmdudgeons—I shall scarcely refrain from laughing in his face, and then, how silly the intended husband will look ; what an inhuman creature you must be, to snatch the fruit from his mouth, just when he is going to enjoy it."

"That fruit never ripened for him," said Ortano, "it is of too luscious a kind."

"Will it not be a droll sight," said the host, "to see the father, and his intended son-in-law, knocking their heads together in the dark, hunting after the strayed sheep."

"I will take care," said Ortano, "that they are benighted in the mountains, and it will then be a very easy matter to take a pin from one of the wheels, and aided by the darkness of the night, I can escape with my beloved. I have provided myself with the dress of a guide and now begins your part."

"Now, Signor," said the host, "what have I to do ?"

"You must recommend me," said Ortano, "as one of the most skilful guides in the country."

"I will tell the old father," said the host, "that I have known you for 20 years, and that I would trust one of my own daughters with you—fine girls—are they not Signor ?"

"Very fine, indeed," said Ortano, "but it now grows late—here is a purse for you, and it

shall be filled again, if you punctually follow my instructions."

"To the very letter of them," said the host.

"In the morning," said Ortano, "I will give you some further instructions—I now require to rest, so good night to you."

The host retired, and as he closed the door, Ortano exclaimed; What a credulous fool man is! How easy is he made the instrument of another's designs, and whilst he thinks that he is giving his aid to a work of goodness, he is the innocent accomplice in a work of villainy. Thus far, my projects have been crowned with success, and how great is the incentive to prosecute them with spirit. I have seen the beauty of Adeline—that beauty which is to be mine—and it shall be mine, in spite of every obstacle which can present itself—my poinard shall reek with the blood of my rival—and if that fail I have a deadly draught, which can force the soul to burst its fetters, though as strong as those which hold the world together—and deep in blood, shall I be obliged to wade, ere Adeline is mine! Then, though my head be pillowed on her bosom—though I drink the cup of enjoyment to its dregs, will my rest be sound—will not my frequent starts—my clenched fists—the fury of my looks, declare the secret storm which rages within? then suddenly rising—let me throw off these foolish fancies—these mere vagaries of a brain heated with wine—though I be obliged to send

some grovelling soul before its time, to answer for its sins—what is my reward—do I not gain Adeline? Adeline whose transcendent charms have so enchained my soul—than, rather that she shall be another's I will fire the world, and be the last to immolate myself in the ruins—and Rosenheim, thou conceited youth—thou art now basking in the sunshine of her looks, and feeding with rapture on the charms so lavishly exposed to thy gaze—enjoy thy bliss, it will indeed be short—thou wilt be the first, from whom the ravens will pluck a dainty meal—and then, Adeline may view her lover a putrid stinking corpse.

Thus communing with himself, the night passed away on leaden wings. With intense anxiety he looked forward to the dawn of day, which was to bring him into the presence of Adeline, and to place her, as he fully expected, for ever in his power. During the course of the day, he had many opportunities of conversing with the host, on the part which he was to act, and aided by the influence of gold, the host proved himself so apt a scholar, that no fear rested on the mind of Ortano, of any failure in his project, from the natural stupidity of this credulous agent. "I shall depart from your house, when the sun draws near to his setting," said Ortano to the host, as they were sitting together in private, "and shall stop at the village, at the foot of the Pass of San Petro—you will tell them to halt there, and inquire for the guide Rogero."

"It shall be done as you desire," said the host.

"I have therefore no further directions to give you," said Ortano, and they parted.

Ortano soon afterwards took his departure from the inn, and the eyes of the host were constantly directed to the road by which the party were to arrive, and he no sooner saw them advancing, than he gave the signal. The whole house was immediately in an uproar, and the hostess and her daughters were soon stationed at the door to receive their guests.

"We shall rest here to-night," said Frederic, as he alighted from the carriage, "can you provide us with accommodations?"

"The very best in the country, Signor," answered the host, "and as we *expected* you —"

"Expected us," exclaimed Frederic, with surprise, "how can that be?"

"Pooh, pooh," ejaculated the host, rather confused, "I should have said, that we are in expectation of a party from the mountains, and are therefore most plentifully provided for your entertainment. It is a most fortunate circumstance, Signor—here, daughters attend upon the ladies—how lucky it is that we are so well provided—excellent wine, Signor, fine kid, tender fowls—and for omelets, there was a traveller here last ——— that is, continued the host, checking himself, every traveller says, that my Dorothea

is the cleverest woman at making them in all the country."

"We will have some, then," said Frederic, "and let them be prepared immediately," hoping thereby to free himself from the loquacity of the host, and the experiment certainly succeeded, for the party were for a time delivered from the volubility of his tongue.

During supper, Frederic began the following discourse—"At what place do we take the guides?" he asked.

"At a little village a few miles hence," answered the host.

"Can we cross the mountains by any other Pass than that of San Petro?"

"By no other," answered the host, "every other is impassable."

"Is the strictest dependance to be placed upon the guides?" Frederic asked.

"In regard to that point," answered the host, "some are rather of a slippery nature—but I can recommend you a man, who would fight the way for you, though a whole legion of devils were to obstruct your passage; many a traveller's life has he saved, Signor, a bolder man never wielded a sword."

"Send for him directly," said the governess, "or he may, perhaps, engage himself to some other party."

"There is no fear of that," said the host,

looking full at Adeline; but Adeline understood the meaning of the look, as little as she understood the Tetagrammaton of the Jewish Cabala. The host however continued, "he knows every rock and cranny of the Pass, and can point out to you every spot on which a murder or robbery has been committed."

"O we shall never reach home again," exclaimed the governess, terrified at the very name of a murder.

"Can we pass the mountains before the night sets in?" Frederic asked.

"By an early departure," answered the host.

"Then," said the governess, "as soon as you see the day breaking, let the carriage be ready."

"And if you please," said the host, "I will dispatch a messenger to tell Rogero the guide to hold himself in readiness."

"Do so, my honest fellow," said the governess.

"I am certain," said the host, looking again full at Adeline, "that he will undertake the job with the greatest pleasure."

"He shall be well paid for it," said Adeline.

"It is not every guide, Signora, that will meet with the same handsome payment," said the host, "but I must not forget to give you one trait of his character—he is of a very sullen disposition, and as for conversation you may get a yes or a no from him, but that will be all."

"We shall not regard that," said the governess, "if he performs his business well."

"We shall retire early to rest," said Frederic, "and depart by day-break."

"Your orders shall be obeyed," said the host.

"And send to the guide," said the governess—"be sure you engage Rogero."

The host winked his eye, and gave a significant nod. "You may depend on Rogero," he said, and retired, casting a significant glance at Adeline.

"What an impudent fellow," said the governess, "to wink his eye at me—I wonder what he takes me for; I never met with such an instance of presumption in my life—and to nod at me too! Impudent wretch—I'll teach him to know his place—and his conduct towards you, Miss Adeline, has been marked by a familiarity, which ought not to be countenanced."

"Indeed," said Adeline, "I did not remark it, and even if his conduct were tinged with a little familiarity, I attribute it to his ignorance."

"Aye," said the governess, "you are always apt to put the most charitable construction on the actions of others, but I call his conduct downright impertinent—he ought to be punished for it—and there was a time," continued the governess, casting at the same time an expressive glance upon Rosenheim, "that a young nobleman, possessing a spark of gallantry would have resented such an affront towards a lady like myself—but the time is fast approaching, when the young gallants of the age will pay

more attention to the decoration of their own insignificant persons, than to the defence of the most beautiful part of the creation."

Who that lives in these polished times, can deny Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen the just distinction of a true prophetess—for we have only to direct our attention to the senseless, non-descripts—those flattering tenants of incumbered space, who buzz about the metropolis of the most civilized nation in the world, not to be convinced of the degeneration of human nature, and consequently be obliged to own, that all the feelings which once ennobled the boasted lords of the creation, have dwindled into a mean and inordinate love of self; but this—*en passant*.

Being myself strongly tinctured with misanthropical sentiments, considering man, although, not in the abstract, yet as society has constituted him, to be the enemy of his species, I acknowledge myself a stranger to the rules and ceremonies of what is now termed social life, but in those days in which I mingled with my fellows, and tasted what is generally but erroneously called the happiness of life, I always considered that feeling to be attended with particular mortification to the individual, and particularly to the female, who on making an appeal to any one in her company, has not an immediate notice taken of it, especially if an opportunity be thereby given for the gratification of her self-love. Now Rosenheim did certainly not take any notice

of the appeal which the governess made to him, and therefore, in a relative sense, we cannot wholly acquit him of a breach of good manners; but he it considered, that it is only in a relative sense, for he who is seated near to a young and beautiful female, in whose bosom is glimmering the vestal fire of the sweetest passion which warms the human heart, cannot in reason be expected to pay any attention to the rhodomontade, nor to the brainless remarks of a garrulous dame, inflated with an opinion of her own consequence, or with the influence of her superficial abilities. Although Rosenheim, therefore, may not stand excused, in the eyes of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, for this apparently gross dereliction of good manners, so strangely and so very inconsiderately displayed by him, yet I well know in whose estimation he will stand fully exonerated, and which I will leave to be described by all those who have ever loved, and who have, under similar circumstances, been in the presence of the beloved object.

As to Frederic, he sat deeply absorbed in thought, totally inattentive to, and careless of the philippic of the governess against the host, and rising suddenly from his chair left the room. The governess wondered, as wonder is generally the concomitant of weak minds, what could possibly have induced Frederic to adopt that sudden resolution, and consistently with her nature, as a legitimate daughter of Eve, she felt

an invincible desire to come to the knowledge of it. A desire for knowledge is a laudable propensity in a human being, and therefore, in this instance, the governess is entitled to the highest eulogium which an impartial historian can pass upon her, and it shall not be refused her. In order therefore, to crop this particular sprig of knowledge, she rose from her chair, and repaired to the window, from which she saw Frederic and the host in close conversation in the front of the house—she was immediately assailed by all the imps of curiosity—a most mischievous and vexatious tribe, equal, if possible, in malignity, to the ten thousand devils, who, if the records of the Augustine Monastery at Konigstein are to be credited, once fell helter skelter upon its patron Saint, for having dared to pollute his hands, by resting them upon the bosom of a beautiful Saxonian lass, which, so strange is the change of customs, if he had not done it in our days, he would have deserved to have been doubly well-be-deviled; but it is certain, that no record now exists, whether any analogy could be traced between the manner, in which the ten thousand devils tormented St. Augustine, and that in which the imps of curiosity assailed Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, but she was positively determined to know the import of the conversation between Frederic and the host, and for that purpose, resolved to join them. Forming, therefore, some trifling excuse, in the inven-

tion of which, certain ladies are uncommonly apt, she left the room, and hastened to the party in the front of the house, as fast as the broken state of the stairs and her own agility would allow her—but alas! she was doomed to disappointment, for Frederic no sooner saw her approaching than he parted from the host, and returned to his daughter; and now, a vehement struggle took place in the breast of Mademoiselle—curiosity and pride fed on the forces, and the battle was for a long time equal—the former pulling her one way, and the latter instantly drawing her back—curiosity spurred her on to question the host—but pride immediately repelled her—no, it would be degrading to her—the impudent fellow had winked his eye at her—he had nodded to her—no, she would not hold converse of a private nature with such an ill bred clown—curiosity, was obliged to retire from the contest, pride bore away the laurel, and Mademoiselle rejoined the party, neither better nor wiser for her meritorious attempt.

But what were Adeline and Adolphus doing, during the absence of Frederic and the governess? Did he draw near to the chair on which she was sitting—or did he venture to snatch a hasty kiss from her lovely lips—or did he sit like some bashful lover, tweedling his thumbs, nor said, nor did any thing? We know what we should have done in the situation of Adolphus; but he not having studied so long as ourselves in the school

of woman, might perhaps, entertain some dread of the frown which shades the female countenance, when a bold youth, in the bewitching moments of secrecy and of silence, dares to crop love's first snow-drop,—a virgin's kiss. Did a blush sit on the cheek of Adeline, as her father entered the room? Did her eyes fear to encounter his gaze? Did her bosom appear to swell with wilder emotions? Yes—we answer, yes; then Adolphus, thou didst not suffer the happy moment to pass without sharing its bliss.

It was scarcely light when the carriage drove to the door. All were eager to proceed on their journey, not to be benighted in the mountains. The host informed the governess that Rogero was waiting for them at the foot of the mountains, and in a short time the carriage drove away.

CHAPTER XII.

But he was foul, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eye-brows looking still ascaunce,
And ever as dissemblance taught on him,
He lowr'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,
Shewing his nature, in his countenance.
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
But walk't each way, for fear of hid mischance,
Holding a lattice still before his face,
Thro' which he still did peep—as forward he did pass.

To Adeline, the view of the beautiful scenery was most gratifying. The summits of the mountains, with their eternal snows shone in all the light of day, whilst at their feet, rolled in humid masses the mists of the night, waiting the beam of the sun to dispel them. She saw the darkness gradually decreasing on the mountains, the tops of the larch and the pine were fringed with the golden light—she beheld the glorious beauties of reviving nature, and for a time, her mind soared above the grovelling scenes of life to the contemplation of another world: How little then in her eyes appeared the affairs of man—

how vain his projects of ambition—how abject his desires—how futile his pursuits. At that moment, the solitude of the scene was pleasing to her—the turmoil of the world most hateful: She pictured to herself the hours of calm unruffled peace, when the contentions of a world are heard at a distance like the wild chafings of the surge on a rocky shore, and the soul resigns itself in the lap of virtue and religion, to the decrees of an all-ruling Providence.

She was disturbed in her reverie, by their arrival at the little village, where the guide was to be hired. They found him in readiness at the house, which had been described to them by the host. His aspect was by no means prepossessing, though his figure was bold and commanding; his long black hair hung deeply over his eyes, and his large mustachios gave a wildness and fierceness to his countenance, at which the unprotected traveller would have shuddered. With the pistols in his belt—his sword by his side—and his dagger in his bosom, he appeared like the fiercest of a gang of robbers, bent on a deed of murder. Foremost he stalked, with the proud step of independence, and when the roads branched off, he stopped, pointed to the right one with his staff, and marched onwards. At one time the party halted to take some refreshment, the guide would neither eat nor drink.

“Is the Pass of San Patro safe?” Frederic asked.

"Yes," answered the guide, at the same time averting his face.

"Shall we reach the valleys before the night sets in?" asked Frederic.

"Yes," said the guide, surlily.

"Are there any robbers now in the mountains?" the governess asked.

"Ask those who have been lately robbed," said the guide.

"Are the roads good?" asked Frederic.

"No," said the guide.

"For what purpose was that cross erected, which we see on yonder rock?" the governess asked.

"Ask those who built it," said the guide, bending his head at the same time towards the ground.

"Let us proceed," said Frederic.

"Forward," cried the guide, and stalked onwards.

"This man," said Adolphus, "fulfils, at least one part of the character which the host gave of him."

"I like him not," said Frederic, "would we were safe through the Pass of San Petro."

"What do you particularly fear in that quarter?" Adeline asked.

"I have been informed," Frederic answered, "that the roads are there almost impassable."

This answer was given by Frederic, to lull the apprehensions of the females, but a very dif-

ferent impression hung upon his mind. The warning of the monk weighed upon his recollection, and the falsity or sincerity of it was in a short time to be put to the test. The governess was highly displeased that she could gain no information from the guide, as to the time when they should reach the valleys, but she was in some degree pacified, when she heard, that they would arrive at an inn before sunset. The day, however, began to close, and wilder and more inhospitable grew the scenery around them. The road was lined on either side by high and lofty bushes, between which, the rocks here and there protruded their sterile heads. It was a spot which the murderer would have chosen to perpetrate his heinous deeds, for there the blow might be struck unwitnessed and unknown but by the eye of heaven.

"Are you well armed?" said Frederic to Adolphus.

"I have a trusty sword on which I can rely," Adolphus answered, "and it shall not remain long in its scabbard, if danger threatens us."

"I believe it well," said Frederic, "but we may possibly have to cope against a superiority of number."

"But let us hope," said Adeline, "that there will be no occasion for your swords, we cannot now be far from the inn."

"O Santa Maria!" exclaimed the governess—

what shall we do? I shall faint—I am now all in a tremble—give me the bottle that I may exhilarate my spirits.”

“Where are we now,” said Frederic, to the guide.

“At the entrance of the Pass of San Petro,” muttered the guide.

“Quicken your pace,” said Frederic to the driver.

“Aye, Signor,” said the muleteer, “I wish my mules were safely housed.”

“What a brute,” exclaimed the governess, “to think only of his mules—these mountaineers are only half civilized, they care but for themselves.”

“They partake of the nature of their country,” said Adolphus, “savage and uncultivated.”

“True,” said the governess, “they are very different in their manners to us, who have been brought up in the valleys.”

A shot was at this moment heard at a distance, —which was immediately echoed by the governess, by a kind of discordant scream, resembling the most jarring note of the bagpipe—the very mules started at the sound. “They are killed,” exclaimed the governess, and projecting her head through the window, examined the attitude of the beasts, but recollecting herself immediately, that should a second shot be fired, it might pass

through her pericranium, and thereby remove from this terrestrial sphere (according to her own opinion) one of its brightest ornaments; she immediately threw herself back in the corner of the carriage—and cried—and sobbed—and wrung her hands—and declared that she was lost—lost for ever. Frederic inquired of the guide the supposed cause of the shot being fired, and he was answered, that it was no uncommon thing at all in the mountains, as it was the general signal of the hunters. This reason adduced by the guide was a very plausible one—but a little time will show that it had no foundation in truth.

During the day the weather had been serenely fine, but towards the evening, some heavy threatening clouds rose from the eastward and portended a stormy night. The muleteer was ordered to proceed with the utmost dispatch. The shades of night began to thicken around them, and they could scarcely discover the road, on which they were travelling. No light twinkling at a distance, bespoke the approach to an inn. The distress of the party increased, and to add to it, the guide informed them, that he feared he had mistaken the road. "Then strike into the first road," said Frederic, "which leads into the valleys," but unfortunately, no such road presented itself; on the contrary, they were constantly ascending. The thunder was now heard growling at a distance, and with its majestic solo reverberating amongst the mountains,

the faint flash of the lightning quivered on the horizon, and the dingy clouds of the tempest, fringed with the fleeting light, threw with their giant forms their darkness upon the earth. Onward and onward came the storm, and the party began to think of looking for a place of safety ; the guide declared it dangerous to proceed, and offered to go in search of some convenient spot where the party might repose in safety, and where a consultation might be held on the proper measures to be adopted in their present perplexity.

A few pages might here be filled with the recital of the ludicrous conduct of the governess, and her pantomimical gestures, which could only be equalled by some of the buffoons of an English theatre, in which, excellence is determined according to the excess of distortion, and skill is estimated according to the deviation from nature ; but leaving the said buffoons to amuse the grown up masters and misses of this enlightened nation, we will return to the travellers in the Alps.

During the absence of the guide in search of a place of safety, the muleteer requested Frederic to alight, as he had a defect in the carriage to point out to him, and which, as they proceeded on their journey, might prove of serious consequence to them. Frederic alighted immediately, and the muleteer took him aside.

" Pardon my boldness, Signor," he said, " but

the defect in the carriage was a mere excuse—are you at all acquainted with the guide?”

“Not in the least,” answered Frederic, “he was recommended to us by the host of the inn, where we lodged last night.”

“Ah, Signor,” said the muleteer, shaking his head, “when I wished that my mules were safely housed, I meant more than you at that time suspected—I have now lived twenty years in the neighbourhood of the village, where you took him as your guide, and I never remember to have seen him before.”

“Indeed!” said Frederic with surprise, “and for what then do you take him?”

“I take him for one,” said the muleteer, “who has some bad design in view, and I would take the opportunity of his absence to thwart him in it.”

“But how can it be effected?” Frederic asked.

“Why, surely,” said the muleteer, “we three can master one man.”

Frederic remembered the warning of the monk, and the strange account which the muleteer now gave of the guide, was, in some degree, a strong confirmation, that the monk had some good reason for his warning. He immediately returned to the carriage, and requested Rosenheim to alight, to whom he communicated the account which the muleteer had given him of the guide, and a council was held on the measures which they were to pursue.

"He is well armed," said Adolphus, "but it is evident we are in the hands of a villain, therefore promptitude of action alone can save us. I propose, that on his return, we should boldly attack him, and having disarmed him, we may threaten him with instant death if he does not disclose to us his designs." This advice the party determined to adopt, and they placed themselves in that situation in which they could put their plans in execution. Some time elapsed, and the guide appeared not, and ever and anon the voice of the governess was heard, demanding to know if the guide had returned, and had she not been restrained by her fears, there is no question but she would have left the carriage, and assisted the gentlemen with her — tongue.

"This is strange," said Frederic, "that the guide does not return."

"Aye aye, Signor," said the muleteer, "his absence bodes no good news—be on your guard—we may be surprised."

"Are your pistols well loaded?" Adolphus asked.

"Let the villains come," said the muleteer, "and they shall have the contents—they will find them hard of digestion."

"Hark," said Frederic, "what noise is that?"

"Now, Signor, be firm," said the muleteer, "and victory is ours."

The party now distinctly heard the steps of a horse approaching them, and in a short time

they were hailed by the rider. "Friends or foes," he cried, as he came close to the carriage.

"Friends," exclaimed the muleteer—"whence come you?"

"From the valleys, and have lost my way," the rider answered.

"Whither is your route?" the muleteer inquired.

"To Ravensstein," answered the rider.

"You must take the first road to the left," said the muleteer, "which will take you into the right road."

"Thanks, my friend, but you appear in distress—can I grant you any assistance?"

"Saw you any thing of a guide in your route?" Frederic asked.

"I did not meet a living being," said the rider.

"We sent him forward," said Frederic, "to look for some place of safety, where we could shelter ourselves from the storm."

"About a mile forward," said the rider, "is a most commodious cave, which will afford you complete shelter—I myself took refuge there from the storm, but thinking that it would soon abate, I pursued my journey; as it will not detain me long, I will with pleasure conduct you thither—the offer was immediately accepted—the stranger received a thousand thanks from the governess—and the party set forward towards the cave.

CHAPTER XIII.

What charms has sorrow in that face,
Sorrow seems pleased to dwell with so much sweetness;
Yet now and then a melancholy smile,
Breaks out like lightning in a winter's night,
And shews a moment's day.

DREARY and hollow whistled the blast over the rugged rocks of Habsburg—the pine and the larch yielded to its fury—the oak and the ash quivered at their roots. From the womb of the cloud, resting on the summit of the mountain, issued the broad glare of the lightning. In the recesses of the mountains, the thunder renewed itself in the manifold echoes—the torrents foamed from rock to rock, and with their roar increased the tumult of the night. Unawed and undaunted amidst this conflict of the elements, at the entrance of a cave in the Pass of San Petro, stood Leopold Lindamore. Though the lightnings played around his head, and the thunder shook the rocks on which he stood, he looked abroad o'er the wildness of the scene, and smiled at the uproar of the storm. It must be now near midnight, he cried, it is strange

Ortano is not yet arrived, but I know the firmness of his soul too well, to think this hurly burly of the elements can frighten him. It is true, indeed, that monks and priests preach hereabouts, that heaven in a storm proclaims its anger at the deeds of men, and every coward then thinks himself the object of its wrath. The monk doth right to preach his doctrine, it serves his purpose. Hark! what crash was that? Perhaps 'twas the fall of some stately oak—well! the strong must fall as well as the weak—it is the common lot of sublimary things—but the manner of the fall! Aye, that alone is worthy of our consideration; the grovelling soul is content to die the death of thousands—the noble soul seeks for death in the arms of danger, and a sod on the heath of the slain is more eagerly coveted than the proud mausoleum which conveys to posterity the empty actions of a private life. But steps approach—grant it may be Ortano.

“All's well,” exclaimed Ortano, “they are now about a mile off—is the horse ready for Spilozzi?”

“It is,” Leopold answered, and entering the cave called Spilozzi.

“Here,” answered a rough voice.

“Haste,” Leopold said, “mount your horse; the party are at hand—go and receive your instructions from Ortano.”

In a deep recess of the cave lay the hardy vil-

lains, ready to perform the order of their desperate leader. On Spilozzi leaving the cave, Leopold thus addressed them :—" You know the part you have to act—your reward will depend upon your success—be not softened by the tears of a female, though she wear the semblance of an angel—be resolute, but injure not one hair of the heads of the females, it is not against them that I am waging war, and on their safety depends your reward ; you know your victim, if he escape, look to yourselves." Leopold hastily left the cave.

The noise of a carriage was now distinctly heard in the vicinity of the cave, and a confusion of voices bespoke the approach of a party of travellers. " O, when shall we arrive at the cave ?" A female voice was heard to exclaim, " haste, haste, or we shall be lost." This voice, it may be easily conjectured was that of the governess, who now actually gave herself up to the wildest despair ; she crossed herself—muttered her paternosters and ave-marias, until not a single bead was left upon her rosary, and she was obliged to begin, as the precious tribe of attorneys would call it, *de novo* ; she called to her aid all the virgin saints in the calendar, from Lucy to Priscilla, (who by the bye form an angelic groupe of 287,) to keep her as they were themselves, pure and immaculate ; of which qualities I would not pledge a hair of my dog's tail, that they were in full and undisturbed possession.

She then invoked St. Chrysostom, who was tempted one night by the aforesaid 287 virgins, and left them as he found them : for which meritorious act, his bones were canonized, and his great toe now forms one of the most precious relics of the Cathedral Church of St. Stephen, at Vienna. In fine, there is no saying what other fooleries she would have committed, had not her attention been directed to other objects. At any other time, the idea of passing the night in a cave, in the wild recesses of the Pass of San Petro, would have completely horrified both the governess and Adeline, but now the discovery of it made them comparatively happy, and who will deny that the whole happiness of man is the child of circumstance, and that objects lose their beauty or deformity, their pleasure or their pain, according to the particular situation in which he is placed.

"Beyond you jutting craig is the cave," said the rider, to Frederic, "my assistance can be of no further use to you," and wishing him and his party a safe journey, he put spurs to his horse and returned by the same route.

"Well," said the muleteer, "there is however the cave—we have met with at least one friend on our way."

"It is a sad dismal place," said Frederic,—"my advice is to proceed, for from the information which I have gathered from the friend, who just parted from us, we are in the direct road to

the valleys, and as the storm has now abated, there is no cause for delay, and especially as we shall thereby thwart the designs of our guide."

Adolphus joined in these prudent suggestions of Frederic, and it is most probable that they would have been put in execution, had it not been for the interference of the governess, who thought that she had in conscience travelled far enough for one night, and therefore, that her tender frame required repose. The fears of the female sex are insurmountable, and unfortunately to those fears is very often joined a strong degree of mulish obstinacy. The cave in the eyes of the governess, was like a safe harbour to the storm-tossed mariner, and as the first evil in this world was committed by a woman, the governess was determined to keep up the character, and without any further ceremony, entered the cave, followed by the whole party. She had just taken from her pocket a phial of her favorite cordial, wherewith to regale her exhausted spirits—when on a sudden, the phial and its precious contents, dropped to the ground, for the banditti rushed from the inner cave, immediately seized on Frederic, and dragged him out. The screams of the females made the cave ring. Adeline called upon her father, whom she saw struggling with the banditti, and overpowered by a superiority of numbers. Adolphus fought like a desperado—with his pistol, he laid one of the villains prostrate at his feet, and his sword was not

idly employed, gash'd their hardened forms—a violent blow, however, laid him on the ground, which for a short time deprived him of his recollection. On recovering, he found himself surrounded by Adeline, the governess, and the muleteer; the former was wholly absorbed in tears and appeared scarcely conscious of surrounding objects. The situation of Adeline gave an additional stimulus to the energy of Adolphus—but whither to go, or where to find a shelter in such a tremendous night for two helpless females, perplexed him—nor could the muleteer, from his ignorance of the exact part of the mountains in which they were then situated, extricate him from his embarrassment. Adeline, however, thought not of herself—her father alone occupied her thoughts; she had seen him inhumanly dragged away, as she supposed to be murdered, and she would have followed him, had not her progress been impeded by one of the ruffians, who held her by the arm, until the faint steps of the retiring band at a distance, placed them beyond the power of pursuit, and hurrying her to the further extremity of the cave, bade her not follow, or her life would be the forfeit—this threat appeared to paralyse her motion, and she stood for a time almost an insensible spectator of the dreadful scene. The fall of Adolphus roused her from her torpor, and she bent over him for a time like an angel of pity o'er a tyrant's victim, her tears fell upon his cheeks, and

a tear from the eye of beauty possesses a sovereign remedy, which is not to be found in the whole Pharmacopeia of medical science, and should that tear fall from the eye of one we love, the heart in the fulness of its affection would crystallize it and preserve it as a gem not to be purchased by the treasures of a world. The sinner, who awakening in another world sees the angel of forgiveness bending over him, could not feel a stronger sensation of delight, than Adolphus did, when, on his recovery, he beheld Adeline leaning over him with a look fraught with the most anxious solicitude, and apparently inattentive to every object but himself. The remembrance of the past scenes flashed on a sudden across the memory of Adolphus, and rousing himself as from a dream, he started up, and looked for a moment wildly around him ; it was one of those moments, in which action is chilled, and resolution is palsied by the unexpected course which events have taken, and every thing seems real, but what is not so—turning to Adeline, and taking her affectionately by the hand, he said, your safety must be our first care—then to the rescue of your father, this is no casual adventure—it is a hellish plot.”

“ Did I not say so,” said the muleteer, “ O that guide ! I thought he was a villain—but alas ! my poor mules—they might have spared my poor brutes,”

“ Your mules,” exclaimed the governess, “ of

what consequence are they in comparison to our safety—you can buy a fresh set—but if we had been murdered, who would have given us our lives again ?”

“ True Signora,” said the muleteer, “ and who will give me the money to purchase the mules—and without them, I might as well be murdered, for I must starve.”

“ Fear not, my good fellow,” said Rosenheim, “ your mules shall be replaced.”

“ Then I will go with you to the world’s end,” said the muleteer. “ Cheer up, ladies, let us be thankful it is no worse.”

“ Why indeed it might have been worse,” said the governess,—“ thank God, we are safe, and I wish all those who will be so fool-hardy as to travel by night, when they can travel by day, may meet with the same calamity which has now befallen us.”

“ It is not a friendly nor a charitable wish,” said Adeline, “ the loss I have sustained can never be repaired.”

“ It shall be repaired,” said Rosenheim ; “ be comforted—your father shall be restored to you—come, let us leave this dismal place. Let me know you in a place of safety, and then be it my task to discover the villains who have executed this diabolical scheme.” Taking Adeline by the hand, Adolphus led her from the cave—and although perhaps not in so polite nor so tender a manner, the muleteer also conducted the gover-

ness from the place, where but a few minute before, she declared she was quite comfortable.

Having attained some distance from the cave, the fugitives halted, and listened if they could hear the sound of steps in pursuit, but the roar of the distant torrent as it foamed down the mountains, or the murmur of the blast, as it swept hoarsely through the woods, were the only sounds which broke upon their ear. Prudence, however, forbade them tarrying long near the scene of so much danger, and they pursued their route with all the dispatch which the badness of the roads would permit. Day was breaking as they began to descend into the valleys, and with the greatest satisfaction they soon beheld the smoke arising from a small cluster of houses romantically situated on the brow of a hill; and shaded from the blasts of the north, by a wood of oak and ash. The inhabitants were just rising to their daily labour, and they were not a little astonished to behold a party, evidently of no mean distinction, travelling on foot, and at that early hour of the morning. Curiosity was instantly all on tiptoe, and through the casements projected many a female head covered with the white night-cap, and some with a covering, which indicated a strong want of soap and water, all squinting and staring with mouths wide open, and eyes half shut, at these strange intruders of the village peace. The goatherd forgot his flock—the ploughman stopped his mules—the

thrasher bent over his flail—and as the governess passed by, even the very ducks and geese seemed to cackle with wonder—but the altitude of the governess seemed to increase as she passed along, gallantly escorted by the muleteer, who strutted, like the first of squires in Christendom, the renowned Sancho Panza, when he took possession of the island of Barratrania. As to the governess, she felt the pleasure of the little mind, at being the object of general observation—it was the feeling of the Bond-street puppy in our degenerate days, when eyed by half a dozen of demireps from the windows of a pastry-cook's, sipping with affected grace, their ices and their jellies. Curiosity, however, in this instance, produced a good effect; the circumstance of the party having been attacked by banditti was soon generally known, and every door was open to receive the distressed travellers.

The story soon run through the village, and as stories, even in Switzerland, lose nothing by travelling, by the time it had reached the confines of the place, the number of persons who had been murdered, far exceeded that of the whole party, and some few gallant spirits immediately offered themselves to go in pursuit of the desperate gang. Adolphus took them at their word, and having now seen Adeline in a place of safety, he departed with a number of assistants on his dangerous expedition.

When Adolphus was gone, Adeline felt herself like an orphan in the world ; though in her heart flowed the full tide of filial love, and deeply as she deplored the loss of her father, in ignorance of his fate, and fearing that he was no more amongst the living, yet she did not feel the extent of her loss so acutely whilst Adolphus was with her. His tender assiduities assuaged her grief, the warm interest which he took in her fate, and his promised exertions in behalf of her father, called forth the warmest emotions of gratitude and esteem, and were he to suffer in his generous endeavours to restore her father to her, what then would be her feelings ? When she saw him depart, a tear glistened in her eye—and was it the mere cold feeling of esteem which drew it from its source ? Did it not rise at the call of a mightier power, though in the aurora of its being ? Why sat she with her head resting on her hand, and followed Adolphus with her eyes, until every object was lost to her view in the flow of her tears ? Why broke a sigh from her bosom, when she thought of the danger to which he was going to be exposed ? It was not love—no—it was mere gratitude for his services in her cause, and with this persuasion, she for a time consoled and deceived herself.

When Leopold left the cave, he retired to a small cavity in the rock at some little distance from it, and left his villainous work to be accomplished by his vile adherents. He had not been

long at his station, when the sound of approaching footsteps declared the arrival of his trusty agent. It was Ortano in the disguise of the guide. He had fulfilled the design of Leopold in placing his brother in his power, and Adeline was now to be the reward of his atrocious act. For this reason, so little attention was paid to Adeline, Frederic being the only one of the party, whose person they wished to possess, for although a plot was ripening against Adolphus, the time was not yet come in which it could be brought to maturity. It was also a natural supposition, that the fugitives would bend their steps immediately to Niolo, where Leopold and his worthy coadjutor could carry on their plans with a greater plan of succeeding. "Thus far, success attends us," said Ortano, as he shook Leopold by the hand, "but it has required all my boldness and address to prevent myself being discovered, and it is only the richness of the reward which shall induce me to prosecute it further.

"You will soon see yourself at the summit of your wishes," Leopold said, "our part will soon be completed. I have since your absence received a messenger from my worthy friend, the abbot of Arienheim, who informs me, that my father is at the last gasp—then who, my brave fellow, is heir to Niolo—and who will be the husband of Adeline? The old walls of Niolo shall again echo with our mirth, and our days

and nights shall be passed in joy and revelry—but now listen to my instructions: the deep game which we have to play is only just began, and if we do not prosecute it with vigour, we shall lose the advantage which we have already gained. Return now to the cave—let Frederic be instantly removed under the care of Roderic and Valenzi,—you know the place appointed for him, until more certain measures can be taken to prevent him from giving us any farther trouble. Let him be conveyed in his own carriage to the first station—then let it and the mules be sold for the benefit of the gang, and advise the greatest dispatch to be used—let them travel as little in the day time as possible—let them, however, be removed immediately, we do not know what attempts may be made to rescue him; take particular care, however, that he does not see you, and when he is once on the road, then hasten to me at the inn of San Petro—there we will arrange our future operations.

Ortano was not long in fulfilling the instructions of his employer; the unfortunate Frederic was hurried into the carriage—and to all his inquiries of the fate of his daughter, and of the place whither they were going to conduct him, the most sullen silence was maintained. His conductors uttered not a word for the first two or three hours, and when they spoke, it was in a language bordering so strongly on the Patois, that it was almost unintelligible to Frederic.

He tried every mean to gain some information of the designs of his conductors; but persuasion had no effect—and at last he had recourse to the scarcely ever failing mean of bribery. He promised them riches—independence and affluence, but an ear equally deaf was turned to his bribes and promises, as to his entreaties. Gold, which would “melt the snow which lies in Dian’s lap,” appeared for once to have lost its power, and even over the heart of a robber—if that failed, then farewell to every hope of emancipation, or of return to the bosom of his family. The warning of the monk now burst on the remembrance of Frederic with its whole force—but still he could not in all respects regard him as his friend, for it was now evident that he was acquainted with the dangers which threatened him, and why then did he not adopt a more efficacious method of apprising him of it—if not altogether of averting it? Why did he so cloak his advice in mystery—that even after giving it the most mature consideration, it were doubtful if he would be justified in following it. He could not, therefore, regard the conduct of the monk, without attaching censure to it, and he was in some measure inclined to include him in the number of his secret enemies.

How often do we pass an erroneous opinion on the actions of others; without a knowledge of the circumstances under which those actions were committed. We flog the lash of censure to

its last thread, and borne away by a partial and superficial view of the action, we attach a certain degree of criminality to it, which we should be only justified in denouncing under a full knowledge of every circumstance, a proper display of the motives, and the particular situation in which the agent was placed. A man is denounced as guilty by the proud, austere, and the stiff-neck'd advocate of virtue, because he has slightly infringed the established rules of morality, and though it is by no means meant to justify that infraction, yet, the liberal mind will, ere it passes its censure, carefully investigate the situation under which the action was committed and will not only temper its censure accordingly, but will make every allowance for the frailty which is incidental to the nature of man.

At the first place at which they stopped, Frederic inquired, "how much further his journey was to be prolonged?" when one of his conductors surlily answered—"till we get to the end of it." Some bread and wine were put into the carriage, the windows were so completely darkened, that Frederic could not discern the route on which he was travelling, and it drove off at full speed.

Mean time Rosenheim and his party travelled with the greatest expedition towards the cave, and they were in full hopes, from the rapidity of their motions, to surprise the banditti before their departure, but how great were their sorrow and

disappointment on their arrival, to find the cave wholly deserted; and not a single vestige could be traced of the miscreants. Rosenheim, however conjectured, that they might still be concealed in the inner cave, and fearless of the opposition they might meet with, the party boldly penetrated into the interior, but no sign of a human being presented itself. In a corner, however, they discovered a heap, which was covered with some of the coats of the banditti, and on examination, they found it to consist of the packages belonging to Adeline and the governess, which the banditti had, in their opinion, deposited there, as being a place of safety, and which they considered as a valuable part of their booty. The packages were immediately removed from the cave, and Rosenheim ordered that the clothes of the banditti should be brought away with them. The idea now occurred to Rosenheim, that the route by which Frederic had been conveyed away, might be discovered by following the track of the carriage—for some time they were successful in tracing it, but by the intervention of several roads, the track was at last lost. In deep dejection they retraced their steps to the village, and with a heart lacerated with grief, Adeline heard of the failure of the expedition, though at the same time her gratitude to Rosenheim was great, for the exertions which he had displayed in her cause. The governess, however, testified no little joy at the

sight of the different packages, which had been saved from the rapacity of the robbers. The calamity which had befallen them, bore not now in her eyes that hideous aspect with which it was accompanied; under the idea of the loss of her paraphernalia, nor is she the first woman, who has considered no sacrifice to be too great by which the ornaments which adorn her person have been saved.

A consultation was now held on the measures that were to be pursued, and it was unanimously agreed, that they should proceed with the utmost speed to Niolo, where, from the advice of the old Count, the most prompt and decisive measures might be taken to ascertain the fate of Frederic; and to the execution of which Rosenheim offered every personal assistance. A difficulty, however, now presented itself, which threatened to subvert their plans. No carriage was to be procured, and there was no other alternative than to set forward on mules, but the very idea of that mode of travelling, set the whole frame of the governess in a tremble; she had heard of many dangers with which riding is accompanied, but in this case, she was obliged to expose herself to them, or to be left at an obscure village in the mountains, until a vehicle could be sent for her. Now in all cases, there is generally a choice of evils; and happy is he who has sense or prudence enough to adopt the lesser one. To remain in the village was, in the eyes of the governess, a most

monstrous evil—in fact, it was a complete consternation of evils—but to travel on a mule!—Was not that a most insupportable evil? And in the opinion of the governess it was attended not only with one, but with several evils of a most heterogeneous and undefinable nature. There was, however, one of these evils, which entered most seriously into the head of the governess—and, my fair friend, you have yourself perhaps travelled on horse-back—or on mule-back, and are acquainted with all the calamities incident to that *Façon a Voyager*, I mean not the trifling ones of girth-breaking, bridle-snapping, saddle-turning, stirrup-breaking, plunging, kicking, starting, rearing, stumbling, or like honest Johnny Gilpin's mare, running away at full speed. O no, these are but common every-day occurrences in the annals of horsemanship—of mule-manship—or of ass-manship—but there is one evil of so fundamental a nature, that were I not restrained by the insuperable modesty of my nature, I could here enlarge upon to your great edification, and I trust amusement too. Various, indeed, are the causes from which that evil may arise, and it appears that it was not wholly unknown in the times of Homer and of Virgil, as it befel both Achilles and Eneas, and especially the latter on one of his journeys to visit his Dido—but for the benefit of future travellers, and especially for those, who, like the governess, are obliged to ride a mule over the rugged roads of the Alpine

mountains, a few of the said causes shall be enumerated. It may arise either from the hardness of the saddle, or from an inappropriate equipment of the body—or from an unskilful, unscientific, unsteady, vacillating method of deporting the body, by which an unusual degree of friction is occasioned, or it may arise from a grand and inexplicable combination of causes, the definition of which, would puzzle even Geoffrey Gambado, Esq. Though every record of the house of Lindamore has been searched, in hopes of discovering a relation of the cause by which the governess suffered the above calamity, no mention whatever can be found of it, and it must therefore be taken for granted, that it arose from that said grand and inexplicable combination of causes—but certain it is (and I am indebted to the muleteer for my information, but how she came to complain to the muleteer on a subject of so much delicacy I leave to be determined by some of the casuists of the age) I say it is certain, that from the pain arising from the said calamity, she wished every horse, ass, and mule in Switzerland, at the top of Montblanc; she descanted largely on the folly of people, in not keeping their saddles properly stuffed, and ended at last with a fixed and unalterable determination, never to mount a mule again, unless she was properly equipped for the undertaking, or that every precaution was taken that the sore calamity, which had in this instance befallen her, should not again occur.

An excellent opportunity here presents itself of filling a few pages with a recital of hair-breadth escapes—foaming torrents—broken bridges—bottomless ravines—tumbling avalanches—impassable roads, and unfordable rivers, with all of which, if it had pleased me, the travellers might have met; but these things have been so often read of, and that particular thing of which I have been lately treating, so very seldom, that for the sake of novelty, I forsook the *novel* road, or as the latin poet says—*Video meliora. proboque deteriora sequor*—which may be anglicis'd—I know the right road, but have followed the wrong one.

CHAPTER XIV.

Lo

My native mountains—and how beautiful
They rest in the moonlight—I was nurs'd among them—
They saw my sports in childhood—they have sooth'd
My sorrows—they have screen'd me in the hour
Of danger—I have vow'd—that as they were my cradle,
They shall be my monument.

DURING the journey, the tender assiduities, the kind attention, and the interest which Adolphus took in every thing which could tend to promote the comfort of Adeline, and defend her from the dangers and inconveniences to which she was naturally exposed from the mode of travelling, made her regard him with an eye of no common interest. In respect to Adolphus, it must not be said, that the innate goodness of his heart would not have prompted him to exert himself in the rescue of Frederic, but it would be swerving most egregiously from the road of truth, were it to be said, that the beauty of Adeline, and the amiable dispositions of her heart, did not give a spur to his actions, and that his exertions were not greater to rescue the father from the hope

and confidence that he should receive the gratitude of the daughter, and lay the foundation to those impressions which might form the happiness of his future life. Each moment that he passed in her society added to the strength of his attachment, and the particular situation in which he was placed in regard to Adeline, tended in no small degree to foster that attachment, and to enamour him with the amiable qualities of her heart.

Early on the following morning, the party continued their journey, hoping to reach Niolo before the night set in, nor were they disappointed in their hopes. The sun was setting when the towers of the Castle first burst upon the view of the travellers. Adeline regarded them with feelings of a melancholy delight. When last she saw them, she was the jocund being looking forward to scenes of happiness and pleasure, then she was blessed with the tender care of a parent, careless and free as the bird of her native hills—now she felt herself an isolated creature, and as she approached the Castle, and the well known scenes of her youth, and with them the memory of their pleasures burst upon her view, a tear of sorrow glistened in her eye at the recollection of that father, who had made those scenes so dear to her, and from whom she was now separated, perhaps never to be re-united. It was a tranquil and a lovely scene; in placid majesty the lake lay stretched before her view, and the eye was

delighted to trace on its margin, the many pleasant cottages, the windows of which were burnished by the last rays of the setting sun. To her it was the sight of that spot, where first her eye wandered over the rich expanse of nature; where first the laugh of joy dimpled her cheeks, and the first tear rose at the misery of a fellow creature. To her it was the view of home, and in that word how many joys are centered. Poor indeed is that being, who looking round this habitable world cannot point to one nook of earth, and say, "there's my home,"—but keen indeed is the wound which lacerates the heart, when after a weary pilgrimage of many a year, and a long struggle with the adversities of life, we set our foot on our native spot, eager to trace again the lineaments of those who were the protectors of our infant days—the companions of our sports—the sharers of our youthful joys, and instead of meeting the open arm ready to receive us, and the hand held forth to return its pressure, we meet with the cold and formal reception of the passing stranger, and the chilling welcome of the unbidden guest. Whithersoever our wayward destiny impels us—all our thoughts, all our actions, all our projects have a reference to the cherished spot of our birth—it is thither that our last look is directed, it calls forth our last tear, and we offer to it our last sigh.

Adeline now saw the spire of the convent of St. Roch, and she thought she heard its well known

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evening bell, calling its peaceful inhabitants to their vespers, and a transient gleam of satisfaction broke upon her clouded mind, when she thought, that until she could gain some information of her father, she could there in its tranquil cloisters, taste some comfort in the society of Ellen Rosenheim. "There is the convent of St. Roch," said Adeline to Rosenheim, there we shall meet with your sister—perhaps she is now pacing the cloisters in melancholy musings, little thinking of the happiness she will soon enjoy.

"O how I shall enjoy myself to night," exclaimed the governess, "on being once more within the walls of Niolo."

"We have still a melancholy office to perform," said Adeline, "how will my good aged grandfather receive the tidings of the loss of his son?"

"Let that office devolve upon me," said Rosenheim—"the grief which is occasioned by a melancholy event is half assuaged by the manner of relating it; there are some people, who experience a malicious joy in depicting every accident in the most distressing colours, and find their happiness in the distress which they occasion."

"Can that heart be a good one," asked Adeline, "which can have recourse to such measures?"

"It is a melancholy truth," said Rosenheim, "but it is a disposition too much incorporated

with our natures—it has its origin in self-love, and in proportion to the distresses of another, is our own happiness comparatively exalted. The man, who is the bearer of disastrous tidings, feels a secret pleasure in the communication of them—the preferable situation in which he then stands presents itself to his view, and the consciousness, that he is an object of envy, raises him in his own opinion, and increases the sum of his felicity.”

“ I don’t believe a word of all that you have been saying,” said the governess, “ it is all a new-fangled notion, for I never heard such an opinion advanced before—I am sure the abbot of Arieaheim would not talk so.”

How easy it is to contradict—but to refute is another point—so thought Rosenheim, but expressed it not.

A person was now sent forward to announce their approach to the Castle, but Adeline particularly cautioned him not to mention any circumstances connected with the fate of her father, as from the advanced age of the old Count, the sudden shock occasioned by such melancholy tidings, might prove of serious consequence. The party had now reached the drawbridge, and Deborah and the old Seneschal, with the remainder of the domestics were seen hastening to welcome them. Adeline, however, observed with surprise, that all the servants were habited in black, and as old Rupert approached her, she perceived an unusual depression on his counte-

nance. On her inquiry of the health of her grandfather, he turned his head aside, and gave no answer. They entered the Castle, and Adeline was hastening to the apartment usually occupied by her grandfather, when Old Rupert gently took her hand—"not that way, my dear young lady, I have prepared another apartment for you and your father."

"Let me first hasten to my grandfather," said Adeline, "how rejoiced he will be to see me."

"He is in a long sleep now," said the Seneschal.

"I will not awake him," said Adeline; "often have I kissed him when he slept, and if perchance I awoke him, he seemed always happy to find me near him."

"When next he finds you near him," said the Seneschal, "he will indeed be happy—but come with me to the apartment provided for you, and there —"

The old man turned his head aside, and Adeline observed him to draw his hand across his face.

"What mean those tears?" Adeline exclaimed, whilst fear was depicted on her countenance. "I never saw you weep before—explain, I beseech you, explain the cause, and if any terrible calamity has occurred since our departure, keep it not from me."

"Pooh, pooh," said the governess, "he is only crying for joy to see us here again, but he

should have put on his holiday-dress to welcome us, rather than a dull, cheerless suit of mourning.

"I shall never put on my holiday-dress again," said the Seneschal, "and though my old heart feels some little joy in again beholding my dear young mistress within these walls, yet my tears flow from a cause, which will soon force the tears of others to flow also."

Rosenheim now perceived that the Seneschal had some disastrous intelligence to communicate, and he contrived for a moment to turn the conversation, by advising Adeline to take some refreshment, and for that purpose he requested the Seneschal to conduct them to the destined apartment. On their way thither, they passed the room which the old Count generally occupied; and Adeline gently opened the door, but all was dark within. Rosenheim, however, hurried her along, for a strong suspicion hung on his mind of the nature of the intelligence which the Seneschal had to communicate. Being seated in the apartment, and the refreshment set before them, the Seneschal inquired of Adeline, "how far her father was behind on the road, adding, that he would set out to meet him." Rosenheim explained in as few words as possible, the unfortunate adventure in the mountains, and which old Rupert had no sooner heard, than he clasped his hands, exclaiming, "O that I should live to this old age, and see such misery in this worthy family?"

"What misery, do you mean," the governess cried—"you ought to be glad and clap your hands for joy, to think we escaped as we did—what would you have said if my young lady and myself had fallen into the hands of the banditti? but thanks to this young and valiant knight, we have escaped unpolluted by their touch, and that ought to be a source of joy to you."

"In one point it is," said old Rupert with a sly look at the governess—"yet these are sad doings—but I now see the goodness of heaven in removing my good old master from us—his heart would have broken to hear such tidings—I care not how soon I follow him."

A dreadful suspicion now burst on the mind of Adeline—"if any calamity has befallen my grandfather," she said, "I beseech you let me know it—this suspense is harrowing to my soul."

"Aye, my lady, a woful time we have had of it since you left us," Rupert said, shaking his head, "and not one of his family to be near him to close his eyes."

"Is he then dead," Adeline exclaimed, whilst a trembling pervaded her whole frame.

"He is in heaven," said Rupert, and hid his face with his hands.

A loud shriek broke from the labouring bosom of Adeline—the colour fled from her cheeks—her lips quivered the lustre of her eye, was

quenched—she fell lifeless into the arms of Rosenheim. With the assistance of Dorothy and the governess, she was conveyed to her bed, and Rosenheim and old Rupert retired to the great hall, where the latter was most minute in his inquiry into the circumstance of Frederic's caption. Having received a most full relation, he shook his head—"there is some where, some deep and foul play," he said, "but time will unravel all things."

"Do you attach suspicion to any particular person?" Rosenheim asked.

"I have seen much," said Rupert, but at present I say little,"—and he added, with a significant look, "the thunder will burst over certain heads before it is long—there are wolves in sheep's clothing hereabouts—but I will tear the covering from their backs,"

"Explain yourself," said Rosenheim, "in me you will find a heart and hand to second all your views to bring criminality to light"

"Harkee!" Signor,—“there is something in thy face and manner, which prepossesses me much in thy favour—but look at these grey hairs, and thou canst not but suppose that during the time in which they have been whitening, some little stock of prudence has not been gained—when thou hast lived half the number of years which have passed over my head, thou wilt then have learned when silence becomes a duty—and that every hand that is proffered to thee is not the

hand of a friend. You are a stranger to me, Signor, but I believe thee good—let that suffice thee for the present—be circumspect, and say little—it is an old man's advice—have thine eyes in every quarter—thine ears constantly on the alert—thy hand upon thy sword—thy tongue in chains.—this is the counsel of a friend. Hast thou any thing to communicate to me—let thy look speak—walls have been known ere now, to echo a whisper—*The dead will speak ere now.*"

A thrilling sensation pervaded the frame of Rosenheim, as he listened to this speech of the Seneschal—and the mysterious air with which he pronounced the latter part of it, evidently betrayed, that he was either in possession of some dreadful secret, or that he had discovered the clue to it—but that he would not betray it, till he had followed it to its source.

"Was the death of the old Count sudden?" Rosenheim asked.

"It is now late," said the Seneschal, "the recital of his death would trespass on your sleep—you must be fatigued—let me conduct you to your chamber—to-morrow you shall know every particular of his death."

Rosenheim now declared his intention, after having visited his sister, of setting out in search of Frederic.

"And I will accompany you," said the old man, "though my face and hands be wrinkled—the blood still flows merrily though my veins,

and it cannot be better spilt than in the defence of my worthy master."

"We will converse upon that point to-morrow," said Rosenheim.

Deborah at this moment entered to inform Rosenheim that Adeline was composed, and bidding her good night, he retired with the old Seneschal to his apartment. The gates were soon after closed, and silence reigned in the Castle.

CHAPTER XV.

Hear from thy ebon throne, profoundest night—
Thou and thy gloomy daughters all, that smile
On deeds of horror, and on frauds of hell—
That keep the door of black conspiracy,
And scent the grateful scent of human blood ;
From Acheron's sulphureous banks arise—
And bursting through the barriers of the world,
Stand in dread contrast to the golden sun—
And spread around your pestilential blasts,
That wither every virtue in the blood:

But all do not sleep who lay themselves to
It is only on the eye-lids of the happy
will rest. In the silence of the night,
the attraction of earthly scenes has ceased,
retires within itself, to rally its
—then start before it the forms
have loved, but from whom we
ed by death or wayward des-
which once shed their sunshine
before it arrayed in all
gretted reality—then the
be closed by the dews of
the tear of sorrow, and
its busy brood of fear-

ful shapes on the brink of the future, to wake the nerve where agony is born.

Short indeed, were the slumbers of Adeline—what were now her prospects?—To whom could she now look for advice or consolation?—She had seen but little of her uncle Leopold—but she knew his character too well to expect an affectionate treatment, and much less that support of which she stood so much in need. She rose in the morning unrefreshed by sleep, and the deep dejection which was portrayed on her countenance, rendered her still more lovely in the eyes of Rosenheim. There was so visibly imprinted on her features, the supplication of distress, with the resignation of the christian, and the melancholy of the wounded heart struggling with the natural gaiety of youth, that had her charms not been themselves all-powerful, she would without them have made an impression on every feeling heart. She met Rosenheim with a look, which imparted to him both pain and pleasure—there was a faint smile of joy on again meeting with him, but it was clouded by the veil of sorrow in which her face was wrapped. Rosenheim saw the necessity of withdrawing from Niolo, for under the peculiar circumstances in which Adeline was then placed, he wished to avoid all uneasiness to her heart, and with that delicacy which is due to the female character, and which is never refused by the truly sensible mind, he made known to Adeline his immediate intention of visiting his sister

at the convent—and that he would then return to Niolo, to consult with her on the necessary steps to be pursued in the search of her father.

“Would that I could accompany you to the convent,” said Adeline, “I should rejoice to witness the happiness of my friend in again embracing her brother ; be the bearer of my love to her—and tell her it will not be long ere I will visit her.”

“And myself?” said Rosenheim, as he took the hand of Adeline.

“The best wishes of my heart attend you,” she said.

“You will bear me in your remembrance?” Rosenheim asked.

“I should be guilty of ingratitude were I to forget you,” Adeline answered, “but I shall see you again ere you leave the country.”

“I would not depart without bidding you farewell,” Rosenheim answered, “we may not meet again.”

“O yes, often I hope,” said Adeline, “your sister and I will often speak of you.”

“For the present I will leave my cause in her hands,” Rosenheim said, as he pressed the hand of Adeline.

“I doubt not,” said Adeline, “that she will prove herself a good advocate.”

“Farewell!” said Rosenheim.

“May you be happy,” Adeline answered, and Rosenheim departed.

He had no sooner left the room, than Adeline burst into a flood of tears. She felt herself now in a situation still more desolate—she regarded herself as a friendless being cast on an unknown shore, beset with enemies, and surrounded by dangers. A sudden thought however occurred to her, that during the search of Rosenheim for her father, she could retire to the convent of St. Roch, and there in the society of the worthy abbess, and her favourite Ellen, she might regain that composure, of which the late distressing events had deprived her. This idea, and the certainty, that she should again see Rosenheim before his departure, tended to tranquillize her mind, and in the evening she was sufficiently composed to send for Rupert, to relate to her the particulars of her grandfather's death.

"The death of my grandfather must have been very sudden," said Adeline to Rupert, as he sat by her side.

"Aye, lady, indeed it was most sudden," answered Rupert, "for it was the day after your uncle Leopold and his friend were here."

"Has Leopold then been here since our departure," Adeline asked with surprise.

"Aye, marry was he," said Rupert, "and you would wonder at the change which has taken place in him—he was so kind and attentive to his father, and when they parted, I heard him say he should soon return, and I have been looking for him every hour."

"And what friend accompanied him?" Adeline asked.

"A noble handsome young man, I assure you," said Rupert, "but more of him another time. I was going to relate to you, that the day after the departure of your uncle, the good abbot of Arienheim visited your grandfather, and was with him several hours; on the same night, the Count was taken ill, and the abbot was immediately sent for, and after his arrival, no one else was scarcely ever permitted to see him."

"Not even you?" Adeline asked.

"Listen, lady—the abbot said it was by the express order of your grandfather."

"Did he not express a wish for my father to be sent for?" Adeline asked.

"Of that I am ignorant," Rupert replied, "for whenever the abbot left him, he was sure to leave a monk with him, who acted with still greater rigour than himself, for whenever Deborah or myself took a little wine or jelly to him, it was always taken from us at the door.

"Strange," said Adeline, "and did you never see him?"

"From the time of his being taken ill," said Rupert, "to the time of his death, I was never admitted but once."

"And how found you him," Adeline asked.

"Have patience, lady; whenever I requested to be admitted, the monks had always some ex-

cuse—your grandfather was either asleep, or he was at his devotions, or he was receiving the sacrament.”

“Do you know the monks?” Adeline asked, “who were chosen by the abbot to be about the person of my grandfather.”

“I know them personally,” said Rupert, “but am not acquainted with their names. On the second day of your grandfather’s illness, we were informed that no hopes were entertained of his recovery, and then it was, that I requested the abbot to permit me to take my last farewell of my good old master. My request was at first refused, under the pretence, that my presence might disturb the tranquillity of his dying hour. After many solicitations, it was however granted, and when I was admitted, the room was so darkened, that I could not behold his features, his hand was lying outside of the bed—I kissed it—but the cold clamminess of death was on it.”

“Did he not speak to you?” Adeline asked.

“Not a word,” Rupert answered. “I was, however, on my entrance into the room, enjoined not to speak, but my poor old heart was ready to break, to see my good master in his last moments with strangers about him, and not one of his family to perform the last offices for him. It was on the evening of the same day, that the abbot returned, and brought with him two other monks.”

"For what purpose," Adeline asked, "were so many of the religious fraternity about my grandfather?"

"To assist in his devotions, I suppose," said Rupert, but it was said in that ironical tone, that left no doubt on the mind of Adeline that Rupert thought otherwise. "In the dead of the night," Rupert continued, "I was awakened by the solemn tones of the requiem sung by the monks—and I now was certain, that the soul of the good Count had taken its flight to another world—it cut my poor heart to hear it—but if the prayers of an old man be heard, my good old master is now happy."

"You attended his funeral?" Adeline asked.

"Indeed did I," said Rupert, "and no eye that was there shed a tear of regret more sincere than mine. I saw his coffin placed on that of his good Countess, and when the ceremony was over, and the door of the vault was closed, I felt as if I had parted with my best and dearest friend. I had served your grandfather eight-and-forty years, and I know not in that time, that I ever injured him. The abbot sent an express to inform your father of the event."

"Who never arrived," said Adeline.

"I saw him depart," said Rupert.

"Was the messenger a stranger in the country, or a resident?" Adeline asked.

"His person was not at all familiar to me," said

Rupert, "nor do I remember ever to have seen him before."

"Who procured him," Adeline asked.

"He came with one of the monks from Arienheim," Rupert answered.

"These monks appear to have been very officious about the person of my grandfather," said Adeline.

"Yes," said Rupert, "it is their profession to attend upon the dying, and the dead."

"And to preclude all others from officiating?" Adeline asked, with a look directed full upon Rupert.

"Their authority is paramount in these cases, lady," said Rupert.

For a short time, Adeline appeared lost in thought—and Rupert appeared to eye her with peculiar attention—Adeline at last broke the silence—

"Have you related to me *every* circumstance, with which you are acquainted, relative to the death of my grandfather?"

"Yes, lady," Rupert replied—but his answer was given in that tone, which convinced Adeline that he had something more to communicate, but from which he was restrained by some particular motive. Whether Adeline would have succeeded in extracting any further information is uncertain, but this discourse was suddenly interrupted by the intelligence being brought, that the abbot of

Arlenheim was at the gate of the Castle, and requested admission.

"Hasten, and admit him," said Adeline to Rupert—and as he retired to obey the order, he exclaimed, lifting up his hands—"What a deal of hypocrisy there is in the world."

It was with no common degree of satisfaction that Adeline heard of the arrival of the abbot. He had been ever considered as a particular friend of the family, and from him Adeline hoped to receive that advice of which she stood so much in need.

In a short time the abbot made his appearance. "My blessing on thee and on thy house, fair daughter," he said, as he entered the room.

"My thanks to you, reverend abbot," Adeline answered.

"Hearing of thy arrival, I have hastened to offer to thee my spiritual consolation on the calamities which have befallen thy family—it is the will of heaven that thou shouldst be visited with sorrow—but heaven chasteneth those it loves."

"Your presence is most gratifying to me," said Adeline, "and your goodness in thus hastening to my relief, excites my warmest gratitude."

"Daughter," replied the abbot, "I should ill fulfil my holy office, and be an unworthy servant of him, whose doctrines I profess to preach, were I not to hasten to heal the wounded mind, and

pour the ~~balm~~ of consolation into the afflicted heart. I have heard with feelings of the greatest indignation, the disastrous calamity which has befallen thy father—but, daughter, the eye of heaven watches over the good, and in due time will bring the sinner to punishment; but thou must not repine—the ways of heaven are inscrutable to man—and all that thou canst do is to adore its power, and bend with resignation to its will.”

“Holy father,” Adeline replied, “I never questioned the decrees of heaven—I was always thankful for its mercies, and submissive to its power.”

“I know thy virtues, daughter,” said the abbot, “but heaven will now prove the strength of them, in the severe trials with which thou art struggling. It has lately fallen to my lot, to perform for the dead, the mournful solemnities incumbent on my holy office. I received the last pressure from the hand of your grandfather—and his last sigh was breathed in my presence—but mourn not at his death, daughter, the years of man are numbered—the grave is his heritage, but it is not his eternal place of rest—for immortality is his legacy. Happy they, my daughter, who when the appointed time arrives, can meet the solemn hour with the same composure and resignation as your grandfather. He died a christian’s death, and my brethren have been incessant in their masses for the peace of his

soul. I will not dwell any longer, daughter, on this melancholy affair—your mind is already too much afflicted, to hear a recital of the causes which led to the death of your grandfather—let us now turn our attention to worldly matters—for although it be my office to prepare the soul for the beatitude of heaven—I think it my duty also, as an appointed shepherd over a numerous flock, to give succour to the orphan'd lamb, and to guard it from its enemies.”

“Much do I stand in need of a friend, holy father,” said Adeline, “deprived of the only two beings who took an interest in my fate—I feel like a wanderer in a desert, ignorant of the path.” “In me thou shalt find a guide, daughter—the church shall take thee under its all protecting wing—and invigorated by its genial love, thou again shalt taste of bliss and joy. Let it, however, be our first task to devise some method of ascertaining the fate of your father—relate to me as concisely as possible, the circumstances of his capture.”

Adeline hesitated not to comply with the order of the abbot, and having finished her recital, during which, he sat as if lost in profound thought, he said—“Hast thou no suspicions of the perpetrators of the infamous deed?”

“It was certainly committed,” Adeline replied, “by one of those hordes of banditti which infest the mountains—but it were wrong in me to at-

tach suspicion to any particular persons, for I am certain my father never made himself an enemy by his actions."

"It therefore cannot be imputed, my daughter," said the abbot, "to the score of revenge, but to natural and habitual villany, and we must consider that the same accident might have befallen every other traveller, and that the banditti, in seizing your father, had no particular design against him, but the common aim of all banditti—to procure a great ransom for his release. You have no reason to suppose that it was a premeditated plan to gain possession of the person of your father, to effect some other purpose?"

"We have some reason to believe," Adeline answered, "that our guide belonged to the banditti—but further, all is wrapt in mystery."

"Were I to question your young and brave companion," the abbot asked, "do you suppose I could gain any further elucidation of the circumstances?"

"It is probable," Adeline asked.

"You have informed me that he has a sister in the convent of St. Roch, and that he is now gone thither to visit her."

"He is," Adeline replied.

"Did he fix any particular time for his return?" the abbot asked.

Adeline answered in the negative—but there was a minuteness in these questions of the abbot

respecting Rosenheim, which not only confused, but surprised her—for a short time he sat immersed in thought—then, on a sudden, said—“During your stay at Zurich, did you receive any tidings of your uncle Leopold?”

“Not any,” Adeline replied.

“Would that I knew his abode,” said the abbot, “it is proper that he should be apprized of his father’s death—and his brother’s fate—his exertions might restore the latter to you.”

“Would then he were here,” Adeline said.

“I am informed,” said the abbot, “that he has in a great degree, relinquished his criminal mode of life, and hopes were entertained by his father of a complete reform.”

“It must have made his latter moments more composed,” Adeline said.

“You do not err, daughter,” said the abbot, “it was a theme on which your grandfather often dwelt—and the last words which he uttered were—my blessing on my sons.”

“He then blessed Leopold on his death-bed?” Adeline asked.

“He did,” the abbot replied.

“I rejoice to hear it,” Adeline said.

“I will now leave thee, daughter, to thy evening devotions—I will consult with the abbess of St. Roch on thy future prospects—yield thyself to my guidance—and happiness shall again be thine.” He placed his hand on her head—“my blessing on thee, daughter, in my prayers thou

shalt be numbered—Daughter, farewell—Peace be on this house.” The abbot departed.

The wolf has ere now fondled o’er the lamb it meant to kill—the murderer has ere now, hushed the babe to sleep, to whet the dagger wherewith to slay it. O Adeline, where is the hand to guide thee through the perils that beset thee?—where is the bosom on which thou canst shed the tear of grief and of despair?—where is the heart that will breathe comfort to thy soul in the moment of thy agony?—the turbulent elonds of thy life are rising—may the power of mercy break them through ere they reach thee.

CHAPTER XVI.

— This pomp of horror
Is fit to feed the frenzy in my soul—
Here's room for meditation, e'en to madness—
,Till the mind burst with thinking.

THE meeting between Rosenheim and his sister, was such as might be expected between two affectionate hearts, which had been long separated—and the arrival of her brother being unexpected by Ellen, her happiness was consequently the greater. The first effusions of their joy having subsided, Rosenheim related to his sister the adventure in the mountain. The worthy abbess was present at the recital, and she appeared to pay a more than common attention to it. She preserved a perfect silence during the whole relation, but the keenness of her look evidently declared that her whole soul was engaged in it. Rosenheim having concluded, the abbess said, "I have participated in the joy which your sister has this day felt in again beholding a much-beloved brother—but that joy has been considerably diminished by the melancholy tidings of the calamities which have be-

fallen the worthy family of the Lindamores. Be it, however, our lot to soothe the afflicted mind of the amiable Adeline—and to-morrow, Adolphus, it shall be your office to conduct her hither, and these walls shall prove a safe and pleasant asylum to her, until by your exertions, which heaven grant may prove successful—her father may be restored to her. In the mean time, as delicacy will prevent you from taking up your abode during your stay at Niolo, you shall find in a humble, but neat cottage, near our convent, every comfort which we can procure for you—but ere you return to Niolo, to adjust the necessary matters for your generous undertaking, let me see you for a short time in my private parlor. I would converse with you on some matters of importance, and which may give you some clue to ———; but suddenly checking herself—I will explain myself more particularly this evening. I will now retire—my presence may be a restraint on your conversation. This evening, before vespers, I expect you.”

“I will not fail to attend,” said Rosenheim, and the abbess retired.

It would be tedious to relate the conversation which passed between Rosenheim and his sister—part of it turning only on family affairs, and warm eulogiums on their favourite Adeline. The curiosity of Ellen was, however, greatly excited, to know the subject of the approaching conference

between her brother and the abbess, and she almost exacted a promise from her brother to impart to her every particular. Rosenheim was punctual to his time—and the abbess received him with the greatest kindness and condescension. On Rosenheim being seated, she began——but like the gallery of a certain assembly, when they are debating on Walcheren expeditions—the doors were closed—and no kind genius, who sometimes discloses the secret affairs of man, has whispered in my ear a single word of the whole conference. I feel for my female readers, who like Ellen, I doubt not, are under the influence of that vile imp curiosity, to know the reason of the abbess being closeted with a young and handsome man for the period of an hour; which must necessarily imply, that the subject of this discourse was both important and interesting; but alas! with the fullest inclination to gratify their curiosity, I am unable to do it; and all that is left for me is to inform them, that when Rosenheim left the abbess, he appeared deeply immersed in reflection, and there was such an unusual agitation in his manner; and such a wild abstraction of thought, that the curiosity of Ellen was still more excited to know the occasion of this sudden change in his demeanor. The vesper bell however rung, and Ellen was obliged to defer questioning her brother until the morrow. A person was despatched with Rosenheim to conduct him to the cottage, where the accommo-

tions were provided for him, and bidding his sister and the abbess farewell, he left the convent. On his arrival at the cottage, he found every thing provided for him in a superfluous manner—but he informed the inhabitants, that he was then going on an important piece of business, and could not probably return that night. That the Castle of Niolo possessed a magnet for Rosenheim is most certain, but it is also not less certain, that it was not that magnet which induced him immediately, on his leaving the cottage, to bend his steps thither. He arrived at the Castle a few minutes after the abbot had left it, and from certain circumstances, which will be detailed in their proper place, there is no doubt that his arrival at the Castle was noticed by the abbot; the gates were opened by the old Seneschal.

"Ah, Signor," said the old man, "you are indeed a late-visitor."

"But not an unwelcome one, I hope," said Rosenheim.

"No no," said Rupert, "I am glad you are come, for my young dear mistress is in a most doleful state—you may cheer her up a little—but you look quite flurried—nothing disastrous has happened, I hope, since we parted this morning, for this is such an age of wonder, that every hour is brought to bed of a whole Legion."

"I have remembered your advice," said Rosenheim, significantly—"but announce my arrival to your young mistress."

"Certainly, certainly," said Rupert, and hastened away.

Adeline was sitting in close conversation with the governess, when Rupert entered to announce the arrival of Rosenheim.

"Rosenheim returned so soon," Adeline said.

"Oh how glad I am," said the governess—"he will enliven us a little—I hope he will stop with us all night—then we need not fear."

Why did the heart of Adeline beat quicker when the arrival of Rosenheim was announced? why did a beam of joy sparkle in her lovely eye? "Perhaps he is come," said she, "to bring me some melancholy tidings—or to take his leave of me? why then did a sigh break from her bosom? and why vanished the beam of joy from her eye?"

"We will not hear of any apology, you are most welcome"—said the governess to Rosenheim, as she introduced him into the apartment.

"Pardon me," he said to Adeline—"for this most unseasonable intrusion—but I trust you will acquit me of all intention to trespass on your privacy."

"I told you that you were most welcome," said the governess—"sit down, sit down, and, Rupert, let some wine be placed on the table."

"To-morrow," continued Rosenheim—"it is my intention to set out on my proposed undertaking, previously to which—I wish, with your permission, to have a few minutes private conversation with Rupert."

"With Rupert?" exclaimed the governess—"what can you possibly have to say to Rupert which we should not hear?"

"Pardon me," said Rosenheim, "it were cruel to enlarge a wound, already too great, and as my conversation with Rupert can only be on one topic—and that merely for the purpose of gaining some information, in which I am at present deficient, and which may be of use to me in the undertaking in which I am soon to be engaged, I have to request that it may be private."

"Your request," said Adeline, "shall be instantly complied with,"—and turning to the governess, she said, "will you see that an apartment be properly prepared, and let Rupert hold himself in readiness."

"I should think," said the governess, "as the business concerns us all, we might all give our advice in the present emergency."

"It is not advice," Rosenheim replied, "which I am come to solicit,—it is information."

"On that head," said the governess, "I am certain we are more able to satisfy your wishes than old Rupert."

"You certainly," said Rosenheim, "cannot give me any information of events which took place in the Castle during your stay at Zurich."

"Yes I can," said the governess, "I know them all."

Adeline now gave the governess a look of displeasure. "Well," said she, with evident

marks of chagrin—"if people will go to a wrong source for information, and reject the right one, they have only themselves to blame, if they are deceived,"—and she flouted out of the room.

The governess being gone, Rosenheim gave Adeline a description of the happy meeting with his sister—and he mentioned the intention of the abbess to offer her the convent as an asylum, until the clouds which at present obscured her happiness, were dispersed.

"Most willingly will I accept of the offer," said Adeline, "for here there are so many mementos of the dear objects whom I have lost—that at every look and step they start before me, to remind me of my misery—there, at least, I shall taste of tranquillity."

"And do you leave us to-morrow?" said Adeline.

"Early," Rosenheim answered, "every moment is of consequence—I fear I have already delayed my departure too long."

"What reason have you for that fear?" Adeline asked, "has any further information reached you of the fate of my father?"

"None," Rosenheim answered, "but the known expedition with which the banditti always execute their designs, calls for the most prompt and decisive measures on our part."

"You will require assistance," said Adeline.

"On that head I must be governed by circum-

stances," Rosenheim answered; "if artifice or disguise be necessary, it can be better effected singly—and the danger is not so great of a discovery."

"This ring," said Adeline, whilst a slight blush tinged her cheeks, "was the gift of my father—take it—it may be of use to you, should a passport be necessary,"

What a moment of joy for Rosenheim—now no dangers were too great for him—he pressed the ring to his lips, and took Adeline's hand. The bosom of Adeline felt its bounds too narrow. On the lips of Rosenheim was trembling the confession of his love. "Adeline," he said—

The door was suddenly opened by Rupert, to inform him that the apartment was ready. Rosenheim immediately rose, and followed the Seneschal.

The governess was, however, not to be thwarted in her desire to know the particular information which Rosenheim wished to extract from the Seneschal. I will give her credit for as ample a stock of curiosity, as ever fell to the lot of a woman, (and that, kind reader, is, I assure you, giving her not a little) since the first false step of our frail mother, Eve; but in the case now before us, her curiosity overcame her discretion—"and when does it not?" you may ask. "It is a fiend, than which none more vile contaminates the human heart—it is the parent of all meanness, and in proportion to the irresistibility of the incite-

ment, is the excess of the meanness committed. It is too often confounded with a laudable desire for knowledge, and we are told that the person who never inquires will never learn—that he who never dives into the depth of things, will ever remain a superficial thinker—it is all granted—but the distinction between curiosity and a desire for knowledge is very apparent. The former has recourse to the meanest artifices to obtain its end—and which being obtained, neither amends the heart nor understanding—nor is the wish to attain to the knowledge of it founded on a desire for individual or general good. To effect a work of malice, there is no better agent than curiosity, and it is singular that love, the noblest passion of the human heart, which forms the highest resolves, and erects the structure of its actions almost on the verge of impossibility, should be so intimately and almost inseparably united with the meanness of curiosity. On the other hand, the desire of knowledge is the most glaring property of the nature of man, and distinguishes him from the animal creation. In proportion as the mind of man is invested with knowledge, he rises in the scale of intellectual beings—the mind that can grasp all the degrees of relation from a straw to Sirius, approaches nearer to that standard of perfection, of which finite beings are capable—and in proportion to that perfection being gained, is the happiness of the object.”

In the situation in which matters stood at the Castle there was certainly no scarcity of materials, on which the curiosity of the governess could be exercised, but the gratification of it often lay beyond her means, and she was no sooner informed of the particular apartment in which the conference was to be carried on between Rosenheim and the Seneschal, than she set her whole spirit of invention to work, to devise some method of hearing the said conference, and by which she hoped to be considerably wiser than she was an hour before. But alas! there was not even a nook nor a cupboard, in which she could hide herself—nor even a bed, under which, nor into which she could prostrate her body. There was, however, a large recess, which was ornamented with all the coats of mail, lances helmets, casques, battle-axes, and hellegardes, shields, swords, banners, and trophies, which had been worn and won by the honourable family of the Lindamores, in the days of chivalry. Over this recess, was suspended a curtain, embossed with the arms of the different branches of the family, and which could be let down at pleasure, to hide from vulgar eyes, the noble relics of the Lindamore heroes. A happy thought entered the head of the governess, and who will deny that the head of a woman in certain cases, is the most prolific thing on earth, for were it not an easy matter to let the curtain down, and then, concealed by its charitable shade, she could hear

the whole of the conference? What a fortunate idea!—What a victory would she gain over Rosenheim for excluding her from the conference! The execution of the design followed the thought like thunder the lightning—and in a moment, stood the governess, surrounded by all the arms of chivalry, in anxious expectation of the coming scene. In a short time she heard the sound of voices, which she soon distinguished to be those of Rosenheim and Rupert. She heard the door closed—the chairs were drawn to the table on which the Seneschal placed the wine, and ——— O thou dread power of expectation, who so often makest the heart of man to palpitate, and the nerve to quiver with the intensity of feeling—never didst thou exercise thy influence with greater force, than on the victim trembling behind the curtain—thou hast agonized the breast of the criminal, as his sentence is going to be pronounced—thou hast thrilled through the bosom of the girl, whose eyes open on the day in which she is to be a bride—thou hast sat brooding on the faces of the relatives of a rich man deceased, when his will is opened—and thou hast tortured the heart of the penniless author when the day arrives on which the fate of his profound work, on the impartiality of the reviews, is to be determined by the sapient judges of literature, residing near the purling streams and academic shades of Paternoster-Row; but these instances of thy power are trifling, in com-

“parison to that inflicted by thee on the governess.

“This is no common wine, I do assure you, Signor,” said the Seneschal, as he filled the glasses, “it was a most favourite wine with my good old master, who is now dead and gone.”

“Since we parted this morning,” said Rosenheim, “some extraordinary circumstances have come to my knowledge—will you inform me of the persons who were particularly employed about the person of the Count previous to his death?”

“The abbot of Arenheim was seldom absent,” Rupert answered, “and three or four monks were generally in attendance.”

“You were not in the room, when the Count died?” Rosenheim asked.

“I was not admitted,” Rupert answered.

“Now as there can be no doubt of your attachment to the family,” said Rosenheim, “I will inform you of the circumstances with which I have been made acquainted—you will be able in a great measure to decide on the truth of them—you are certain we are not overheard.”

“I’ll answer for that,” said Rupert.

“Then be attentive,” said Rosenheim. You are not ignorant that I left the Castle this morning, to visit my sister at the convent of St. Roch, —having related to her and the abbess who was present, our disastrous adventure in the mountains—the latter —





Rosenthams discovers the conceited Governor.
'Tutor' 183 Vol. 2

On what a trifle sometimes hangs the destiny of man—a city has ere now, been buried with its inhabitants by the fluttering of the wings of a fly—and little did the proud wearers of the coats of mail which adorned the recess suppose, that their habiliments were one day to be the means of preventing the most important secret which ever concerned their family, from being promulgated to the world. Now, whether the governess had originally placed herself in an uneasy posture, and wished to change it, and in so doing, some protuberant part of her body came in contact with a coat of mail—or whether the nail which had supported it for above a century unfortunately gave way at this most critical juncture, cannot now be ascertained—but certain it is, that one of the above causes must have taken place, for a coat of mail fell to the ground with a horrible crash. The Seneschal started—in doing which, he overthrew the wine on the table, and hurried off, stumbling over every thing which stood in his way; and as certain circumstances had lately taken place in the Castle, which gave food to fear and superstition, he now believed the crisis of things was at hand—and leaving Rosenheim to investigate the cause of their sudden interruption, he hastened out of the room as fast as his aged limbs would carry him. Rosenheim thus finding himself alone, determined to explore the cause of the crash, and drawing up the curtain, the governess stood before him in all her charms,

which were heightened by the blush of shame which adorned her countenance.

Rosenheim could not forbear smiling at the ridiculous figure which the governess made, and she stammered out the best excuse, which female invention could devise, for her appearance in such an uncommon situation. One source of satisfaction however remained for her, which was, that the Seneschal had made such a precipitate retreat, for the secret of her shame now rested solely in the breast of Rosenheim, and from the general goodness of his disposition, she had every reason to expect that he would not promulgate it. Such, however, is the singularity and perverseness of the human heart, that after this unfortunate discovery, Rosenheim daily lost ground in the good opinion of the governess, and I would always be upon my guard with that person, whom I have entrapped in a mean or vicious action, for it is contrary to the natural disposition of man, to benefit those who are privy to his moral aberrations, and who have it in their power to spread the knowledge of them to the world. It is upon this same principle that the injurer always entertains a secret enmity for those whom he has injured, and the forgiveness of those injuries, as it lessens us in our own estimation, rather tends to increase that enmity than to allay it.

The governess left the recess with very opposite feelings to those with which she had entered

it, and Rosenheim went in search of the Seneschal. He found him still under the influence of fear, and nestling as close to Deborah as was consistent with good manners. Rosenheim entered the room with a smile on his countenance, but the gravity of the Seneschal could not be relaxed, and he inquired, in a fearful tone, "if the cause of the crash had been ascertained?"

"A mere trifle," said Rosenheim, "one of the coats of mail fell to the ground."

"Is that all," said the Seneschal, "I thought it was something of that kind—but I dare say you thought I ran away from fear."

"O no," said Rosenheim, "I could not suspect you of such a thing."

"It was, however, most rude in me," said the Seneschal, "to leave you in such a hasty manner—but I just then remembered that I had left the keys in the cellar door. The crash, however, came very suddenly upon me, and it was enough to terrify me—was it not?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Rosenheim, "but my time is precious—I will not detain you long."

Deborah rose and left the room, and Rosenheim explained to the Seneschal, the purport of his visit; but as no governess was concealed in the apartment to report the subject of their conversation, I can only relate, that on opening the door, the Seneschal said, "it is a bold step, but

if you will persist in it, you have only yourself to blame for the consequences."

"And will you not accompany me?" said Rosenheim.

"It is not from fear that I refuse," said the Seneschal, "but my old heart would break, were I again to behold the coffin of my good old master."

"Then give me the keys," said Rosenheim.

"It is a sad dismal place," said the Seneschal, "but here are the keys, and I will await your return in the hall—be careful when you open the door, that the wind does not extinguish your light."

"I thank you for that precaution," said Rosenheim, and taking the keys, he directed his steps towards the vault, according to the instructions which the Seneschal had given him. No sound told of life in the Castle—the palpitation of the coward heart might have been heard, as he paced the arched passages, and his shadow, as it flitted along the walls, would have called up to his imagination, forms uncouth, and spirits of the dead. With an undaunted heart, and a bold and resolute step, Rosenheim reached the door of the vault. The cold air of the mansions of mortality met him as he opened the door—the silence of the grave was around him—the fear of the dead rested not on his soul—he descended the steps, and proceeded to that part of the vault, where the Seneschal had informed him that the

coffin of the old Count was deposited—but words are inadequate to describe the horror which pervaded his frame, as he held the light to the spot—the lamp was nearly dropping from his hand—he rushed from the vault, forgetting to close the door—and, scarcely conscious of his actions, he hurried from the Castle.

CHAPTER XVII.

Conscience what art thou, thou tremendous power,
Who dost inhabit us without our leave,
And art within ourselves another self,
A master self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave !
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds,
Make the past, present, and the future frown ?

ON the shores of the Adriatic, stood a huge and desolate building. Time had not been its only enemy, for it also bore evident marks of the ravages of war. The gates, which once successfully braved the efforts of a besieging army, now hung loose on their hinges, and threatened destruction to the passing traveller. The courts which once echoed with the steps of the lonely centinel, or with the light and measured tread of the victorious band, were now overgrown with grass, and the thistle and the nettle gave shelter to the snake. The battlements on which the hardy warriors once stood to hurl their vengeance on their enemies, were now the habitation of the raven and the owl, and the halls which once rung with merriment and revelry were now deserted, and in their dusty chasms,

the bats brought forth their twilight brood. One side of this dilapidated building was lash'd by the green waves of the Adriatic, and now and then a solitary fisherman anchored his little bark under its walls, and with his song broke the dreary silence of the scene. Seldom, however, the foot of the wanderer ventured within its walls, for the cries of the murdered were said to break upon the midnight hour, and the groans of the captives to startle the sleeping stranger. In this dreary abode, far from the cheering haunts of man, lived one solitary being, an out-cast of his race. Sazzano was the name by which he was known and called, though it was acknowledged not to be his real one. The country spoke it with dread—the children trembled when they heard it. Man was the object against whom he warred—for he had injured man, and therefore he could not forgive him. His vices had called down upon him the persecutions of offended justice, and changing his name, he sought refuge in this lonely spot, to pass in cheerless solitude the last remnant of his days. He was the elder son of a noble family, residing in the neighbourhood of Geneva—and he had by them been long considered as dead. His education had been as enlarged and liberal as the times would allow, and aided by his natural abilities, he promised to shine one of the greatest ornaments of his country. An early propensity, however, to the degrading vice of gambling, ob-

scured his abilities, eclipsed the splendor of his mental attainments, and the society with which he associated, subverted all the just principles, which it had been the study of his parents to imprint on his mind, and confounded every distinction of right and wrong. He had been taught, and once acknowledged the existence of a superior power; but as the viciousness of his character unfolded itself, he began to doubt, and the idea of an hour of retribution was rejected and despised. From scepticism he sunk to atheism. He flattered himself that he had conquered every argument of a superintending providence, that he was the mere subject of necessity, and accountable only to himself for his actions. He began to question the design of man on earth, and he found, that he was bound to procure his own happiness, at the expense of that of others, conceiving it was in an uncontrouled gratification of the senses, that the happiness of man was founded. He considered the inward satisfaction arising from a virtuous action, as a thing of a secondary nature—for happiness, he had seldom found to be the concomitant of virtue; on the contrary—the commission of a virtuous act required in general, a sacrifice of personal interests, and that ran counter to his acknowledged principles of action. He took a view of nature—and saw a birth, a death, and a corruption—he saw the animal world acting according to the respective organization of its frame—he

saw in some instances, the instinct of the brute, surpassing the boasted reason of man. He traced the properties of matters in the organization of the insect, and that of his own frame—and the immortality of the soul was then in his eyes; the invention of designing and interested men, to work on the credulity of man. He beheld the animal world at continual war, preying on each other for their subsistence—he saw man at war with the whole—and his confidence in heaven, sunk by degrees. Charity never warmed his bosom—humanity never vivified his heart. The cry of the sufferer was music to him—the tear of the violated virgin was rapture to his soul. Thus lived Sazzano, the atheist, in the gloomy Castle of Stavelo.

The night was dark and dreary—the wind made the mountain pine bend with its fury—and the waves spread their white foam on the foundation rocks of the Castle. Sazzano sat by his hearth, cowering over the dying embers, and he trimmed the lamp to light him to his rugged bed. “They will not come to-night,” he cried—“may some torrent meet and overwhelm them in their track—may the wolf from his wooded lair, scent their blood—may the raven riot on their flesh—where the heart once beat, may snakes engender, and worms revel on the corruption. What is man that I should love him? the very sound of his voice is dissonance to me—the glance of his eye more hateful than a meteor fire

spreading mildew over the earth—and to be the slave of man too! to be at his nod and beckon! to administer to his wants! and hear him bid me bring him food! to tell me when he thirsts!—I'll not endure it long—it is a burthen from which I can soon deliver myself—the waves of the sea tell no tales—the monsters that inhabit it, tell not on what they feed—the palate of the priest will not be less tickled, because his food has fattened on the carcase of a human being. Hush! how these old walls shake with the wind! they will one day crush me with their fall—Well! it is of little import where my body rests—the jargon of priests will not be muttered over me, and the worms will find my flesh as sweet, as if it lay in consecrated ground. I'll go mount the highest battlement, perhaps I may see some vessel foundering—the cries of the mariners shall be my lullaby—the roar of the waves shall be their only dirge—many such nights as these, and this old Castle will be a ruin. Hark! What noise was that?—are the ravens and the owls at their midnight pranks? or for aught I know, it may be some damned spirit burst from its cerement to frighten coward souls. Why, let it come, and I will question it of the other world, of what the dying feel, and what the soul first sees when parted from the body. I have heard monks tell of these things—but there is as much truth in them, as in the celibacy of a capuchin.

A loud knocking at the gate interrupted him in his soliloquy, the name of Sazzano was distinctly heard, and a rough voice without, demanded admittance—"I should know that voice," said Sazzano, as he proceeded towards the door.

A carriage was now heard moving slowly over the drawbridge, and admittance was again demanded in a boisterous manner.

"Who disturbs the Castle at this hour?" Sazzano explained.

"A friend," was the answer.

"That will not gain thee admittance," said Sazzano,—“speak your name.”

"Roderic," was the answer, "I bring thee thy companion."

The heavy bolts were undrawn—the chain which was hung across was unloosened, and the door was opened.

"Are you prepared?" asked Roderic.

"As well as I intend to be," Sazzano replied.

"I had rather you had thrown him into the Adriatic, than brought him hither to be my torment."

"Remember the reward you are to have," said Roderic.

"What are a few pieces of gold to me?" said Sazzano, "but have you brought them with you?"

"Aye, have we," said Roderic, "and some wine too—that will make you regret that you

must one day be obliged to leave the world in which it was made."

The carriage now stopped at the door, and from it alighted Valenzi and Frederic Lindamore.

"Is this the end of my journey?" Frederic asked, as he entered the great and dreary hall, which was faintly illumined by Sazzano's lamp, and a few embers, which still burned on the hearth;—"and is this to be my abode?" he continued, as he cast his eyes around him.

"Time will shew," said Roderic.

"You may, perhaps, soon change it," said Sazzano, "for one under ground."

If the austere and villainous appearance of his conductors had created unpleasant sensations in the mind of Frederic, the ferocious aspect of Sazzano, struck terror to his soul—he thought he saw his fate written legibly in the face of his jailor, for he could not consider him in any other capacity, and conscious that all expostulation with such desperate characters would be fruitless and unavailing, he resigned himself to that doom, from which he saw no escape.

Sazzano made a signal to Roderic and Valenzi, and taking the lamp from the table, he ascended a flight of steps at the extremity of the hall, and in a surly tone, bade the two miscreants to follow him.

Frederic was now left to his own reflections; the idea of an escape instantly occurred to him, for the absence of his enemies rendered it feasi-

ble, and as he had heard the carriage drive away, there was no one to interrupt him in the attempt. By the closing of some doors, which he faintly heard, he concluded, that the villains were at a remote part of the Castle, and the idea immediately occurred to him, that the ferocious and sanguinary look of Sazzano might not be the true index of his heart, and that he might have enticed his two travelling companions to a distant part of the Castle, for the purpose of giving him an opportunity of escaping. Thus Frederic argued of others by himself—a plan too generally adopted in the estimate of the human character, but a more fallacious method to ascertain the truth cannot be chosen. The action in itself and its effects have no relation to a true estimate of a character; it is the motive only which determines its goodness or turpitude, and an absence of ourselves in the decision is founded on that principle.

But to return to Frederic. The hall was almost wrapt in darkness—the few embers which still burned on the hearth, threw but a faint light to dissipate the gloom, and the ignorance of the extent of the impediments which he might have to encounter, in opening the great gate, made him pause in his design. But a sudden conviction of the certainty of his fate, were he not to seize the present opportunity, flashed upon him, and summoning all the resolution of which he was master, he rose, and with a palpi-

tating heart proceeded softly towards the great door. All was still—the crisis of his fate was at hand—and where is the man, who in that moment has the full command of himself? He heard the beating of his own heart, and fear almost conquered his resolution. A door was suddenly closed at a distance—Frederic started—in fancy, he saw the villains moving in the distant gloom—but the closing of another door at a distance, convinced him that he had yet time to effect his escape. The hope of his speedy deliverance from the power of his enemies, inspired him with resolution, and casting an eye of fear at times towards the stairs which he had seen the villains ascend, he gained the door. The lock yielded to his strength—the door creaked on its hinges as he opened it—the cold air of the night refreshed him. On a sudden, a flash of light burst into the hall—it was from the lamp of Sazzano, and his accomplices. The heart of Frederic sunk within him—the happy opportunity was lost—and to be entrapped in an attempt to escape, he knew, were to expose him to severer treatment. The rage of the miscreants knew no bounds when they discovered how near they were in losing their prey, and swearing the bitterest revenge, they seized him, and dragged him up the same flight of stairs which he had seen them ascend a short time before. The fear with which he was impressed, rendered him unable to pay that particular attention to objects, which

in other circumstances would have been his first consideration, and when the agitation of his mind had subsided, and he attempted to remember the incidents of the last hours, he could only recollect, that having ascended several flight of stairs, they entered a spacious apartment, through which they hurried him, with particular dispatch, and proceeded to a small door at the further extremity, which conducted them to a narrow winding stair-case, which having ascended, they entered a small ruinous apartment, in one corner of which stood a decayed bedstead, on which some straw was laid, and a table, and two chairs, composed the whole furniture of this sorry abode. Sazzano placed the lamp on the table, and then examined the iron bars, with which the windows were guarded.

"Here," said Roderick, addressing himself to Frederic, "here you can rest yourself—you must be fatigued with your journey."

"And here is some water, if you are thirsty," said Valenzi, holding up a pitcher—"be satisfied it is no worse with you."

"You will have a beautiful prospect in the morning," said Roderic, "sea and land."

"And as for air," said Jaques, "you will not have to complain of a want of that—for the room is well ventilated—there are as many holes in the walls, as if a hundred cannon had been battering

it—but good night to you—I dare say you will dream of the Pass of San Petro.”

Frederic made no reply to all this ratiillery of the villains, for he knew it would only lead to further abuse and invective. During the journey, they had uniformly maintained a sullen silence—now their taciturnity appeared at once to have forsaken them, and the constant frown which had hung upon their countenances, now gave way to the smile of joy and cheerfulness. They were apparently glad, that their part in the infamous proceedings was completed, but it was now evident to Frederic, that his caption in the mountains was not a work of chance, but a pre-meditated design, and that his removal to such a wild, desolate, and almost uninhabited spot, must have some reference to the completion of that design. The whole proceedings of his enemies were too systematic for him to suppose them the effect of the common course of things, but it baffled all his powers of conjecture to discover what lucrative end his enemies could gain by detaining him a prisoner. The aim of the mountain banditti is always plunder, and that certainly could never be obtained, by detaining him in confinement. Some hope, however, dawned in his breast, that he might find the inhabitants of the Castle more communicative and complying than his travelling companions, and that from them, he might be able to extract some intelligence of

his persecution, and the extent of their designs. Frederic had never studied in the schools of Lavater, nor of Gall—granted—that such schools existed at his time. The suns of those most useful and infalible sciences, physiognomy and craniology, had not then burst with their full splendor on the world, or from a view of the features of Sazzano, Frederic would have instantly discovered, that he was in the power of a consummate fiend. They were at all events, more calculated to inspire terror than hope, but

There's not a wretch that breathes but dares to hope,
The wither'd tenant of a dungeon's gloom—
Who shut unpitied from the face of heaven,
Almost forgets the radiance of the sun—
Still in his prison sees effulgent hope,
That dissipates the horror of still night,
And bids him smile upon his galling chains.

On the departure of the villains, Frederic was left in utter darkness. He heard the doors of the different apartments close, and the noise echoed through the Castle. In a short time, all was still—it was a silence chilling and depressing. The wind now and then whistled round his solitary abode; and the low murmur of the waves breaking at times against the walls of the Castle, rendered his situation still more dreary. To attempt to sleep were fruitless—though his body was worn with fatigue, yet despair had seized on his mind, and sleep seldom visits the

wretch; in whose breast despair's an inmate. He felt not solely for himself—the fate of his daughter hung like a depressing weight on his spirits, for what mercy or indulgence could he expect would be granted by a gang of lawless murderers and robbers—and would not the superlative beauty of Adeline inflame the passions of the miscreants, and might she not have fallen a prey to their brutal lust? This thought drove him to frenzy—it ever rose, before him like a threatening demon, and rendered his prison a hell. Drearly passed the hours of the night. Through his grated window he saw the stars in their glory, those symbols of everlasting greatness—he saw his favourite planet bending to its setting, and memory then in a most officious mood, most busy always when stillness were a blessing, shewed him the hours in which he was wont to teach his beloved daughter the mystic rounds of the heavenly bodies, and home with all its charms burst upon him. The light of day soon after began to break into his prison—he heard the birds beginning to twitter their morning song, and liberty with all its blessings stood arrayed before him. He rose to the window—he saw the sun rising from the world of waves, and a temporary serenity stole over his mind when he thought on that Being, who opened the gates of the sun, and sent him forth to scatter the darkness of the earth, and to spread life, and light over nature's extended world. He took a

survey of his prison : it was a small square apartment, lighted by two narrow grated windows, the one giving a full view of the Adriatic, and the other presenting an extensive prospect over a champaign country, the extremity of which was bounded by the far distant Alps. Frederic was ignorant of the exact situation in which the Castle stood, but a heavy sigh broke from his bosom as his eyes caught the summits of the distant mountains, for his native home was then present to his mind, and his present situation rendered that memory doubly painful.

He saw at a distance, a shepherd opening the fold for his flocks, and he envied him his liberty.—the humblest peasant boy was happier than he. The vagrant wretch, starved, houseless, and visited by the rudest blasts of heaven, enjoyed a greater blessing than himself. He turned from the window, for every object which presented itself to his roving eye spoke of liberty, and he alone was bereft of it. On examining the walls of his prison, he observed several inscriptions, but the writing was in general so defaced, as to render them almost illegible. In one place, however, he read the following lines :

Stranger!

Who'er thou art!

That visitest this melancholy abode,

This mansion of the dead,

Tread lightly, I beseech thee,

For thou treadest on the dust of the murdered:

Or

If thy fate be like mine,
 To be its tenant,
 The sun, which rose upon thee this morning,
 May be thy last:
 If thou be a sinner,
 Make thy peace with heaven,
 Thy days on earth now are not many,
 The day of retribution is at hand,
 Stranger !
 Beware !

The assassin comes in darkness;
 He deals the blow in secret.

The perusal of these lines tended not to allay the fears of Frederic, for his fate now stood revealed to him. He proceeded in his examination of the inscriptions, in hopes of extracting some information of the fate and name of the former tenant of his prison. Time had, however, defaced the major part of them, but on one side of the apartment, he read the following lines :

A maniac stray'd on the sea-beaten shore,
 Whilst the winds of the midnight surlily blew,
 His soul felt delight in the tempest's loud roar,
 And he bar'd his torn breast to the blast as it grew.

Around his chill'd limbs a bare remnant was thrown,
 His hand bore a staff from the oak he had torn,
 And oft from his breast broke a pitiful moan,
 As a vision of bliss o'er his fancy was borne.

Tho' wild o'er his head beat the spray of the wave,
 Tho' his feet were benumb'd by the snow of its foam,
 He felt not the cold in his rude rugged cave,
 For the rock was his bed, and the world was his home.

Tho' full on his brain broke the beam of the sun,
No shade would he seek in the heat of the day,
No plain would he tread, where the rivulets run,
To cool his hot thirst on his desolate way.

When full on the world shone the planet of night,
And high on the shore rose the white foaming wave,
Then dreadful, and bold was the maniac's might,
And loud was his cry, as he lay on a gravé.

At night to the woods would the maniac hie,
And deep in its covert recline him to rest,
But short was the sleep which e'er closed his eye,
As he dreamt of his babes, and in fancy was blest.

Then wak'ning all soon to distraction and grief,
His fabric of bliss soon vanished in air,
And no spot did he know to seek for relief,
From the thongs of the furies, and fiends of despair.

Commix'd, with the blast, and the roar of the wave,
He heard the wreck'd seaman imploring his aid,
But man was his foe, whom he wish'd not to save;
And he smil'd at the death which his hand could have stay'd.

He once had a home, and children, and wife,
And once he had bask'd in the sunshine of love,
His happiness rose in the morning of life,
And hope round his future, its blandishments wove.

The children he lov'd, were all laid in the tomb,
The love of a father was lost from his breast,
And wrung with the sense of his pitiless doom,
He roam'd from his home, the lov'd spot of his rest.

His wife by avillain was lur'd from her home,
'Gainst the scorn of the world she was left to contend,
A victim to sorrow, condemned to roam,
No bosom to rest on, no home of a friend.

The world was now lost from the maniac's view,
For to him was the world a wide desert and bare,
They were gone, who his path with each comfort could strew,
Who could join in his joys, or happiness share.

But whence is that sound which now strikes on his ear?
It comes from the happy abodes of the blest,
On clouds of effulgence his children appear,
And beckon their sire to the mansions of rest.

On a cliff rude and bare, the poor maniac stood,
Whilst the surges beneath him imperiously roll,
With an eye of distraction he gaz'd on the flood,
And he long'd for a grave, for the peace of his soul.

With the laugh of a fiend, and a wild-rolling eye,
The maniac plung'd from the cliff in the wave,
An angel of mercy look'd down from the sky,
And call'd on an angel of pity to save.

But over him roll'd the rough merciless surge,
The angel of death spread his wing o'er the wave,
The winds of the night were the maniac's dirge,
And a deep coral cave was the maniac's grave.

Frederic would have proceeded in his examination of the inscriptions, had he not been disturbed by the sound of a slow and heavy step along the apartment, through which he had passed on the preceding night, and the bolts of his prison door were soon after withdrawn. A meagre shrivell'd arm thrust a basket of provisons into the room, and the door was immediately closed. Frederic called on his unknown provider, but no answer was returned. He heard the different doors closed, and the heavy retiring steps of his

keeper. Thus debarred from all human society, beyond the reach of the aid and consolation of his friends, despair crept fast upon his heart, and death appeared to him like a friend to release him from his sorrows. Slowly and heavily the day passed with him—he had not dared to taste of the provisions, fearing the designs of his enemies—and weary and exhausted at the close of the day, he resigned himself to sleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Most wretched man, who hopes in long disguise,
To veil his deeds from mortal eyes,
Though all were silent else, the sounding air,
The conscious earth his footsteps shall declare ;
Th' Almighty oft in wisdom so provides,
The sin to punishment, the sinner guides,
Who, whilst he strives t'elude each watchful sight,
Unheeding brings his lurking guilt to light.

It was on the evening of the following day, on which Frederic was brought to the Castle, that Bonano, the fisherman was sitting mending his net before his hut situate a short distance from Stavelo. He had once been an inhabitant of the Castle, and a principal agent in many of the villainous deeds which had been perpetrated within its walls. In some respects he was a most glossy character—his cunning was boundless—his ability in a project of villainy was proverbial, and yet he had always conducted himself with so much address, that positive guilt could never be brought home to him. The occupation of a fisherman was in some measure a mere cloak to disguise his real mode of life, for his boat was often launched for a very different

purpose than that of fishing. About eight miles to the northward of his habitation was situate a monastery of Franciscans, and it being close to the water, Bonano was often employed to introduce at night those living commodities to the holy brotherhood, from the connexion of which, the world adjudged them pure and uncontaminated.

The love of riches was the predominant passion of Bonano, and though mean and squalid in his appearance, the report of the country was, that he had amassed considerable property, but still the wonder ran, how it could have been obtained by the precarious, and uncertain occupation of a fisherman. He was often absent from his hut for a considerable time, but then the report was, that he was gone to the opposite coast, where the fish were more plentiful, or that he was in one of the neighbouring towns disposing of his stock. Thus, though as rank a villain at heart as his neighbour Sazzano, he did not so openly expose his nature, and many deeds which were performed in secret by the former, were laid to the charge of the latter. Sazzano heeded not the opinion of the world, but suffered it to load him with whatever guilt it pleased—he did not think it worthy of a refutation. On the other hand, Bonano found it his interest to deceive the world—he could pray—and to behold him, the casual observer would denounce him a man of piety and sanctity. He could play the

hypocrite so well, that with some people he bore the character of a hard working man. He could, however, take the gold from the libertine, to bring the innocent virgin to his arms—and he could then feign a shew of virtue, and expose the designs against her, for the purpose of reaping a double reward. On the evening of which I am now speaking, he had almost finished his employment of mending his nets, when looking up, he saw a monk approaching his habitation, who not being of the Order of the Franciscans, he judged him to be a stranger in the country. In that part of the world, ay, and in other parts too, of which no mention shall be made, the garb of religion, though it often covers a villain, commands respect, and Bonano rose to meet him.

“Friend,” said the monk, “I am weary, grant me a resting-place in thy house.”

“It is but a sorry one,” Bonano answered, “but it will be honoured by your presence—have you far to travel?”

“I am employed on a work of goodness,” said the monk, “and therefore know not the end of my journey.”

“Be seated, holy father,” said Bonano. “I have a few fish still left in my boat—I will soon dress them for your supper—and should you not wish to travel further to-night, my hut is at your service.” Without waiting for a reply, Bonano went to his boat, and soon returned with a basket of fish.

Being seated at the table, the monk began to question Bonano respecting the country, but particularly about the Castle of Stavelo, and the disposition of its inhabitants. Bonano soon perceived that the monk was not attracted to his hut by chance, and as he knew that a person had been brought to the Castle on the preceding night, the idea occurred to him, that the monk might be in some degree interested in the fate of that person, and in his answers to all the questions of the monk, he was therefore, most strictly on his guard. Not that he was unwilling, provided any profit accrued to himself, of entering into any of the designs which the monk entertained, whether it were to effect the release of the confined person—or to remove him wholly from the world. A knowledge of an affair, however, he well knew sometimes pre-supposes a participation in it—whereas ignorance can never be injurious, for there is always a method of exposing your knowledge when you find it convenient, or conducive to your interest.

“Is it possible?” asked the monk, “to inspect the interior of the castle?”

“You may inspect the interior of the den of the lion,” Bonano answered, “but then it must be at the time when the animal is asleep, or is prowling for his food.”

“Are the inhabitants of the Castle of such violent dispositions?” asked the monk.

"It is only inhabited by one person," Bonano answered.

"By one only?" the monk asked, in an emphatic manner.

Bonano saw the snare which was laid for him, and answered—"I know of but one inhabitant—a traveller may now and then ask a lodging for the night, but I seldom knew him to return, for his welcome was never one of the most pleasing."

"Have you been lately in the Castle?" the monk inquired.

"I seldom visit it," Bonano answered. "I carry a few fish there now and then—but I have very little intercourse with its surly inhabitant."

"Have you not heard," asked the monk, "of any particular occurrence which has lately taken place at the Castle?"

"O yes," Bonano answered, "the battlements of the southern wing have lately given way—with the next storm they will fall to the ground."

"I mean," said the monk, "of any arrival of a traveller, or of a person of rank—or of any change whatever, in the society at the Castle."

Bonano appeared as if he was attempting to recollect any events which might have lately happened—then suddenly rousing himself, he said—"I do now remember—it must be about a week ago, that a person stopped one night at the Castle—but he left it as soon as day broke.

There is but one person now in the Castle to the best of my belief."

"Your life here must be a sorry one," said the monk.

"Custom has reconciled me to it," said Bonano, "and though I be poor, I have the satisfaction to think I gain my livelihood in an honest manner."

"Suppose," said the monk, "that an adequate reward were made to you—would you assist me in the investigation of certain circumstances which I have reason to believe have lately taken place at the Castle?"

"You astonish me much," said Bonano, "that any circumstances should have taken place there of which I am ignorant, living as I do in its immediate vicinity—but provided there be nothing criminal in your designs, and for that your holy cloth is to me a sufficient voucher—you may command me to any extent."

The monk now informed Bonano of certain intelligence which he had received, respecting a person of consequence having been conveyed to the Castle on the preceding night, and of his intention to effect his rescue.

"It will be no easy undertaking," said Bonano, "we have a very devil to deal with."

"He may be overcome by stratagem," said the monk, "and it is in that manner that I mean to effect my purpose. Here, take this purse, it is only an earnest of what you shall receive when

the business is completed. You say you have free access to the Castle."

"I am never denied admittance," said Bonano.

"I will remain concealed in your hut," said the monk, "and to-morrow, you shall repair to the Castle, and discover, if possible, the particular part of it in which the person is confined."

"He will ask me," said Bonano, "by what means I know that there is any person confined in the Castle?"

"Say it is the report of the country," said the monk "he will not deny the fact."

"Having gained that intelligence," said the monk, "we must then take our measures accordingly."

Bonano agreed to every thing which the monk proposed, and in the morning he set forwards on his expedition to the Castle—and on his way he pondered on the part which he was going to act. He had already received an ample recompence for his services, and was promised a still greater—but he knew a method by which his reward would far exceed that which he was promised, and he therefore determined to adopt it. He found Sazzano pacing the inner court of the Castle. "What brings you here?" he exclaimed, "I do not choose to be interrupted at your pleasure."

"Not if I bring you good intelligence?" Bonano asked.

"Has some murder then been committed in

the neighbourhood?" Sazzano asked—"or is some father driven mad upon the world, by the vices of his children?"

"Neither," Bonano replied, "but have you not got a troublesome companion here in the Castle?"

"Is that the good intelligence which you have to communicate?" Sazzano asked.

"No," Bonano replied—"but I can tell you that you are soon likely to be rid of him."

"I could have given you that information," said Sazzano.

"I doubt it not," said Bonano, in an ironical tone, "but there are various methods of disposing of a man."

"I thank you for that intelligence," said Sazzano, turning away from him.

"Ha! ha! ha! I must laugh," said Bonano, "when I think of the haul of fish which I made last night."

"What does your haul of fish concern me?" said Sazzano.

"I caught a fish," said Bonano, "of a most particular make and nature—one that was certainly sent from Rome to swallow you up, for disbelieving the infallibility of the Pope."

"Cease your nonsense," said Sazzano, "or leave the Castle—your presence is not wanted."

"Aye, but when I tell you," said Bonano, "that I last night caught a Count in the habit of a Carmelite monk."

"A Count!" exclaimed Sazzano, "what do you mean? are you come hither to play the fool with me?"

"Ha! ha! ha! the cowl I acknowledge," said Bonano, laughing, "to cover a multitude of sins, but that it should cover a Count, and he think to remain unknown, is indeed a ludicrous circumstance."

"Be brief and explain," said Sazzano, "or I will leave you to tread these barren courts by yourself."

"Among the many adventures in which I have been engaged," said Bonano, "I know no one in which I came off with greater disgrace than in that affair of Leopold Lindamore with the Count Villano. To murder the object of your revenge is a trifle—but to mistake your object, and shed the blood of another, against whom you have no cause of complaint, is what I call shooting at the hawk and killing the dove."

"But to your haul of fish," said Sazzano, discontentedly, "I have no time to waste in listening to trivial stories."

"On the failure of our plot against the Count," continued Bonano, "we all dispersed, and I conjectured that the Count had been a long time in possession of his beloved Anna Maria Orsini; you may therefore judge of my surprise, when last night, a Carmelite monk came to my hut, and I soon recognized him as the same Count Villano,

whom I had once been bribed to murder by Leopold Lindamore."

"It is as false as hell," exclaimed Sazzano—"Count Villano in the vicinity of Stavelo? come not to me with such a rhodomontade story."

"Know you his person?" Bonano asked.

"Should I not know the man?" Sazzano answered, "under whose roof I ——; but know you the business of this Carmelite Count?"

"What business do you think brought me hither," asked Bonano.

"To torment me with your fooleries," answered Sazzano, turning away from him.

A bird was in a net ensnar'd,
Asleep the fowler lay;
And when he woke—the fowler star'd,
His bird had flown away.

So sung Bonano, looking archly at Sazzano. "Farewell, old verjuice, look well to the bird in your cage."

"Stop," cried Sazzano.

Bonano however continued to sing—

The fowler saw his bird quite gay,
Free'd from his tyrant rule,
And as he hopp'd from spray to spray,
He twitter'd—O thou fool!

"Damnation," exclaimed Sazzano, irritated at the trifling manner of Bonano, "get to your Carmelite Count, and leave me to my own affairs."

"Have you any wine within," asked Bonano,

—"this talking is thirsty work—come, the Count will think me long."

Muttering to himself, Sazzano led Bonano into the Castle, and placing a bottle of wine upon the table, the miscreants began to lay their hellish plans. The conference lasted some time, and the measures which were to be adopted were finally agreed on. At their parting, Bonano said—"you shall be fully convinced by personal observation, that I am not mistaken in the person of Villano. Towards sun-set, I will row him under the Castle walls, under some pretext, and you can then take a full view of him."

"I will take care of Frederic to night," said Sazzano, "you may perhaps catch him in your nets to-morrow; but here, take this bundle, it contains part of his clothes—they will corroborate his death at Niolo. You will return with my share of the reward. How great will be the joy of Leopold to hear of Villano's death? you will be a most welcome messenger." Bonano rose to depart.

"You know the part which you have to act," said Sazzano.

"As well as my A, B, C," said Bonano—"you will have tough work."

"It is but a trifle," said Sazzano—"be assured Frederic dies to night—the same dagger will do for Villano;—haste—or your absence may give rise to some suspicions in the mind of Villano—I know him to be as keen as a hawk." The villains separated, each to perform his own part of a dreadful deed.

CHAPTER XIX.

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round an hideous form!
Howling amidst the midnight storn!
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt, to deeds accurs'd the mind!

THE fatigue which Frederic had lately suffered made his rest more sound, and the sun was shining full into his apartment when he awoke. Previously to his retiring to sleep, he had taken the precaution to place the chairs close to the door, that he might be alarmed were any one to attempt to enter the room during the night. When he awoke, he found every thing in the same position in which he had placed them, but his surprise knew no bounds when he discovered that the clothes, which he had worn on the preceding day had been taken away; and others substituted in their place. It was therefore now too evident, that some person, had gained admittance into his apartment, but by what means, set all conjecture at defiance. This circumstance excited in his breast the greatest alarm—he examined every part of the

room and the flooring most minutely, but no traces of any secret door could be discovered. He then considered what end his enemies could have in view by the exchange of dress—could he consider it as an act in which his personal comfort was consulted? it was too favourable a point of view in which to regard the action—could he view it as necessary, to the completion of the hostile designs against him? in what manner could so trifling a circumstance favour their accomplishment? the dispositions of the persons with whom he had to contend, made them not very scrupulous in their choice of means to execute their purposes. He knew too well that they were not accustomed to travel to the goal, by the circuitous route of prudence and circumspection, but that they dashed through every obstacle, which honour or virtue might throw in their way.

From whatever point of view therefore he regarded the subject, he could not discover any leading motive for the action, but he determined to refrain from sleeping on the following night, when perhaps he might obtain some clue to unravel the mystery, in which the affair was then enveloped. As the shades of night drew on, an uncommon depression weighed upon his spirits, and as he beheld the sun bending to the horizon, he felt as if he viewed his setting for the last time. He cast his eyes over the broad expanse of the ocean—it lay in majestic stillness, bright and glowing as

the mirror of virtue, ere it be sullied with a crime. The breath of a god of peace appeared to hover over the waters, and violence and contention to live on earth, solely in the breast of man. Whilst he was viewing the magnificent scene before him, he espied a small boat at a distance, and which appeared to be bending its course towards the Castle. On its nearer approach, he discovered it to contain but two persons—but judging it to be only a fishing-boat, he merely paid that cursory attention to it, which it is natural to bestow on any object, which presents itself to the eye of the captive. There was, however, something so marked and particular in the actions and gestures of one of the persons who was in the boat, that Frederic began to hope, that their presence in the vicinity of the Castle, had some other design than that of fishing. The looks of the person were also constantly directed to the Castle, and, as he thought, actually to the very window, at which he was standing. The hope now rose in his bosom, that the place of his captivity had been discovered by his friends, and that the necessary measures were in agitation for his deliverance. The boat continued to row before the Castle, and as no preparations were made by the persons for fishing, he was convinced, that its appearance at that particular spot, had some reference to himself. Under this persuasion, he waved his handkerchief from the window, and to his great joy, he saw the person

immediately rise in the boat, and throwing off a fisherman's coat, he thought he could discover in the person, the monk, from whom he had received the warning at Zurich. His dress was that of the Carmelites, and his make and exterior demeanor fully corresponded with those of his unknown monitor. The hat, however, which he wore as a disguise to conceal the baldness of his head, made it impossible for Frederic to take a just survey of his features, and the twilight which was then creeping fast upon the earth, rendered them still more indistinct. Joy, however, spread its influence over his heart, for he thought he saw his deliverer, and from the signs which the monk made, but which were unintelligible to Frederic, no doubt whatever rested on his mind, that some plan was in agitation for his release. On a sudden, he saw the monk hastily resume the fisherman's coat, and throw a net into the sea. From that moment, the eyes of the persons in the boat were never directed to his window, and he judged by their sudden motions, that they had been observed by the inhabitant of the Castle, and had thrown a net into the sea, with a view to deceive him as to their real designs. Darkness soon after hung heavy on the ocean, and the boat was lost from the view of Frederic. He now looked forward to the future with a heart more light and jocund, but still despair was always present with its chilling brood to point out the almost insuperable obstacles which presented themselves to his

release. The circumstance also of his apartment having been entered secretly on the preceding night, still hung heavy on his recollection, and he determined to abide by his original purpose of refraining from sleep. Nor did he feel an inclination to repose. His mind was racked with the most violent extremes of hope and fear—in fancy he saw himself again restored to his home—he felt again the affectionate embraces of his Adeline, and the welcome pressure of a father's hand.

How happy is man oft in prospect—he sees the rainbow of his happiness spread before him at a distance—he follows it with the cupidity of the miser after gold, but it flies before him, mocking his pursuit—and at the moment, when he thinks himself on the point of grasping it, it evanishes from his sight for ever.

The hour of midnight was passed—the silence of the grave was in the Castle of Stavelo. No eye of its inhabitant was yet closed in sleep. Sazzano sat in a solitary mood, and cursed his being. On the table before him lay his dagger—he eyed it, and thought on the deed that was to be done; a sudden gust swept round the Castle—he, trembling, looked behind him—he feared to see the forms of the murdered stalking in the distant gloom. The stillness of the night succeeded. He is now asleep, said the villain, taking the dagger from the table, it is but one more to the number already on my head—and who is there to

call me to an account for them, much less to punish me? A monk would tell me there is a place in another world, where sinners writhe in torments—well! let this console me, that I shall have all ranks of people to keep me company; but the night draws on apace—I must not trifle—it must be done this night—to-morrow I shall have the same game to play again—the blow once struck, and who will hear his groans? His body may rot where it is—and when these old walls fall together, his bones may perhaps be found. Should I then be living, I'll tell some monk they belong to a saint, and he will canonize them—and hoard them as a precious relic. Come, my old trusty friend, continued the wretch, looking at the point of his dagger, thou and I must to work again. It is now six years, I think, since thy point was stained with blood—but thou art still sharp enough. Let me drink one glass more—it is not courage of which I stand in need, to perpetrate the act. But I fear my arm will not have strength enough—I must strike home at once—no second blow—that is the act of a beardless boy—a mere apprentice in the trade of murder—if I be not quick, I shall lose my prey. Hark! what sound was that? I would not have a bat to stir abroad to-night. Now, all is still—perhaps he is dreaming of those he loves—some of them are perhaps in their graves—it will be mercy in me to send him to them—why do I hesitate? It is but baby work—a minute of my life—but in that minute what deed may not be

done—one glass more, and then —. What form is that gilding in yonder gloom—it bears a threatening aspect—pshaw, it was the mere phantasy of my brain—'tis gone—this is mere childish play—a few minutes more, and the work will be done. He took the lamp from the table—put the dagger in his girdle, and with a cautious step, mounted the stairs which led to the prison of Frederic.

The silence of the grave reigned in the Castle of Stavelo—the murderer stalked onwards to his prey.

Frederic was not dreaming of his lov'd ones, nor of those who were in the grave. Fear was imprinted on his pallid countenance, and as the midnight blast at times whistled shrilly through the apertures of his prison walls, an icy terror crept through all his veins, for he expected every moment to see his murderers start into his prison to deal the fatal blow. Yet, all was still—sorrow might have been woo'd in the lap of silence, and misery have forgotten its sufferings on the downy bosom of repose. There are moments in the life of man, when feeling is stretched to agony, and expectation, with its chilling power, freezes each source of action. In the approach of danger, the firmness of the soul of man is tried. What is that inane and trifling soul, which sees a danger hastening towards it with overwhelming power, and coolly suffers it to overtake it? it is the prerogative of the great and noble mind to meet the

danger—it is the quality of the weak one to await it.

The steps of the murderer broke the silence of the Castle of Stavelo—the sigh of his victim softened not his heart.

Overcome with grief, and lost in a painful anticipation of the future, Frederic paced his prison. He longed for the return of day, and often cast his eyes to the distant horizon, where, fringed with the silver radiance of the moon, the foaming wave rolled its giant form ; but no ray of day still shone to dissipate the gloom. In deep dejection he seated himself on his bed, and resting his head on his hand, he pondered on the instability of human happiness, the miseries and the woes of life. What was there now to attach him to the world, separated from every being in whom his heart took an interest—he would have welcom'd the 'stroke of death, to be re-united to those, who had already passed the dreaded bourne. On a sudden, lifting his head, his attention was attracted by a light, which shone through the pannels of one side of his prison, and at the same time he thought he heard a slow and apparently cautious footstep. He observed also that the light appeared only in one place, and round one particular pannel. This circumstance made him immediately conjecture, that the pannel might conceal a secret entrance into his prison, and he doubted not that it was by that method, that admittance had been gained on the preceding night. The light became more distinct,

and as hope is every busy in the heart of man, he fondly flattered himself that the monk had gained admittance into the Castle, and with the knowledge of the exact part of it in which his prison was situate, had now escaped the vigilance of the inhabitants, and was hastening to his relief; he now saw the pannel gently move, and a human face project through the opening--it was not the face of the monk--and conscious, that the visit of this unknown person, was attended with danger to him, he boldly rushed towards the pannel, and demanded the stranger's business. The light was immediately extinguished--the pannel was quickly closed again--and Frederic thought he heard the person retiring with a soft and cautious step--he tried the pannel, but it would not move, he therefore concluded, that it had a fastening on the other side. This circumstance filled him with the greatest alarm, but he determined as soon as day-light came, to investigate the place more minutely, and from the decayed state of the wood, some hope dawned in his breast, that he might easily break a passage and effect his escape. He listened for a time, if he could hear the sounds of steps in the adjoining room, but no sound returned again during the night. Unrefreshed by sleep, Frederic saw with joy the morning break. He looked first for the fisherman's boat, in hopes of again seeing the monk, but no object presented itself to attract his attention, and he proceeded to the investigation of the pannel.

What crime has he committed that he cannot sleep, said Sazzano, as he returned to the hall, I thought my steps were only heard by the bats which I frightened from their holes.--well ! let him live another day--it is but robbing the worms of their prey, for a few hours, it will be mercy in me to strike the blow when he is asleep--his passage then will be so easy to the other world ; but is he armed, that I should fear to rush upon him in the day ? It shall be done--he shall not see this night --but morning dawns already, let him enjoy the light--it will be for the last time--I'll now to bed awhile--my hands have not been wash'd in blood to-night, therefore, if monks say true, I shall sleep most soundly.

Thus communing with himself, Sazzano sought his rugged bed--the sun shone bright, and sleep had not yet visited his eyes--he was at war with himself, at enmity with the whole world--and each rebellious passion of his breast strove for dominion. He rose unrefreshed, and muttering each horrid imprecation on his fate, followed the pursuits of the day.

CHAPTER XX.

He is the headstrong slave
Of passions unsubdued; he feels no tie
Of kindly love or blood—provoke him not,
———It is nature's malady.

"WE must act with the greatest caution," said Bonano, to Count Villano, as they sat at breakfast, "you perceive how watchful the old villain is—I could not row you before the Castle, but he was instantly on the battlements to watch our motions—you have, however, chosen an excellent dress for your purpose—it will insure you success."

"By the account, however, which you have rendered to me," said Villano, "our task will not be an easy one."

"We shall then have the greater merit in the execution," said Bonano, "and from the information which I have extracted from him, our failure will depend upon our want of management and prudence."

"We shall then be able to effect his release to-night?" said Villano.

"Nothing shall be wanting on my part," said Bonano, "I know every nook and cranny in the old crazy building, from the rotten coffins of its former inhabitants, to the very summit of the battlement, where the rook builds its nest. I know the spot where the keys of the room are deposited, in which your friend is confined—I can guide you almost blind-folded to his room in the eastern turret."

"But should the villain in the Castle refuse me permission to sleep there to-night," Villano said, "then all our plans would be rendered abortive."

"Of that there is no fear," said Bonano, "your dress will gain you admission—he will not dare to refuse a night's lodging to a person of your holy calling."

"A villain of his description dare do any thing," said Villano, "he is, as it were, out of the pale of human laws, or relations."

"It is no uncommon sight," said Bonano, "to see a person of your holy brotherhood on his pilgrimage, and he well knows, that the luxuries of life are far beneath your consideration.—besides, I give you credit for some little invention—and you can relate to him a pitiful story of penance, or a commission of sacrilege, or of the seduction of a nun—he will believe it all, and look no further than your cowl and scapulary. You must, however, not heed his morose and churlish manner—were his mother to beg for bread of him, he would perhaps give it her, but

it would be accompanied with a curse. Precisely at midnight, I will enter the Castle by a ruin'd door in the southern wing, and under pretence of drinking a glass of wine with him, I will call at the Castle, and ascertain from him the particular apartment in which you sleep. He will no doubt relate to me the circumstance of a monk sleeping in the Castle, and with a pretended ignorance of every circumstance, he will inadvertently give me the information I require. Then precisely at midnight, I will give three taps at the door of your apartment, by which signal you will know it is your friend—but observe one precaution, do not speak---the faintest whisper may awaken the wretch."

"Then surely," said Villano, "we two should be a match for him."

"But you are not armed," said Bonano, "and he never reclines himself to sleep without a dagger under his pillow."

"But you must provide for our defence," said Villano. "I'll warrant you do not carry on your occupation without a sword or a pistol in your possession."

"True," said Bonano, who could scarcely endure the penetrating glances of the Count, "I can bring a trusty weapon with me."

"Has it been often tried?" asked Villano.

"Several times," Bonano answered, "in self-defence, but never as the aggressor---we fishermen are subject to various attacks; but to the point---you must keep yourself well concealed during

the day, for the villain sometimes prowls abroad, and were he to see you in the vicinity of the Castle, some suspicions detrimental to our views, might arise in his mind."

"The guilty are ever prone to suspicion," said Villano.

"I shall follow my usual labour during the day," said Bonano—"and should I not return to you, expect me at twelve at night at the Castle; when you hear three taps at the door, you may be then certain that all is right—remember, however, my injunction—do not speak until we have gained the outside of the Castle—be sure you do not fall asleep."

"Fear not that," said Villano, "I shall be too anxious to execute my project, to think of sleeping."

"I shall now launch my boat," said Bonano, "and fish until the evening—you require no more of my assistance."

"Be punctual to the hour," said Villano.

"I will not fail," said Bonano—"do not be seen in the vicinity of the Castle—farewell, we soon shall meet again."

"Farewell," said Villano, and Bonano departed.

Villano saw him launch his boat, and row away in an opposite direction to the Castle; he closed the door of the hut, and sat in deep reflection on the execution of his dangerous enterprise.

Villano had a shrewd and penetrating head—his enlarged intercourse with the world had instilled into his mind no very favorable opinion of

his race, and regarding man in the abstract—he looked for more vices than virtues. He saw that man only practised the latter to secure his interest, and neglected them immediately when they ran counter to it. He considered the professions of a man to be like the foam of a wave—evanescent and unsubstantial—and that it was in action alone in which one man could maintain his superiority over another. By his external demeanor, and the simplicity of his manners, the artful villain might have considered him as an easy prey, but it was by that apparent shallowness, that the villain was often prompted to reveal his designs, and Villano then knew the secret manner to circumvent them. There was something too mysterious in the actions of Bonano, not to excite the suspicions of Villano; he had also a faint recollection of having seen his person elsewhere, but he could not exactly fix upon the time nor place. He had from a secret motive, which he could not explain to himself, refrained from telling Bonano, that he always carried a dagger concealed in his bosom—for by the manner in which he had been persecuted by Leopold Lindamore, he knew not how soon he might have to act in his own defence, and perhaps on this very night, he might find it useful to him in the rescue of Frederic.

The sun was now sunk below the horizon. Villano took his staff, and set forward towards the Castle. He knocked loudly at the gate—

the noise reverberated along the passages, and all again was silent. He repeated the knocking—a hoarse voice from a small window above the gate, demanded the cause of the knocking.

“A poor Carmelite,” said Villano, “has lost his way, and begs a lodging for the night.”

“I have no lodgings for Carmelites,” answered Sazzano, “nor for any other monks.”

“The night promises to be stormy,” said Villano, “give me but shelter—I require no bed.”

“Whither are you travelling?” asked Sazzano, “and I will shew you the road.”

“To the monastery of Veluzzi,” answered Villano, “and I am weary with my day’s journey, let me rest only for a few hours.”

“Seat yourself on that stone,” said Sazzano.

“Give me then a draught of water,” said Villano.

“There’s more water in that ditch,” said Sazzano, “than will quench your thirst.”

“I am faint and hungry,” said Villano.

“About a league to the northward is a goat-herd’s hut,” said Sazzano, “he will give you milk and bread—I have neither.”

“Money I have none,” said Villano, “but I have a jewel which I am bearing as a present to our holy brotherhood—I will give it you for a night’s lodging.”

“You might have saved both yourself and me a great many words,” said Sazzano, “had you

mentioned that circumstance before—I will be with you instantly.”

In a short time Villano heard the bolt of the gate undrawn, and a sudden paleness came over his countenance, when the gate was opened. He saw before him, the very villain, from whose hand he had once wrested the dagger, which was intended for his heart—he knew him to be one of the most desperate and villainous agents of Leopold Lindamore, and his surprise was great, that, under the roof of so consummate a villain, the life of Frederic had been spared so long. On the other hand, a ghastly smile sat upon the countenance of Sazzano—it was not the smile of welcome of the honest heart to the benighted traveller—it was not the smile of pleasure of the recluse, who rejoices to hear the voice of man in his solitary abode, but it was the smile of hellish joy, when the villain sees his victim in his power.

“Enter, holy man,” said Sazzano, “my fare is coarse, but such as it is, you are welcome to it.”

“I require only rest for my limbs,” said the monk, “my scrip will supply me with the little food which I require.”

Sazzano conducted Villano into the hall, and as he followed the hardy reprobate, he almost involuntarily put his hand in his bosom—with his dagger to lay the villain prostrate at his feet. Was that motion prompted by his guardian

spirit? was it the inspiration of the dread power of retribution? was it the power of mercy which staid his arm?

The hall was rapt in the gloom of the twilight hour—fancy might have formed some dreadful object, and fear converted it into reality. From the rafters of the arched roof, still hung in tatters, the banners of the hardy warriors—they rustled with the gust sweeping through the hall, and imagination bodied the fitting forms of the dead. Sazzano opened a small door at the extremity of the hall, and a winding stair-case presented itself to the view of Villano—still he followed his guide, for fear was never an inmate of his breast.

"Take care that step is broken," said Sazzano, as they ascended the stair-case.

"This is a most solitary place," said Villano, "you do not live here alone?"

"I am never in want of company," replied Sazzano, "the owls and the bats are my companions, I like their screeches better than the voice of man."

"He must have injured you deeply," said Villano, "to make you hate him so."

"I perhaps have injured him," said Sazzano, "this way, we shall soon be at your resting chamber." They now passed through a long passage, at the end of which, a door was open—"here you can rest," said Sazzano, "you will not find your bed a soft one."

"It will satisfy me," said Villano, "I would set out early on my journey."

"With day-break, if you please," said Sazzano, "but the jewel."

"True," said Villano, and he immediately delivered to him the casket in which it was contained.

On Sazzano taking it, a particular circumstance struck Villano, which was, that Sazzano had lost the two fore fingers of his right hand. He did not deem it, however, worthy of much notice, and Sazzano wishing him a sound repose, closed the door, and left him to his own reflections. The first idea which occurred to him was, whether Sazzano had recognized him. The disguise which he wore spoke against it, nor was there any thing in the manner of Sazzano to favour it; he determined, however, not to sleep, and repaired to the window, to obtain, if possible, some idea of the particular part of the Castle, in which his apartment was situate. He knew that the chamber in which Frederic was confined fronted the east, but a view from the window soon convinced him, that he was in the opposite part of the Castle, for he saw the last blush of day trembling on the horizon. He could easily account for Sazzano placing himself in that part of the Castle, as it was most natural from the circumstance of a person being confined in it, that any stranger sleeping there, would be placed at the greatest distance from that part in which the person was imprisoned. Every object was

in a little time wrapt in darkness, and with an anxious heart Villano awaited the hour of midnight. He several times opened the door to listen for the sound of steps, but a dreary silence reigned in the Castle ; at one time he thought he heard the sound of voices under his window, and gently opening it, he found that he was not deceived. The darkness of the night prevented him, however, from ascertaining the features of the persons, and the distance was too great to hear their conversation. He however once distinctly heard the word Niolo, and shortly afterwards, the persons separated. A dreadful suspicion now arose in his mind, that these persons might be Bonano and Sazzano ; and were that suspicion just, he could not but look upon himself as a victim to their confederate villainy.

The hour of midnight was now fast approaching, and the heart of Villano beat with all the intensity of expectation. He listened—the sound of steps approaching was distinctly heard and the person appeared to step in the most cautious manner. He determined however to abide minutely by the instructions which Bonano had given him, and not to leave his apartment until the signal was given. The person was now opposite the door ; three taps were given—Villano left the apartment. “ Is all right,” he asked, forgetting the injunction of Bonano. “ Yes, follow me,” was the answer. The voice, though the words were spoken in a whisper, appeared to

be hoarser than that of Bonano, he grasped the person by the hand, as if to lead him in his way—it was the hand of Sazzano, for it had only two fingers. The certainty of his being betrayed flashed upon him—deliberation now were a crime, for promptitude of action alone could save him; on the present moment perhaps hung the life not only of himself but of Frederic—in an instant his dagger was deep in the heart of Sazzano—with a loud shriek the villain fell to the ground—his dying groans broke the silence of the scene, and muttering his curses, he expired. Thus died Sazzano, the atheist, in the gloomy Castle of Stavelo.

In the terror of darkness and of the dead, Villano stood pondering on the deed which he had done. He held the murderous instrument in his hand—the blood of his victim was still dropping from it—the paleness of his features was shrouded in the darkness of the night—he knew not whither to bend his steps—he was ignorant of the intricate and winding passages of the Castle—and the deed which he had just committed, tended to confuse the recollection of the way by which Sazzano had conducted him to his apartment. He feared at every step some accomplice of the villain, whom he had killed, might start from his hiding place, and deal the retaliating blow. Slowly he paced along the passage, and at the extremity a light from a small aperture in the

wall, shewed him the winding stair-case, which he remembered to have ascended with Sazzano. Ere he ventured to descend, he listened for any noise in the lower part of the Castle, but all was still. Having reached the foot of the stair-case, he saw at a distance the glimmering of a light, and as he approached it, he discovered it to proceed from the lamp of Sazzano, which was still burning in the hall. No noise still told him that there was a being in the Castle but himself; the faint light of the expiring lamp threw a gloomy horror over the vast extent of the hall, and imagination might have conjured up the phantoms of the dead, stalking amongst the ruined pillars—for

In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believed,
Descending spirits have convers'd with men,
And told the secrets of a world unknown.

He now determined to hasten to the relief of Frederic, and taking the lamp from the table he proceeded to that part of the Castle, in which he knew the apartment in which Frederic was confined to be situate. He wandered about the Castle for some time, until he at last came to a door, which was strongly barred and bolted, and he had no doubt, from its situation, that it was the prison of Frederic. He knocked at the door, and called him by his name, but no answer was returned; he may perhaps be asleep,

he said, and he repeated the knocking—all was still within. A dreadful idea now rushed upon his mind. There was no doubt, that his plans for the release of Frederic had been betrayed by Bonano—and might not Sazzano, to prevent his liberation, have murdered him? He withdrew the bolts—but to his mortification the door was locked. He remembered, however, to have seen a bunch of keys hanging in the hall, and not doubting that he should find among them, the particular key of the door, he returned to the hall, and having obtained the keys, he hastened with an anxious heart, to convince himself of the fate of Frederic. The key of the door was amongst them—he opened it; it was, indeed, the prison of Frederic—but he was not there. On the table stood the remnant of his food—on the bed were some of his clothes—and near his pillow lay his prayer book. The fate of Frederic stood plainly revealed to him, and collecting every thing which belonged to him, he left the room with a sorrowful heart. He pervaded the Castle in every part—no signs of Frederic appeared; immersed in grief, he left this spot of desolation, and having closed the outer gate of the Castle, he bent his steps towards the hut of Bonano. Here he found no signs of a living being—the door was locked, nor was his boat on the beach. The morning dawn saw Villano on the road to the convent of the Grey Sisters, situate in the valley of Cambrera.

CHAPTER XXI.

The days of life are sisters, all alike,
None just the same, which serve to fool us on,
Though blasted hopes, with change of fallacy
While joy is like to-morrow, still to come,
Nor ends the fruitless chase, but in the grave.

WHILST Frederic was languishing in the Castle of Stavelo, Niolo became the scene of strange and extraordinary events. Adeline was sitting in anxious expectation of the return of Rosenheim, when the governess burst into the room, exclaiming—"An ill-bred fellow!—to leave the Castle without paying that respect to us which is our due—aye, aye—it is not all gold that glitters in this world—many a rook struts about in peacock's feathers—what strange deception there is in some people."

"Of whom are you speaking?" Adeline asked.

"Of Rosenheim?" the governess answered ;
"I saw him just now run from the Castle, as if a hundred hobgoblins were pursuing him, and he looked as wild and flurried as if he had committed a murder."

"Did you not accost him?" Adeline asked.

"I had not time," answered the governess, "he was here and gone in a moment—if he had borrowed a pair of wings from an angel, he could not have made a more precipitate retreat."

"Do you know the cause of his sudden departure?" Adeline asked.

"No," replied the governess, "but I am certain he cannot give a good reason for it."

"Why do you judge so harshly of him?" Adeline said, "being ignorant of the motives of his actions—have you questioned Rupert?"

"I have not seen him," replied the governess, "since his conversation with Rosenheim."

"Then," said Adeline, "before you condemned Rosenheim so severely, you should have interrogated Rupert, and he might have explained to you the cause of Rosenheim's conduct."

"True," said the governess, "but I was so flurried by the singularity of his conduct, that it never occurred to me to question Rupert on the subject, but I will go to him this instant, and I fear that you will find my words verified, that we have been taking a viper to our bosom."

"I trust not," said Adeline, "but haste and return soon."

The governess departed, and Adeline began to reflect with a mixed emotion of regret and tenderness, on the apparently rude and singular conduct of Rosenheim—she could not wholly

acquit him, yet in her heart, he found a warm and steady advocate. She could not but conceive him actuated by a just and honorable motive, nor could she wrong

Virtue so try'd—by the least shade of doubt

Undue suspicion is more abject baseness

Even than the guilt suspected.

Still in reference to herself, how did Rosenheim appear—he had promised to return—he had promised to see her again before his departure—what then could have happened to induce him to break those promises, and to leave the Castle in so hasty and abrupt a manner? There was no information, which the Seneschal could have imparted to him, that could have prompted him to that step, which necessarily laid him open to suspicion. She now longed ardently for the return of the governess, for hope animated her heart, that some good cause might be adduced to exonerate Rosenheim from every imputation of rudeness or guilt.

O love! thou yet undefined passion of the human heart—wonderful art thou in thy effects. Thou givest a new character to the soul—thou impresses on it a stamp of mildness and humanity. Thou art the sovereign of the empire of imagination—it is there thou reignest without controul—it is there thou formest, around thee a creation of thy own. Thou art the first move-

ment of a pure and tender soul, whilst man, by his other passions, is concentrated in himself—thou doubtest his existence in another's being—by thee, the torch of personal interest is extinguished, and individual happiness increased by being reflected from another.

In the breast of the governess glowed the dark flame of resentment. The scene behind the arras was still fresh in her recollection, and she willingly seized the first opportunity of revenging herself on the discoverer of her shame.

"Rupert can give me no information about him," said the governess, as she burst into the room—"he promised Rupert to return."

"Then I doubt not," said Adeline, interrupting her, "that we shall see him again."

"I am sorry for your credulity," said the governess—"we indeed may see him again, but I fear it will be to our cost—O what specious characters there are in this world."

"It is wrong in us, however," said Adeline, "to condemn him with so much rigour, until we have heard what he has to say in his defence."

"Defence!" exclaimed the governess, "why I'll be bound for it that he will invent the most plausible story imaginable to deceive us. I am now fully convinced, that he is one of the gang who attacked us in the mountains—or do you not suppose, if he had been willing, that he might have discovered the track, by which they carried

your father away ? He is nothing but a vile impostor—a serpent—a very vagabond.”

The governess having completed this climax, looked to Adeline for a corroboration of her sentiments, but Adeline sat with her head resting upon her hand, and her thoughts appeared to be wandering far beyond the sphere in which she then existed. Were the pure and warm emotions of her heart thus to be chilled in their first budding ? She had hoped to find in Rosenheim, a protector and a friend. The spirit of the future had withdrawn the veil, and had shewn her scenes of happiness and bliss. In all those scenes, Rosenheim stood the prominent figure—and where he was not, all was dark and dreary.

“The Castle gates shall be closed immediately,” continued the governess, “he may perhaps have his accomplices in the neighbourhood.”

“To-morrow,” said Adeline, “will most probably decide the matter. I shall see his sister, and she will without doubt be able to give me some information about him.”

“What strange fancy,” said the governess, “is now working on your brain ? do you suppose that you will be able to extract any information from her ? did you ever know a sister criminate a brother ?—for ought we know, she may be in league with him.”

Adeline had now an opportunity of speaking with a becoming spirit to the officious and loquacious governess, for she had now altered her

mode of attack, and had calumniated her most early and favourite friend. Not but that she felt herself more aggrieved by the calumnies which had been thrown out against Rosenheim—but she feared to expose the situation of her heart, and especially under the circumstances in which affairs then stood; she rose from her chair, and with an air of dignity, told the governess—"that whatever might be her opinion of Adolphus Rosenheim, and for the truth of which opinion, she had but one bare suspicion to bear her out, she considered it highly indecorous and unhand-some in her, to throw out any insinuation derogatory to the character of his sister—which was universally known to be pure and immaculate."

This rebuke in some measure stopped the torrent of the governess's invective against Rosenheim, and in a short time, the Castle gates were closed, and the family retired to rest.

There was, however, one person in the Castle who was more at a loss to account for the conduct of Rosenheim, than either Adeline or the governess—and this person was Rupert. In regard to the answers which he had given to the governess to her inquiries about Rosenheim, his only design was to mislead her, knowing the particular source from which her questions sprung. The hairs of Rupert had not been blanched in vain—and if in the course of his life, he had not attained to a knowledge of himself, he

had yet in some measure obtained a knowledge of woman ; (be it understood, en passant, that it was a mere moral knowledge—for Deborah has unequivocally declared, that in regard to any other knowledge, she for her own part could declare, that he was as ignorant as Adam, ere Eve was born.) He had however discovered, that the main spring in the mechanism of the female heart, was a crooked thing, called curiosity, and that it was in everlasting motion, whether the end desired were good or bad. It was true indeed, that he knew nothing of Rosenheim, for until the governess had informed him that Rosenheim had left the Castle, he was completely ignorant of it, but supposed him to be still in the vaults. There were, indeed, many circumstances to which he was privy, the communication of which would have been highly gratifying to the governess. The visit of Rosenheim to the vault would have incessantly employed her curiosity, and to attain to a knowledge of his design, it were a query if she would not have concealed herself behind the coffins, or even into one, if it could have conveniently taken place, for in one respect she was certainly safe from discovery, the dead having no occasion for coats of mail. It was, indeed, owing to the uncommon high pitch to which her curiosity was excited, that she had discovered the sudden departure of Rosenheim from the Castle, she being as he passed by her, on the point of applying her

ear to the door of the room, in which she supposed that Rosenheim and Rupert were conversing. Now Rupert had two reasons for withholding the circumstance of Rosenheim's visit to the vault, and it were to be wished that every one could give two substantial reasons for their actions, for some cannot even give one. In the first instance, Rupert was restrained by prudence, the most weighty of all reasons which a man can give for an action—and in the second instance, he was restrained by a certain modicum of fear, which may be considered as a bastard twig from the stunted tree of caution; for, had he inherited the volubility of tongue of his mother, and had given the governess a full and concise history of the late motions of Rosenheim, there could be no doubt, that as his sudden departure must have arisen from something which he had either seen, heard or felt in the vault, the governess would insist upon him accompanying her to ascertain the truth, and at that hour of the night, such a perambulation by no means agreed with the idea which the Seneschal entertained of personal safety, and although he himself ardently longed for an elucidation of the conduct of Rosenheim, yet he thought it could be obtained with greater facility and satisfaction to himself, when all the spirits which in general take advantage of darkness to play their pranks in vaults and tombs, and arched passages, would be driven to their resting places by the beams of

the sun. Besides, in arguing the matter closely with himself, he did not consider that any positive good could accrue to him by visiting the vault that night, for he drew a most natural conclusion, that the same causes which existed at midnight, would also exist in the morning. In this conclusion the worthy Seneschal did in no instance belie his nature. Man argues not in general from an impartial view of things, but he places all those circumstances which he desires or wishes, in full array before him, without confronting them with any of those unpleasant objects, which stand ready to present themselves, and which demonstrate a certainty of failure and disappointment. Thus so many of the schemes of man prove abortive. Impelled by a sanguine temperament, he will not look to those objects, which must inevitably frustrate his designs, nor will he believe in their reality, until they burst by force upon him, and his want of foresight and of prudence then stands revealed to him.

In this manner, the Seneschal argued the case before him, and he will find ere long, that it is the supremacy of folly to leave that to be performed in the morning, which could have been executed on the preceding night.

Adeline is locked in sleep—the visions of her former bliss are hovering o'er her couch—the dark web of her future fate is weaving by an invisible hand—and will, alas! be too soon accomplished. The governess is, perhaps, dreaming

of falling coats of mail, and her own unlucky exposure. The loud snoring of Rupert tells, that he is safely locked in the arms of Morpheus, but there are those, who, under the cover of the night, prowl the earth to prosecute their deeds of guilt—and scatter misery on their baneful path.

Rosenheim had gained some distance from the Castle ere he stopped to ponder on his actions, or to recover himself from the impression of terror, which his visit to the vault had occasioned. Such strange occurrences had so lately crowded upon him, that his mind was unsettled and confused. He had promised Adeline to return to her—what must be then her opinion of him, when she heard, that he had left the Castle, and in a manner so precipitate? He would have returned to exonerate himself from the suspicion of an unfeeling or unhandsome act, but the night was now far advanced—he saw the lights moving in the upper apartments of the Castle, and therefore judged that the family were retiring to rest. A sudden thought, however, struck him—would not Rupert look for him in the vault, and thus become acquainted with the dreadful secret which it contained? Under this impression, he determined to return to the Castle, and should Adeline have retired to rest, he might seize the favourable opportunity of conversing privately with Rupert on the critical state of the affairs in the Castle. To his great disappointment, however, he found

the gates of the Castle closed, and being unwilling to disturb the family, he struck into a path which led to the north side of the Castle. His mind was too distracted to admit a thought of sleep, for his fancy pictured his beloved Adeline surrounded by the most imminent dangers, and scarcely a friend to defend her. Ignorant of the country, and lost in the most deep and painful reflection, he strolled along, careless whither the road conducted him. That a tissue of dreadful actions had been woven in the Castle, did not, in his opinion, admit of a doubt; and although from a private conversation with the abbess, he entertained a strong suspicion of the perpetrators, yet every thing bore an appearance so contradictory, and no circumstance having yet appeared to corroborate the suspicions which had been excited in his mind, that he was at a loss how to proceed without inflicting a severe wound on the feelings of those, who were most materially concerned. Thus pondering with himself, he found himself unexpectedly in the vicinity of the monastery of Arenheim, and being ignorant of its rules, he determined to apply for admittance. His attention was, however, suddenly arrested by the noise of voices, which appeared to approach the spot where he was standing, and the quickness of their pace declared their business to be of an urgent nature. He resolved to shelter himself in some thick underwood, with which the sides of the path were there oppor-

tunely bordered, and which would completely conceal him from the observation of the strangers. The darkness of the night also favoured his design, and as the party approached the spot of his concealment, he discovered it to consist of two persons in close and deep conversation. He wished to obtain a view of their features, but the darkness prevented him. Their discourse was, however, distinctly heard by Rosenheim, as they passed the spot, and one of the party said, "that point being gained, Adeline then is mine."

"Assuredly," was the answer, "she shall be your's."

"And also," said the first person, "a certain proportion of the estate?"

"Agreed," the other replied, "or its equivalent in money."

"You expect the messenger with the tidings of his death to-morrow," said the first speaker.

"By my calculation," the other replied, "he must be here to-morrow, and then ——"

Rosenheim could hear no more—but he had heard sufficient to rouse all the passions of his nature. Who was this Adeline of whom they were speaking? It could be no other than Adeline Lindamore, and who were they that had the disposal of her hand, and to whom was she to be sacrificed, like a lamb before its merciless butchers? These were questions which it was impossible for Rosenheim to answer, but the solution of which he most ardently desired and

dreaded. He crept from his concealment, and followed these terrible arbiters of his fate, until he saw them enter a small ruinous building, and closing the door after them, they were lost from his view.

With intense anxiety, Rosenheim awaited their return, but an hour elapsed, and still they came not. Day was now breaking in the east, and warned him to retire, for were he discovered in the neighbourhood of the building, he might be treated as a spy upon their actions, and those steps might be taken against him, which would necessarily prevent him from adopting those measures which would frustrate any sinister intention they might entertain against Adeline. He, however, paid particular attention to the site of the building, and he resolved at some future time to visit it, and were it inhabited, of which he at that time entertained no doubt, to gain from the tenants that information of the character and station of the strangers, which would lead to a discovery of their designs. On a full review of the late occurrences, he could not but consider his departure from the Castle as an interposition of providence, by which he was selected as the instrument to render a work of villainy abortive, and to save Adeline from the nefarious designs of her enemies. He was, however, fully aware of the desperate characters with whom he had to contend, and single handed as he was, he entertained but a faint hope of

being victorious. He considered that the disposal of Adeline's hand without her knowledge or consent, was one of the events which was to spring from the late circumstances which had taken place in the family, but by whom those circumstances were occasioned, or who was the person who was particularly to benefit from their fulfilment, set all his powers of conjecture at defiance. The only person to whom he could apply in this exigency, or to whom he could look for advice or assistance, was the abbess of St. Roch, and he determined therefore to repair instantly to the convent, and to impart to her the discovery which he had made of the plot against Adeline, and to devise those means which would ensure her safety. On his way to the convent he was obliged to pass within a short distance of the Castle, and it is most certain, that of all the things in nature, a lover's brain teems with the most heterogenous and discordant matter. It must be on this principle, that the hope of Rosenheim was founded—that were he to pass close to the Castle, he might catch a glimpse of his Adeline, for it was not beyond the range of possibility, that she might have left her bed to — see the sun rise. As for the probability of the case, it is beneath the notice of a lover to consult such a cold-blooded principle, and Rosenheim therefore, belonging to that frantic part of the human species, was fully persuaded that he should see Adeline standing at her window. He was now

within a short distance of the Castle, and how boundless was his rapture, when casting his eyes to the windows, in which on the preceding night he had seen the lights, he beheld a female, in all the bewitching negligee of the bed chamber. For a few minutes, Rosenheim stopped to view the lovely object, for the knight of the woful countenance was not more convinced that the windmills were giants, than Rosenheim was that the object on which his enraptured eyes were then resting was his beloved Adeline. The historian and the lover differ in this respect; that the former, when he has no positive data on which to found his opinion of the origin and rise of actions, and events, always looks to the probability of the cases, and thence draws his conclusions, for where certainty ends, there probability begins. As an historian, I am certainly bound to adduce some reason for the governess having left her bed at that early hour of the day, and plant herself at the window, subject to the rude gaze of every passing stranger; but as the sanctuary of her slumbers had never yet been invaded by the intrusive step of man, at least as far as her own assertion may be taken, to tell the secrets of its charming tenant, I am necessarily obliged to dismiss all certainty from my view, and adopt the most probable case, which could have actuated the governess to such a singular step. I may be pardoned the following anachronism, but I will suppose that the principles of the late Lord Mon-

boddo, may have extended to the mountains of Switzerland, and that the governess may have either read, or heard, that one of the penacea recommended by his lordship is an air bath, which consists in perambulating the bed room *in statu naturæ*, and enabling the pores to imbibe the necessary portion of carbon and hydrogen, by the friction of the flesh-brush. Now, whether the governess had risen for the purpose of taking this air bath, and was in the act of applying the flesh brush at the window, is at present involved in doubt; but I shall merely state, that if her departure from her bed were not performed in a precipitate manner, her return to it was as quick and sudden, as if she had seen some rude and boorish clown surveying the profuseness of her charms—and there is no doubt as the sequel will testify, that casting her eyes to a certain quarter, she there beheld the love-struck Rosenheim in mute contemplation of the beauties, which were so lavishly spread before him. When resentment once takes place in the breast of a woman, the breath of a child is sufficient to blow it into a Vesuvian flame. There certainly could be no blame attached to Rosenheim, for no one but a lover would have ever thought of seeing a female at a window at that early hour; but the governess construed it into a species of insult, for she considered that it would only have been decorous and handsome in him to retire immediately on discovering her at the window, and especi-

ally as she was not attired to meet the gaze of a young and sturdy youth; instead of which, he stood with all the effrontery of a confirmed libertine, and shot his bold glances upon her form, with such an unparalleled freedom and impudence, that she was necessitated to retire to bed, suffused with blushes, and without having completed the design for which she left it—and what was that design? Ignoramus.

How often is the happiness of man founded on error. Rosenheim fondly persuaded himself that he had seen his Adeline, but at the same time he feared from the precipitate manner in which she withdrew from the window, that he might have incurred her displeasure, and yet there could be no intentional offence on his part, and he had no doubt, on a proper explanation being given, to stand exonerated from any premeditated insult.

Thus buoyed with hope, Rosenheim continued his route to the convent, and as soon as the matins were over, he was admitted to the presence of the abbess. Her penetrating eye soon discovered the wound which the heart of Rosenheim had received, but she was not one of those stiff-neck'd prudish women, who, from some particular reason, pretend to feel a great dislike at the very mention of love, but whether that aversion to it proceeds from having tasted of its sweets to satiety, or never having tasted of them at all, is a problem not easily solved.

The conference of Rosenheim with the abbess

lasted for a considerable time, and at the close, it was determined, that until the fate of her father were ascertained, Adeline should be invited to the convent, and Rosenheim was dispatched to inform her, that the necessary steps would be immediately taken for her reception, and that she should be regarded in the convent as a visitor, and not subject to any of its laws and regulations. Still her removal to the convent was to depend upon her own inclination, and it was to be reserved to the abbess to communicate to Adeline the discovery which Rosenheim had made, whenever she saw that her mind was in that composed and tranquil state to receive intelligence of such a disastrous nature. With a joyful heart, Rosenheim set forward on his mission, for the idea of knowing Adeline in safety, expelled every other consideration from his mind, and that end being accomplished, he then determined to lose no time in ascertaining the fate of Adeline's father.

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The inhabitants of the Castle were not
 stirring, and to divert her mind for a short
 she took a book, which Rosenheim
 brought from Zurich, and read the following
 poem: —

Across the gates the chains were hung,
 With shouts of joy, the Castle rung,
 The sword was drawn, the bow was strong,

In mail the warriors stood;

On Morn's tower, in northern land,
 And brav'd the foe from Flemish strand;
 A bold, and daring patriot band,

Borne on the roaring flood —

De Courcy shone in proud array,
 Eager to meet the hostile fray.

His hopes to stem Duke Albert's sway,

And save his country's fame;
 For well De Courcy knew to guide

The marshall'd host, the battle tide;

For him his country gave with pride,

The patriot's honor'd name.

When the night was dark, the wind was cold,
 The hollow peal the thunder roll'd,

CHAPTER XXII.

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted—
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint—
Be secret false.

THE sun was shining full into the apartment of Adeline when she awoke from a disturbed and unrefreshing repose. Events of a nature so afflicting and unaccountable had lately crowded on her mind, that her rest was broken by terrific dreams. She saw her father writhing under the hands of the murderer—she saw him with uplifted hands calling on her to save him—shapes of terrific men stalked before her with threatening gesture, and as they passed, each at her heart aimed the deadly blow. And when she awoke, and a dread reality stood before her—when she beheld herself thrown on the ocean of life without a pilot to guide her through its dangers, her heart was overwhelmed with the most painful feelings. Where was now her father? was he a sainted spirit? and was she an orphan in the world, surrounded by enemies, of the extent of whose designs she was ignorant, and to which she might ere long fall a victim? One gleam of

consolation however broke upon her clouded mind. If any credit were to be attached to the report of Rosenheim, she was on that day to be sent for to the convent, where under the maternal care of the abbess she might in some degree regain her serenity, and, why should it be concealed? where she hoped she should obtain from Rosenheim's sister a full elucidation of his conduct. The inhabitants of the Castle were not yet stirring, and to divert her mind for a short time, she took a book, which Rosenheim brought from Zurich, and read the following fragment: —

Across the gates the chains were hung,
 With shouts of joy, the Castle rung,
 The sword was drawn, the bow was strong,
 In mail the warriors stood;
 On Morn's tower, in northern land,
 And brav'd the foe from Flemish strand,
 A bold, and daring patriot band,
 Borne on the roaring flood——
 De Courcy stood in proud array,
 Eager to meet the hostile fray.
 In hopes to stem Duke Albert's sway,
 And save his country's fame;
 For well De Courcy knew to guide
 The marshall'd host, the battle tide;
 To him his country gave with pride,
 The patriot's honor'd name.

The night was dark, the wind was cold,
 In hollow peals the thunder roll'd,

And dreary were the heath and wold

De Courcy had to cross,

Devoid of fear, by love inspir'd,

By keen revenge and anger fir'd,

For beauteous Margaret's loss :

De Courcy rode o'er moor and heath,

O'er hill and plain, and snowy wreath,

With visor clos'd and sword in hand,

To seek his love in foreign land——

And many a dart,

As alone he row'd,

Was aim'd at the heart

Of the warrior lov'd,

And many a fight

The warrior bore,

By day and by night,

By sea and on shore.

And oft within the hermit's cell,

On mountain brow, or shady dell,

De Courcy pass'd the night ;

And heard the aged anchoret tell

What drove him forth in woods to dwell,

Afar from human spite ;

And oft a tale of love he heard,

Of parent's frowns, and rivals fear'd ;

Of hearts 'gainst human mis'ry sear'd,

Which in a parted love e'er found their rich
delight.

In Scotia born, of royal race,

With virtues rare, and beauteous face,

Fair Margaret shone, her country's pride,

And many a youth from border side,

To Britain's noblest chiefs allied,

Essay'd by deeds of bold emprise,

In Margaret's envied love to rise ;

And truth, she was the fairest maid
Of Scotia's virgin train.
And round her home, her suitors strayed,
But all their love was vain,
For long she own'd De Courcy's love,
And ardent secret flame—
Ere forth he went in lands to rove,
To gain the warrior's fame,

The sigh was heard which swell'd her breast,
And broke its pure halcyon rest;
But yet no youth could proudly tell,
Why made that sigh her bosom swell,
Unlike the fair of Britain's land,
Where beauty sways with magic wand,
And angel charms, their matchless power maintain;
She could not grant the favour'd smile
Which well repays the warrior's toil,
For where she could not love she could not
feign.

Her heart with warm emotions flow'd,
Which oft were seen by piercing eye,
But secret as the vestal flame that glow'd,
Their source unknown, but to their votary.

And whilst De Courcy fought and bled,
Gainst pagan host, by christians led,
A lovely flower she bloom'd at home,
Nor ever wish'd abroad to roam,
To bend to folly's sway.

She never wish'd to know the strife
Which blights the bliss of human life,
Nor yields one cheering ray,
To gild the track of lengthen'd years;
Beset with wav'ring hopes and fears,
A tedious, darksome way.

And now the pagan fight was o'er,
 De Courcy sought his native shore,
 And soon in Scotia's mountain land,
 He hop'd to gain his Margaret's hand;
 On wings of love, De Courcy flew,
 And found his Margaret's love was true;
 In secret love he knew the bliss,
 Which flows from pure affection's kiss;
 When down the cheek the glittering tear
 Falls at the call of joy sincere,
 When safe from all the ills of war,
 A hero lov'd, on honour's car,

Regains his native land;
 And in the hall the banners hang,
 Borne by that hero's hand;
 And sheathed is the brand,
 Which oft on hostile helmets rang,
 And heard no more is the trumpet's clang,
 O'er war's embattled field, o'er rocky hill and strand.

But where is love without alloy,
 Where is the pure unmixed joy,
 In this our transient state;
 Our morning sun oft rises clear,
 Nor stain, nor spot, nor clouds appear,
 To dim our early fate;
 But ere our evening sun descends,
 A sudden storm our prospect rends,
 And black depressing skies
 In quick succession rise,
 To hide those scenes of bliss which mortals oft create.
 O ye, to whom on earth 'tis given,
 In pleasure's lap to revel,
 O seize the bounteous gift of heaven,
 Whilst yet the moments dwell;
 Short is their stay, their presence rare,
 And tho' to view, they're passing fair,

They often prove a treacherous snare,
To lead to misery's cell.

Duke Albert was a haughty lord,
As e'er broke lance or shield,
He never kept his plighted word,
Nor fought in honor's field;
He saw no charm in virtue's ways,
To other's joy a foe;
He never knew the good man's praise,
For cure of human woe.

A stranger to humanity,
He never set the prisoner free;
He never knew the orphan's smile,
Reliev'd from want, from grief and toil;
He never dried the widow's tear
Dropp'd on her husband's hallow'd bier;
He never cheer'd the broken heart,
But saw the child of want depart,
Scourg'd from his Castle gate;
For all his aim was sovereign sway,
A gaudy, proud, and rich display
Of pomp and regal state;

For Margaret's hand Duke Albert sought,
By deep disguise and treach'ry wrought,
To gain the maiden's heart;
Her parents priz'd his rank and worth,
Forgot his vile and noxious name,
His villain acts, and deeds of shame,
His malice, and his art.

His lands were large, his riches great,
And round him shone the splendid state
Of emperor and of king;

A vassal tribe in gaudy dress,
Around his couch attending pass;

Whene'er he rose the trumpet's clang,
O'er all the palace shrilly rang,

From south to northern wing,
And Margret's sire was proud and great,
Contemn'd De Courcy's humbler state,
Forbade the youth his Castle gate,

His table and domain.

But what avails a parent's ire,
'Gainst plighted love's all conqu'ring fire ;
Can e'er a parent's harsh command,
Destroy the strong and sacred band,

Or break the mighty chain ———

By which two hearts in love are bound,
More strong than tie to native ground,

Which heard our infant strain,
Love's not a flame that's born of earth,
From heaven alone it takes its birth,
Nor fears the storm and harsh controul
Of sires, possessed of sordid soul,

Whose only aim is gain.

Who'll give the daughter's youthful charms,
To waste in age's chilling arms,
Nor heed the tear, nor frequent sigh,
Which tells the heart of misery,

Its sorrow and its pain.

Tho' at her feet Duke Albert sigh'd,
And all the arts of love were tri'd,
To make the fair a ducal bride,

Fair Margaret shunn'd his noxious suit,

His riches and his state ;

To all his vows of love was mute,

And shew'd him open hate.

She could not feign the lover's smile,
And with its charms the Duke beguile ;
She could not own a transient flame,
The lover's scorn, the maiden's shame.

She once had given her vows of love,
At midnight hour, in lonely grove,
By moon-beam silver'd bright;
And sacred she held the vows she had given,
And deem'd it a crime in the eyes of heaven,
To own another love, tho' girt with ducal might.

Duke Albert knew of Margaret's love,
His rival too he knew,
And much the noble villain strove,
To make that rival rue;
The slighted lover swell'd his breast,
He knew no peace, he knew no rest,
He scorn'd De Courcy's hardihood,
To vie with him of nobler blood,
For Margaret's honor'd hand.
And then he tried each action foul,
Which stains the high and gen'rous soul,
To send afar his rival foe,
To meet in fight his mortal blow,
On Palestina's strand.

In secret walk, in shady bower,
Where Margaret rear'd her favorite flower,
There oft the hireling spy was set,
To watch the time the lovers met,
Then sallied forth the Castle troop,
With shouts of war and battle whoop,
To bear the bold and rival knight,
To dungeon deep, devoid of light;
But there's a bounteous power above,
That guards a true and faithful love,
That with its omnipresent eye,
For ever sees the danger nigh;
And round and round the trooper's rode.
Thro' secret walks the helmsmen strode:

The dogs rush'd forth to scent their prey,
 Thro' glade or glen or forest way,
 O'er mountains and o'er plain.
 But off De Courcy brav'd the flood,
 Its torrents wild, its waves withstood,
 And gain'd the friendly border land;
 Where many a lance, and many a brand,
 Stood ready at his sole command
 To fight his cause, defend his love,
 From all the arts his foes e'er wove,
 From all Duke Albert's train.

Adeline was disturbed in the perusal of the tale by an important circumstance. She had seated herself at the window, and bending her eyes towards the road, she saw two horsemen approaching the Castle. The arrival of a visitor, was an occurrence so rare, that Adeline doubted at first if the Castle were their destination, and she supposed that they would strike into the road which led to the mountains. She was, however, mistaken in this supposition, for the great bell at the drawbridge soon announced their arrival. When the heart is under the impression of any sorrowful event, every thing which happens is construed as having some relation to it, and the arrival of the strangers, in the opinion of Adeline, could not but have some reference to the fate of her father; perhaps they were come to announce his liberation—or perhaps they might bring the melancholy tidings of his death. With an anxious heart, Adeline awaited the announcement of the

strangers, and her surprise was not small, when she was informed by the governess, who entered her apartment almost breathless, that her uncle Leopold was just arrived, bringing with him a friend, one of the most handsome men she ever remembered to have seen—"Adolphus Rosenheim," she added, "will stand before him, like a nettle before a rose."

"The beauty of an object is of little import," said Adeline, "its worth is estimated by its utility, and in that respect, the nettle surpasses the rose."

"Your uncle requests to see you immediately," said the governess.

"His request shall be complied with," Adeline said, "I will meet him in the breakfast room."

The governess left the room, secretly delighted at the arrival of Leopold and his handsome companion.

Whatever foibles might be invidiously imputed to the governess, her most inveterate enemies could not accuse her of prudery. It is at best the acme of hypocrisy, for since the days of Eve, who, if certain accounts may be believed, undoubtedly shewed strong symptoms of the prude, no woman ever existed, who was in her heart a true, bona fide, confirmed prude—believe me, ye tyros in the knowledge of the heart of woman, that the virtue of the prude is easier to be sapped, than that of the giddy or the gay coquette.

The sudden arrival of Leopold plunged Ade-

line into a new dilemma; she knew the violence, not to call it the turpitude of his character, and under the supposition that her father had fallen a victim to the cruelty of the banditti, Leopold was now her nearest relative, and consequently her natural guardian, she was therefore ignorant, how far he might think himself authorized, in her present situation, to controul her inclinations, or to provide for her future establishment in the world. Were her father dead, all the family estates devolved to Leopold, and she could, therefore, merely regard herself as a dependant on his bounty. It was a dependance that she could not regard without fear and dread, for she knew that to effect any of the wayward purposes of his breast, he would not hesitate to make her the sacrifice.

With a palpitating heart she repaired to the room in which Leopold and his companion were sitting, and was received in the most kind and affectionate manner. He introduced Ortano to her, whose keen and penetrating eye was fixed full upon her, and unaccustomed to the broad stare of the accomplished libertine, she cast her eyes with confusion to the ground. There was also a familiarity in the manner of Ortano which distressed her. There was not the reserve nor the diffidence attendant on a first introduction, but an assuming confidence, indicative of a conscious superiority, or of an established claim.

It was with the greatest concern, my dear

Adeline," Leopold said, "that I heard of the double calamity which has befallen our family; most heartily do I condole with you on the occasion. I am however, but yet partially acquainted with the particulars. The death of my father is an event, which from his age, could not in the course of Nature have been long protracted—our grief therefore, on that head, is unavailing; and in regard to my brother, the circumstance of his caption has been related to me in such a vague and contradictory manner, that I cannot at present give any advice on the measures that should be pursued, to affect his restoration to his family. It shall, however, after those affairs are transacted, which the death of my father will require to be immediately adjusted, be my first and only occupation to ascertain the fate of my brother, and I doubt not, with the assistance of my friend, that our endeavours will be crowned with success. In the mean time, it shall be my aim, by my attention to your happiness, to repair the loss which you have sustained. Come, come, cheer up—we must dispel those clouds of sorrow from your countenance. Will you not give us hospitable entertainment?"

"Your orders shall be obeyed in every thing," said Adeline, "and indeed, until my father is restored to me, it is my wish to retire to the convent of ———."

"Well, well," said Leopold, interrupting her, "we will not at present confer on that subject."

it shall be reserved for our private hours. I have brought my friend with me to drive away our melancholy humors."

"I rejoice at that," said the governess, "for this huge place requires some merry souls to make it habitable—we hear nothing but signs in the day time, and the hooting of the owls at night—fine melody for ears that have been accustomed to the sounds of joy and mirth."

"My friend is a most able musician," said Leopold, "he shall drown the hooting of the owls by a serenade."

"O how charming that will be," said the governess.

"I always knew you," said Leopold, "to be partial to soft and melting airs—but I declare, you look ten years younger for your trip over the mountains."

"O, I am all in a tremble, when I think of them," said the governess. "O that villain of a guide—and your air and manners, signor," addressing herself to Ortano, "so much resemble his, that could I suppose such an accomplished cavalier to be guilty of such an act, I would almost say, that you were the person."

It was well for Ortano, that he had the full command of his countenance, or this unexpected attack on the part of the governess, would have so discomfited him, that the whole plot might have been laid open. He however, turned it off with a laugh, and Leopold exclaimed, "what foolish fancy has now crept into your busy brain?"

I can answer for my friend, that he was at Venice at the time."

This remark, however, of the governess, excited the particular attention of Adeline, and whenever the eye of Ortano was directed from her, she caught a stolen glance of him, and the resemblance was also in her opinion strong and striking. Still, however, she could not believe in such consummate villany, and although she was well aware that her uncle associated with men of lax and profligate morals—yet, that he could stoop so low, as to call that man his friend, who had been guilty of the greatest crime, would not in her opinion bear a second thought. She therefore dismissed all suspicion injurious to Ortano from her mind, and the assertion of her uncle, that he was at Venice at the time, was in her mind a corroboration of his innocence.

Leopold, in the mean time, had been playing rather severely upon the foibles of the governess; one of which was, a supposed possession of those personal charms, which give joy and rapture to the love-sick swain.

"I have performed my duty towards my friend," said Leopold, to the infatuated governess, "in guarding him against the danger to which his heart would be liable in your society—but he will not be the first whom you have driven to despair by the captivating glances of your eye—was not your cruelty the cause of Father Paul flying to his cloth and the cow?"

"Aye, poor man," said the governess, with a sigh, "he certainly was very much enamoured."

"Take care," said Leopold to Ortano, "that you do not follow the example of Father Paul."

This appeal to Ortano suddenly roused him from the deep attention which he was paying to Adeline, and freed her from his scrutinising glances, which were most troublesome and embarrassing.

"I acknowledge the danger around me to be great," said Ortano, resting his eyes on Adeline,—"but I do not think I shall fly to the cell of a monk to escape from it—for it is a danger of such a pleasant kind, that I would rather court than shun it."

"I have now business of an important nature to settle with Rupert," Leopold said to Adeline, "and I will leave my friend to dispel those depressing clouds of grief which have settled on your countenance. I shall not, however, enter fully into the business with Rupert until the morrow, my return will therefore be speedy; in the mean time, Ortano, do not trust yourself with the governess, or you will rue it," and addressing himself to her with a smile, he said, "do not forget that love is a sly urchin, and will wound you perhaps when you least expect it."

"I will remember it," said the governess, and Leopold left the room.

He hastened immediately to the great hall, where he found old Rupert, not at his morning

devotions, for the worthy fellow left the muttering of ave marias and paternosters to old maids, monks, and priests, considering the first duty which he had to perform, was to make that use of those particular cordials of life, without which the body could not retain its natural vigour, being subject to the keen and searching power of the Alpine air.

"I left you drinking, and I find you drinking," said Leopold to Rupert, as he entered the hall.

"Why, my young master," said Rupert, "old age is now creeping fast upon me, and I find that without some little extraordinary support, I am not able to perform the functions of my office; and within these few weeks my constitution has received some very violent shocks, from the calamities which have befallen this worthy family—and your poor honored father—O, I am sure he felt it sorely to die without one of his family to close his eyes."

"You are no doubt acquainted," said Leopold, "with all the particulars of his death?"

"Why, as to that point," said old Rupert, shaking his head, "I certainly do know some, but —"

"But what?" exclaimed Leopold, in an eager tone.

"But," Rupert continued, "the monks managed every thing relating to your father with so much secrecy, that I sometimes thought of the

words of my old grandmother, that where there is mystery, there is something wrong."

"The monks," said Leopold, "could not act wrong in this case—my father was an old man—was taken ill—grew worse, and died; the monks had therefore only to perform what their holy office enjoins them."

"True, master," said Rupert, "but had they committed only what was incumbent on them, why have recourse to such mysterious doings?"

"Of what then do you suspect them?" asked Leopold.

"They are holy men," said Rupert, "and cannot do wrong."

"But you have thrown out an insinuation to the contrary," said Leopold, "and were any impression resting on your mind, that any foul play has been acted in regard to my father, it is my particular province to investigate it."

"I would not say such a thing," said Rupert, "for all the riches in the world. Holy Peter! what should I think of myself to accuse the worthy abbot of a guilty deed? You should have seen how melancholy he looked on the morning of your father's death—and when he locked the door of the room in which the corpse of your father lay, I heard him say, would we were all as certain of a place in heaven."

"Have you ever visited the vault since his interment?" Leopold asked.

"Not for the world would I put a step into it," Rupert answered.

"You have the keys of the vault in your possession?" Leopold asked.

"Yes, yes," said Rupert—then suddenly recollecting himself, "Santa Maria, how my memory fails me in my old age—last night the young stranger, who came with my young mistress—

"What of him?" Leopold exclaimed, eagerly.

"I was going to tell you," said Rupert, "but you interrupted me so strangely. Last night," he said, "his curiosity was awakened."

"On what point?" Leopold asked.

"You will never know," said Rupert, "if you interrupt me in this manner."

"Go on, go on," said Leopold, "and be brief."

"Last night the young stranger desired to have some private conversation with me."

"On what subject," Leopold cried.

"You shall know," said Rupert. "He said that he had a great inclination to visit the vault, to see where the body of your father was laid, and considering that his visit thither could only be considered as a mere whim——"

"And how do you know it was not a whim," Leopold asked.

"I still suppose it to be such," said Rupert, "for I know no particular reason for his visit to the vault, and I therefore gave him the keys."

"May the curses of heaven light upon thee for it," said Leopold, "dost thou think thyself

authorized to disturb the repose of the dead, at the will and pleasure of every prying stranger—merely to satisfy a whim—the keys were given to him—what then?’

Old Rupert had never heard himself so cursed before, and he stood trembling before Leopold, like a culprit before a judge; he was at a loss for an answer to the last question, but Leopold repeated it, and with an additional violence.”

“He never returned them to me,” Rupert answered.

“And where is the upstart stranger?” Leopold asked.

“Run away,” said Rupert.

“And with the keys?” asked Leopold.

“I know not,” Rupert answered, “for he was seen to leave the Castle last night in the same hurry as if a hundred devils were at his heels.”

“Damnation,” exclaimed Leopold, “but thou shalt be punished for this most unpardonable negligence, and ordering Rupert to remain in the hall until his return, he set forwards with a hasty step towards the vault.

Poor Rupert now felt the effect of procrastination; had he not argued the point so subtly with himself on the preceeding night, and had been guided by the first impulse, the keys of the vault would now be in his possession, and he would have escaped the punishment with which he was threatened. Well, said Rupert, as he filled a glass of his favourite cordial—he may perhaps

put his hand into a snake's nest, if he rouses me to revenge. Did he suppose me to be so shallow brained to tell him all my suspicions of his father's death—I saw through the drift of his questions—and where knowledge is likely to prove injurious, it is wise to play the fool. Monks are indeed holy men but holiness and virtue do not live always under the same cowl—I may ere long prove the truth of it. Come, one more glass—I know all is right here, pointing to his heart—then what have I to fear from man?"

The moment was now fast approaching, in which Leopold hoped to bring his plans to maturity, by a boldness and promptitude of action, known only to the daring mind. But at the same time, he was well aware that the vault contained a secret, the promulgation of which would ruin his plans for ever, and it was the dread that Rosenheim had discovered that secret, which impelled him to his unguarded violence in his conduct with the Seneschal. The old fellow was not deficient in penetration, and he could sometimes read the emotions of the heart in the wild rolling of the eye. Leopold had evidently laid himself open to the penetrating powers of the Seneschal—but in the heart of Leopold, the fate of the old man was decided, and he was glad to seize on the present opportunity for carrying his plan into execution.

To his great surprise, he found the door of the vault open, and he had scarcely descended

the steps, when the horrible certainty flashed upon him that Rosenheim must have discovered the secret. Rage was at first the predominant passion of his breast ; he stood, and looked upon the scene with feelings which drove him almost to frenzy ; but to shew himself in that situation to the inmates of the Castle, were to give rise to numerous conjectures, in the investigation of which, the truth might be discovered. Rallying therefore, all the energies of his soul, he called invention to his aid, to extricate him from his most embarrassing situation. It is the property of the fertile and the vigorous mind to give to each circumstance its peculiar advantages, to seize them as they rise, and to select or to discard them according to the end which is to be obtained. From this reason it is shewn, that the inane and weak mind seldom attains its end, for promptitude of action, and a bold and instantaneous decision can alone insure success, but it stands so long wavering on the choice of the means, that the opportunity is lost, which never again occurs. Action, especially under the influence of necessity, should follow resolve with the rapidity with which thunder follows the lightning, and that mind will never achieve any thing great or glorious, which stands hesitating on the threshold of action, fearful to enter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mark you this,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose;
An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart—
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

WHEN Rupert informed Leopold of the visit of Rosenheim to the vault, it was a circumstance which alarmed and perplexed him, but he had not pondered long on the measures which he was to pursue, to prevent the discovery which Rosenheim must have made, from being injurious to his designs, when a sudden thought occurred to him, by which he could turn the circumstance to his advantage, and bring his plans nearer to perfection. He left the vault, locked the door, bearing the keys with him, and with the fiercest anger and resentment resting on his countenance, burst into the room in which he had left the females and Ortano.

“What infamous acts are these?” he cried, as he entered the room—“is this the advantage which is taken of the misfortunes of the family—even the dead cannot rest for the villany of man?”

"What has happened now?" Adeline asked.

"That old hypocrite, Rupert, shall leave the Castle immediately," said Leopold, "for I make no doubt he will share in the booty."

"Of what are you speaking?" Adeline asked.

"I understand," said Leopold, "that you brought a young man with you from Zurich."

"Pardon me," said Adeline, who was hurt at the insinuation which he was throwing out, "he accompanied us with the consent and approbation of my father, and I consider myself indebted to him for my safety and rescue from the banditti."

"My brother has too great a confidence in men," said Leopold, "he has lived too long among priests and monks—he thinks all men good who pretend to be so."

"He judges of others by himself," said Adeline.

"There cannot be a more fallacious criterion," said Leopold—"man should always look upon another as his enemy, and not consider him as a friend, until he has beheld him in different situations."

"It is regarding man on the worst side of his nature," said Adeline.

"He will never prosper in the world," said Leopold, "who regards him differently—but this young stranger—this Rosenheim I am informed, left the Castle last night in a most precipitate manner."

"We are unable," said Adeline, "to account for his conduct—but a little time, no doubt, will explain it."

"Yes, a very little time will explain it," said Leopold, in a sneering tone, "and to the cost of that family, which has nourished such a viper."

"Well, I thought he was no better," said the governess, "I do not like your soft and silky characters—they resemble a river which is always the deepest, where it is most quiet."

"He must however be pursued," said Leopold.

"Pursued?" exclaimed Adeline, "were he a criminal, you could do no more against him."

"And he is a criminal" exclaimed Leopold, "has he not stolen every gold and silver ornament from the coffins in the vaults?"

"O, the sacrilegious wretch!" exclaimed the governess.

"It is impossible," said Adeline, "I will not think him guilty of such an act."

"Have we not proofs too good," said Leopold. "I am just returned from the vault, which I was induced to examine from the information which I received from Rupert, that old hoary villain. It struck me as a most singular occurrence, that a stranger, on his first introduction to the family, should take it into his head, to visit the depository of their dead. Thus has hospitality been abused—but the villain shall meet with his reward."

"It is most probable," said Ortano, "that he belonged to the banditti, and assumed the dress of a person in a higher station in life, to carry their designs more effectually into execution."

"That is an impossible case," said Adeline, "for he was introduced to us by his father at Zurich, and was by him confided in a most particular manner to the kindness and protection of my father."

"He has, however, now shewn himself unworthy of either," said Leopold, "and it must be our care to protect ourselves from any future spoliation. I doubt not that this is all a concerted plan between the robber and old Rupert."

"Can you suspect a man of so foul a deed," said Adeline, "who has lived nearly forty years in the family, with an unblemished reputation? whatever Rosenheim may be, and of his innocence, I will not doubt, until more satisfactory evidence is produced, I will never believe Rupert to be guilty."

"And what evidence do you require against Rosenheim?" Leopold asked—"is not the removal of the ornaments a sufficient proof—and is not his sudden departure from the Castle, a corroboration of his guilt?"

"And did I not," said the governess, "see him loitering about the Castle this morning, ere day was scarcely broken?"

"Indeed," said Leopold, who appeared parti-

culently struck with this observation of the governess, and cast a look full of meaning upon Ortano.

"Did you observe the road he took?"

"He no sooner saw that he was discovered," said the governess, "than he immediately struck into the road leading to the monastery."

A sudden paleness came over the countenance of Leopold, and the glances which he and Ortano exchanged would have betrayed, to the penetrating mind, the workings of their guilty breasts, labouring under a fear of discovery.

The heart of Adeline was, however, too much occupied with the idea of the guilt of Rosenheim, to notice the embarrassment of the villains, and although it did not escape the observation of the governess, she attributed it to a high and noble indignation at the guilt of Rosenheim.

"Was he accompanied by any one?" Leopold asked.

"I saw him make a sign," said the governess, "as if to some one at a distance—but he was soon lost to my view by the intervening trees."

"I doubt not, it was Rupert," said Ortano.

"Right," said Leopold.

"Is not now his guilt manifest to you," said Leopold to Adeline.

"I grant," she answered, "that appearances are against him—but, I will never deem another guilty, until positive proof of his guilt be brought."

"I wish every criminal," said Leopold, "had as good an advocate."

"It is more pleasant," said Adeline "to be the advocate of innocence, than the accuser of guilt."

"This discourse, however," said Leopold, "can be of no ultimate benefit—accompany me to the vault, Ortano, you shall be a witness of the truth of my accusation."

"And may I not be a witness too?" asked the governess.

"Remain with Adeline," said Leopold, "it is not a fit place for a female."

Leopold left the room with Ortano; and although the former could well account for the disappearance of the ornaments, yet it did not fall into his idea of sound policy to make Ortano privy to all his actions. He knew that the adherence of one villain to another is like a rope of sand—the slightest circumstance can destroy it, and the revenge which is then sought for, is in general a full exposure of each others' actions. It may be remembered, that Ortano, on his first visit to Niolo, had seen Leopold leave the vault by the outer door, bearing something under his arm—he could therefore tell who was the real thief; but the removal of the ornaments was a circumstance of which he thought every one was ignorant, except himself and his accomplice in the act, and he therefore determined to take the advantage of it, to give a colouring to those strong measures which were soon to be put in

execution against the victims to his passions. It also gave him a good plea for the dismissal of old Rupert—there was no one in the Castle whom he feared so much, for his eye had perhaps seen more than Leopold could have wished, and there was a reserve and caution in the answers which the old servant had given to his questions, which gave Leopold every reason to believe, that Rupert had pretended to a greater ignorance than really was the case.

As the two villains were in the passage leading to the vault, Leopold said, “we must have no person in our service who is not attached to us by interest or fear, you will therefore corroborate every thing which I have said relative to the theft of the ornaments—I have so secured the keys of the vault, that no one can examine into the merits of the case, or it might be discovered that the ornaments had been removed some time. We must now set on foot an immediate search for Rosenheim—may he not have discovered us last night on our way to the monastery? for by the report of the governess, he must have been abroad at the very time when we arrived in this vicinity.”

“Is he not ignorant of our persons?” Ortano asked.

“It is most probable that he is,” said Leopold, “but at all events, he could not discover our ulterior destination, as we reached it by a route of which he can have no conception.”

“But may he not have track’d us to the hermit’s ruined dwelling?” asked Ortano.

"Well," replied Leopold, "and granted that he did, being ignorant of our persons, what conclusions could he draw, in which we might be seriously implicated."

"It is proper, however, that he should be removed," said Ortano.

"Or you will never gain the summit of your wishes," said Leopold—"for did you not perceive in the warm defence which Adeline made for him, a lurking affection? did you not perceive the grief which was depicted in her countenance, when the guilt of Rosenheim was brought home to him, almost to conviction? It must be our aim to destroy that affection, to nip it in its bud, or it may gain an ascendancy, beyond the power of man to destroy—and to gain that point, can we adopt a more certain method, than by exhibiting her beloved as an object unworthy of her; she is herself too virtuous to be enamoured of one, who is stained with vice."

This remark of Leopold made rather an unpleasant impression on the heart of Ortano, for what hope could he then entertain of Adeline bestowing her affection upon him, immersed as he was in every species of guilt. He, however, smothered his feelings, and Leopold continued. "Our friend the abbot, informed me, that this Rosenheim has a sister, a novitiate in the convent of St. Roch; it will not be difficult, by management and address, to gain from her intelligence of

the exact route which her brother has taken, and also the particular designs which he has in view. In the mean time, it must be my first business to remove that old fox from the Castle; now retire to the women, and I leave it to your address, to paint Rosenheim in the most heinous colours; remember, your success depends upon it—it will not cost you much to supplant him in her affections.”

“But whether they be gained or not, she is mine,” said Ortano.

“Certainly,” said Leopold, and the villains parted. One to instil the poison of undeserved obloquy into the mind of an amiable girl—the other, to attach criminality to an innocent and faithful domestic, and to send him on the world at that time, when he stood most in need of a home.

“And have we been nourishing a viper in our bosom?” exclaimed Leopold, as he burst into the room where old Rupert was sitting—“have you taken the advantage of the calamities which have befallen this family, to heighten their distress by an act of sacrilege? Have you not invaded the depositories of the dead to feed your avaricious soul? Could not the few ornaments which decorated the coffins of my ancestors be secure from your villainous gripe? But you have been entrapped in your infamous practices, and it was a mere whim, was it—which induced that young villain to visit the family vault? You were privy

to his purpose—you were to enjoy a part of the booty, but your reign of iniquity is over, and it is only in consideration of the length of your services in the family, that the most vigorous measures which the laws afford me, are not put in force against you."

Were a bishop to be accused of following the doctrine which he preaches to others, of shewing a dislike to, and a carelessness about the good things of this world—or were a lawyer to be accused of ever having refused a fee, to prove that right is wrong, and wrong is right—or were an attorney ever to be taxed with having persuaded his client to release an insolvent debtor from prison, until his own unconscionable costs were paid—neither could stare with greater surprize than the old Scneschal, on hearing the harangue of Leopold. His speech appeared utterly to have failed him—he looked like an old miser, or a usurer, who had just been told by his priest, that he would be certainly eternally damned, unless he conciliated the vengeance of heaven, by bestowing half of his riches on the holy brotherhood; or, he looked like a stiff antiquated dame, who, sitting amidst a coterie of old maids, discoursing on the inestimable and intrinsic value of a virgin's life, and on a sudden, bursts into the room a stout young fellow, whom she remembers to have borne in her youth—but whom she forgot from the moment of his birth,

and running up to her at that most critical juncture, exclaims—Ah! how are you, mother? In fine, old Rupert looked unutterable things.

Leopold took advantage of the silence of the old man. "I observe," he exclaimed, "that you have not any thing to say in your defence—your silence acknowledges your guilt—I give you three hours, in which to prepare for your departure from the Castle—if, after that time, you are found within its walls, a dungeon shall be your portion."

"Signor," stammered the poor old man, whilst a tear trickled down his cheek, "I—I—am——"

"You have nothing to say in your defence," said Leopold, interrupting him, "you have heard my determination, and you know the part that is left for you to act. After three hours are passed, you must not be seen within the bounds of Niolo." Leopold left the room—the old man seated himself on a chair, and burst into a flood of tears. Every object now bore in his eyes an increased value—he saw before the windows, the trees which he had planted, which had grown with his years, and which he knew would flourish when he was mouldering in his grave—and was he now to be expelled this spot, sent forth as a criminal upon the world, with all the fiends of an unfounded vengeance, dogging him through the last stage of his life. He knew himself innocent, and he had the power of proving it; but he was well aware that he had to

deal with those characters, who might find it convenient to promulgate his guilt, for the purpose of concealing their own. He now began to question the right of Leopold to dismiss him from the Castle—he was there retained by the rightful lord—and was Leopold that person? Though Frederic had been seized by the banditti, there was not yet any proof brought of his death—and he considered whether he might not oppose the dismissal which Leopold had given him, with justice and propriety. But on a full analysis of the character of Leopold, he thought it more prudent to yield to the storm, than to oppose it. It will quickly blow over, said he, as he rose from his chair, to pack up the little property which he possessed. The humble flower which yields to the blasts, lifts its head, and smiles when the storm is over—the proud oak which resists its fury is levelled with the ground, and the passing traveller rests himself on its branches, and mourns the fate of greatness in its pride.

But whither to bend his course, the old man knew not; he looked upon himself now as an isolated being, friendless, and without a home—and were he to find a roof in which to spend the remnant of his life, would he not be soon expelled from it by the machinations of Leopold and his accomplices? There was, however, one person to whom he determined to apply in this exigency, and that was the abbess of St. Roch; he knew well the goodness of her heart, and that from her

he should receive an asylum, where his enemies dare not molest him. With a heavy heart, however, the old man packed his little property together, and with a small bundle in his hand, he entered the room in which Adeline, her uncle, and Ortano were sitting. At the sight of Adeline, whom he had nursed on his knee, and in whose infantine sports he had joined with all the frankness and cordiality of age—he burst into tears. “Farewell, my dear young mistress,” he cried—“farewell!”

Adeline rose from her chair—“what did you say, Rupert, Farewell?—you surely are not going to leave me?”

“I must obey your uncle’s orders,” said Rupert.

“But what crime have you committed,” said Adeline, “to make those orders necessary.”

“Of that I am ignorant,” said Rupert.

“It is a lie,” exclaimed Leopold, rising angrily from his chair.

“Forty years,” said Rupert, “I have passed within these walls—I have seen much in that time, and if I ever injured any individual of the family, it was sometimes in being silent, when I ought to have spoken.”

“Thou vile hypocrite,” said Leopold, “have I not the most damning proofs against thee?”

“It is not for me,” said Rupert, “to contend with you in argument—I have only to obey your orders, and you see I am ready to perform them.”

You have accused me of purloining the ornaments from the coffins, in conjunction with the young stranger, who came from Zurich—for his innocence I can vouch, as well as for my own."

A beam of joy shone in the eyes of Adeline. "I knew he was innocent," she exclaimed, "he has been unworthily accused."

"Thou canst bring no such proof," Leopold exclaimed—"have not the ornaments been removed? and by whom could it have been effected, but by Rosenheim?"

"When the coffin of your father," said Rupert, looking full at Leopold, "was carried to the vault, I bore it company—I looked at the coffin of your mother, and I remarked, on that of your father being placed upon it, that it was in too ruinous a state to bear the weight, for it had then been materially injured by the ornaments having been stripped from it."

"Thou hoary villain," exclaimed Leopold, whose embarrassment was most conspicuous at this unexpected disclosure of Rupert's "and dost thou add falsehood to thy other crimes, or dost thou think by a gross lie to prove thy innocence? Begone—leave the Castle—or dread my vengeance."

"I go," said Rupert; "thus are the services of my youth forgotten, and I am driven upon the world at that time, when I stand most in need of shelter and support."

The old man advanced to the spot where Adeline was standing. "Farewell," he said, "I wish thou wert where thy mother is."

"I know the import of that wish," said Adeline, "but thou shalt not leave us—thou shalt not, in thy age, want either shelter or support"—and turning to Leopold, she said, in a supplicating tone, "do not expel the good old servant from the Castle—he is innocent of the charges which you have brought against him, and do not bring compunction and remorse on your conscience, by a premature dismissal of a faithful servant, on the mere suspicion of an injury. He has been the servant of your father, and of mine, respected and esteemed by both; and will you all of a sudden, lose sight of a forty years' service in your family? will you forget each kindness he shewed you in your youth? will you not pay a small tribute to the memory of your father, and retain the servant whom he prized and loved? No, he must not, shall not leave us."

"Adeline!" said Leopold, in a firm and haughty tone, "I can make every allowance for the weakness of your sex—the tears of the villain move you to pity, and you can plead for the criminal under the hands of the executioner; were I not fully convinced of the guilt of that hoary reprobate, I would not hesitate to second your humane dispositions—but in this instance, mercy were a crime—and I should think myself a most unworthy steward of your father, whom may it please heaven soon to restore to us, were I to retain a man in his service, whom I had entrapped in such a foul and heinous deed. Be assured, I am acting from the most

conscientious motives; and though my conduct may appear in this instance, according to your opinion, to partake of the violent and severe, yet, self-interest should never be sacrificed to the dictates of an overstrained and surreptitious humanity. I am, however, wasting my time in useless words—my determination is fixed—Rupert shall not sleep in the Castle to-night."

"I doubt not I shall find a roof to cover me," said Rupert—"and I take with me, what gold will never purchase, and what it is not in the power of man to take away—an approving conscience." As Rupert pronounced these words, he cast a most-expressive glance on Leopold—but he turned his head aside, and in a hasty tone, bade him leave the Castle.

"Farewell, my dear young lady," said Rupert. Adeline burst into tears.

"Do not grieve," said the old man, "it will not be long ere a change will take place, and then ———"

"What then," exclaimed Leopold, interrupting him.

"Why then," said old Rupert, "the sheep's covering will be torn from the wolf, and the dead will rise from their graves to ———"

"Begone," said Leopold—"or ———"

"Farewell," said Rupert, and left the room.

"What a specious and plausible appearance the most heinous guilt can assume," said Leopold, as Rupert shut the door.

"It is ten-fold unpardonable," said Ortano, "where it is committed by age; some lenity may and ought to be shown for the thoughtlessness of youth, but for an aged delinquent, there is no excuse."

"True," said Leopold, "and therefore my sentence was so severe and prompt; but our work is but just begun, we must strike the serpent on the head, ere it becomes too powerful for us. It is natural to suppose, that Rupert knows the place whither the treasure has been conveyed—and perhaps the villains will meet to-night, to share the booty. I would therefore advise you, Ortano, to follow the grey reprobate—you may, perhaps, track him to his hiding-place. Haste, every moment is precious—follow his steps most closely."

"Yes," said Adeline, "follow his steps, and they will lead you to goodness."

"To Rosenheim, I suppose," said Leopold, with a sneer.

"Then," said Adeline, with an air of dignity, "they will lead you to injured innocence," and at the same time she prepared to leave the room. On passing the window, she stopped for a moment, and her attention was instantly arrested by the view of old Rupert, standing at a short distance from the Castle, with his look directed towards it. She saw him lift up his hands, as if in prayer to heaven, and then slowly pursue his course. Her heart was full—there were indeed, but few beings in the world, in whom her heart felt an interest—

and though Rupert filled but a secondary station in her father's house, he was scarcely ever made sensible of his dependance, Adeline had always regarded him more in the character of a friend, than a domestic, and the information which he now had given to her, respecting the ornaments having been removed from the vault, previously to the interment of her grandfather, endeared him still more to her, for it was corroborative of the innocence of Rosenheim. She, therefore determined, whilst Ortano was yet occupied with her uncle, to steal secretly from the Castle, and to pursue the route which Rupert had taken ; it was, however, necessary, that her design should be put into immediate execution, for consistently with the instructions which she had heard her uncle give to Ortano, no doubt whatever rested on her mind of an immediate pursuit of the old domestic taking place, and the consequence might then be most serious to him, which she might however, perhaps avert were she to set forth immediately, and expose to Rupert the nature of the designs against him. She therefore left the Castle by a private door, and by a circuitous route, gained the path in which she had seen old Rupert travelling.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Who never lov'd, ne'er suffer'd—he feels nothing.
Who nothing feels, but for himself alone—
And when we feel for others, reason reels
O'erloaded from her path, and man runs mad.
As love alone can exquisitely bless—
Love only feels the marvellous of pain—
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

I FEEL a great inclination to write a whole chapter on the influence of love, with a full and accurate description and analysis of all the symptoms under which that epidemical malady presents itself. Every young girl then in the aurora of her life, would only have to consult these pages, to find immediately, under what particular stage of the disease she then labours; she would ascertain its particular degree of virulence, and whether any hopes remain of a permanent and radical cure. I would begin with the coldness of platonic love, and proceed methodically to that dreadful era, when the miserable victim to the perfidy of man, flies to the nearest river to stifle the workings of her breast in the waves. I would not, however, be the advocate of prudery,

nor would I sanction the laxity of conduct, recommended in Atto 3, Sc. 4, of Pastor Fido; but, should any one of the old maids, mentioned in the last chapter, rumple her nose, give her head the toss of disdain, and vomit forth the black venom of her heart against my heroine, for overstepping in her opinion those particular, but imaginary limits, which have been prescribed by romance writers in the zenith of their wisdom, to the operations of love, I will then stand boldly up in her defence, and proclaim that I depict not the cold and inanimate automaton, who belies her destination, and blushes at what God and man only see as natural—but that I describe a female, who, with a soul pure as the first thought which dawns in the infant mind, still feels the force of that power, by which the universe is ruled, and feeling, dares to acknowledge it. Love is the almighty magnet of the spiritual world, and well has the German Fielding expressed it—"Every love exalts a noble character—the love of a noble woman confirms it."

Adeline had followed the path for some time, which Rupert had taken, and yet there was no appearance of him. The thick underwood with which the path was bordered on both sides, and the frequent and abrupt turnings, rendered it impossible for her to have a long perspective view of the road, yet, by quickening her pace, she doubted not she should soon overtake

the object of her search. On turning, however, suddenly an angle in the road, she saw a person approaching her, apparently deep in thought; she stopped, and hesitated to proceed. She however soon recognized the person to be Rosenheim, who was on his mission from the abbess, to offer Adeline the convent as an asylum, during the present unsettled state of her father's house. Rosenheim had not yet perceived her approach, and therefore she had full time to return, had she wished it. Now, consistently with the rectitude of conduct which some moral quodlibets consider as indispensable to the purity of the female character, Adeline ought certainly to have returned, especially as so good an opportunity presented itself to her, but perhaps she was under the influence of a blind wicked deity, who takes delight in making his votaries act in a manner differently from those who are in full and undivided possession of their reason. In short, Adeline did not return, but at the same time she did not proceed, which is one indisputable proof that she ——— stood still. Perhaps she stopped merely for the purpose of stilling the beating of her heart, which at that particular time had increased to an irregular flutter, but from what cause, we leave to the sagacity of the female mind to discover; in the mean time, however, it shall in charity be attributed to her endeavours to overtake old Rupert. Now it is certain, that Rosenheim was not in pursuit of any particular

person, but on lifting his head, and seeing before him at a short distance that object most dear to him on earth, it is doubtless, that he also experienced that same fluttering about his heart,—and I believe it is an axiom in philosophy, that where the effects are similar, the cause must be also similar. A wrong cause, must therefore have been adduced for the fluttering of Adeline's heart, but the greatest difficulty with which I have at present to contend, is to adduce the right one; yet in one respect it is easily surmounted, for I will leave it to be decided by any sighing swain, or love-sick girl, who, when it is most unexpected, sees the object of their affections suddenly stand before them. In every breast—and were a Solomon to deny it, I would not believe him—there is a certain proportion of vanity. It could not be supposed, that Adeline should know that Rosenheim was at that particular juncture on his way to Niolo, or that he should have left the Castle under the impression, that it might be possible she should meet him. A man, however, under the influence of love, can suppose any thing—he soars away into the misty regions of improbability, and there mounting the hypogriff of fancy, gives to airy nothings, a local habitation and a name.

Rosenheim wished—hoped—and at last, such is the vanity of the lover, believed that Adeline had just taken the path which led to the convent in hopes of meeting with him—and Adeline on the

other hand, such is the sanguine temperament of the female breast, was certain that Rosenheim was on his way to the Castle, to explain to her the mystery of the preceding night. Both were wrong in their surmises; self-deception is the most powerful ingredient in the composition of love; but it is of that palatable nature, that it is swallowed with avidity.

Though the beautiful countenance of Adeline was shaded by the gloom of sorrow, yet in her eyes shone a beam of joy, as Rosenheim approached her, and the deep lines of thought which were at first visible on his countenance, relaxed into a smile of the purest delight. There was, however, a pale and haggard cast on the countenance of Rosenheim, which did not escape the observation of Adeline, and which evidently declared a mind ill at ease. The view of joy, however, has not that influence o'er the female heart, which is ever produced by a display of grief. A tear will, in general, make a deeper impression, than all the wild emotions of extravagant joy.

"This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure," said Rosenheim, as he took the hand of Adeline—"the beauty of the weather has, perhaps, tempted you abroad so early."

"Exterior circumstances," said Adeline, "are of trifling import, when the heart, taking an extensive view, sees grief surrounding it—and," she added, with that expressive look, which

conveys both pain and rapture to the stricken heart, "it is dealt to me from that hand which ought to succour me."

"Whom do you accuse?" asked Rosenheim. Adeline made no reply.

"Speak," said Rosenheim, "has any thing further happened to distress you, since last we parted? Do not conceal it from me."

"How did we part last night?" asked Adeline. This question appeared to embarrass Rosenheim. "Did you not promise to return?"

"A circumstance of a very particular nature prevented me," said Rosenheim.

"Was it of that emergency?" asked Adeline "as to warrant you to break your promise?"

"I acknowledge my guilt," said Rosenheim.

A sudden paleness came over the countenance of Adeline. "But," continued Rosenheim, "though my actions be at present involved in mystery, a little time will prove their rectitude and their innocence. But, Adeline, if you value my peace, mention not again to me the occurrences of last night—would that I could forget them—or that I had never known them."

Rosenheim turned his head aside, and his fixed look was directed to the ground.

"I would not willingly pain you," said Adeline, "but the happiness of more than one person is connected with your behaviour last night—the cause of your sudden departure from the Castle —

"Shall be buried in my breast," said Rosenheim, "until the avenging hour arrives."

"And were my happiness, dependant on its disclosure?" asked Adeline.

"Your happiness," Rosenheim replied, "is closely allied to its secrecy—but press me not further, I entreat you. Let me now accompany you to the convent, the abbess has matters of the last importance to communicate to you—and it is at her request, that I was now on the road to Niolo, to apprise you of her intentions to remove you to the convent immediately."

"Most willingly," said Adeline, "would I be the inmate of the convent, and there await the passing of the storm, which now falls so heavily upon me, but I am no longer the mistress of my actions—my uncle Leopold arrived this morning."

The whold frame of Rosenheim appeared to be agitated.

"Your uncle arrived!" he exclaimed, "then I fear all is lost. Brings he any intelligence of your father?"

"None," Adeline replied.

Rosenheim shook his head. "You must not remain in the Castle," he cried—"fly to the convent—let me accompany you thither—I would not know you in my absence, the inhabitant of Niolo. O! had its walls the power of speech, dreadful would be the words they would pronounce to you. Come—come to the convent—or if you dread the power of your uncle, ere

you return to the Castle, have one interview with the abbess—it is my most earnest request; her powers of persuasion, joined to those of my sister, may perhaps prevail, when mine have no effect. When 'I know you there in safety, I will return to the Castle; ere I leave the country, I must have an interview with Rupert."

"You will perhaps never see him more," said Adeline.

"How so," asked Rosenheim—"shall I not find him in the Castle?"

"He is dismissed our service," said Adeline, "and I was in search of him, when we met."

"Dismissed the Castle?" Rosenheim exclaimed. —"Rupert dismissed? By whom?—for what?"

"He was dismissed by my uncle about an hour ago," Adeline answered.

"Gracious powers," said Rosenheim, "how far will villainy extend? but what crime has he committed to warrant so severe a sentence?"

Adeline was on the point of imparting to Rosenheim the late transactions in the Castle, when at this most critical juncture, she recognized old Rupert at a distance, walking slowly towards the convent. "See, yonder is Rupert," she exclaimed—"O hasten after him—bid him return to the Castle—O no, there danger awaits him—tell him, I would speak to him—that I will await him here; I will seat myself on the trunk of this tree until your return. Haste Rosenheim, and all may yet be well."

Rosenheim needed not a second intreaty, and set off with all possible speed to overtake Rupert. Adeline seated herself on the trunk of the tree, and was flattering herself, that she should soon have an interview with Rupert, at which, in the presence of Rosenheim his innocence might be made manifest; when on a sudden, Ortano burst upon her from a bye path, and involved her in the greatest confusion. She had no doubt that he had seen her with Rosenheim, and his precipitate departure might be construed into a fear of being seen together. Love is ever on the alarm, and from the shame which is in general the attendant on its actions, it might almost be called a criminal passion. Adeline was now at a loss how to act—she knew that Ortano was sent by Leopold in quest of Rupert, and that were he to return with Rosenheim, the doom of the old domestic might be for ever fixed. What would then be the feelings of her heart, when she reflected that she was an accessory to his ruin? On the other hand, were she to return to the Castle with Ortano, and thereby prevent him from discovering Rupert, what construction might not Rosenheim put upon her conduct? To what severe reproaches might she not expose herself? A time, however, would arrive, in which she could justify herself, and in the interim she could enjoy the satisfaction, of having saved a worthy individual from the machinations of his enemies.

"I fear I have intruded on your privacy," said Ortano to Adeline, as she rose from her seat, "I am sorry my arrival should have disturbed you in your conversation."

This was spoken in such a sneering tone, that the pride of Adeline was instantly roused.

"You are much mistaken, Sir," she said, "if you suppose that your sudden appearance here, caused any change in my conduct; neither the person with whom I was conversing, nor myself suspected your approach."

"So it appeared," said Ortano.

"There is no occasion," said Adeline. "for innocence to shun the presence of any one—nor do I know why your's should be feared."

"The innocence of individuals," said Ortano, "stands often on slippery grounds—it is at best but opinionative—but to associate with those whose guilt is manifest, bespeaks a participation in the crime."

"Will you allow me to ask you," said Adeline, "by whom are you authorized to scrutinize my actions or my motives?"

Ortano did not expect to meet with this rebuff, and he saw that the heart which is conscious of its rectitude, is not to be appalled by the imperious tone of authority. "Pardon me," said he, assuming that winning air, of which he was so much the master, "if I have in aught offended you, the interest which my heart takes in the most trivial of your concerns, renders it alive to

every prospect of danger to which the unsuspecting confidence of youth may expose you."

"And what danger do you suspect, that I am now exposed to?" asked Adeline.

"Was not the person," asked Ortano, "with whom you just parted——"

"Adolphus Rosenheim," answered Adeline, interrupting him with an air of dignity."

"And is he a proper person," asked Ortano, "for the virtuous Adeline Lindamore to associate with?"

"He was the companion of my father," said Adeline.

"Your father would not have admitted him into his society, had he known his character," said Ortano, "he has been deceived in his opinion of him."

"My father," said Adeline, "would not alter his opinion of him, upon the simple ground of suspicion."

Ortano saw that this was no time to effect a change in the sentiments of Adeline towards Rosenheim, and appearing suddenly to recollect himself, he said, "I am, however, detaining you here, when circumstances of a weighty nature require your instantaneous return to the Castle—a messenger is arrived with intelligence of your father."

"Of my father," exclaimed Adeline, whilst a bright beam of joy shone on her beautiful countenance, "where is he? O let me hasten to him—

perhaps he is now arrived? Speak, was not the messenger sent forward to announce his approach? O my father, I shall see thee again!"

At this moment, Rosenheim, Rupert, the whole world were forgotten by Adeline. The thought of again seeing her beloved father alone occupied her mind. "Why did you withhold this intelligence so long from me?" she said, "let us hasten to the Castle."

"It grieves me," said Ortano, "to damp your emotions of joy, but I fear that the intelligence which the messenger has brought is of a disastrous nature."

"My father is perhaps dead," cried Adeline, and accompanied by Ortano, she hastened towards the Castle.

Mean time, Rosenheim was not long in overtaking Rupert, and the joy of the latter was unbounded and sincere, in again meeting with the person who was so materially implicated with him in the late transactions in the Castle, and with whose co-operation he doubted not he should be able to alter the catastrophe of the drama which was then acting at Nioló. The intelligence, that Rosenheim had been sent by Adeline, conveyed also the most unfeigned satisfaction to the old domestic—as it convinced him, that the effort of Leopold and his accomplice to ruin him in her good opinion, had not succeeded.

"I have much to say to you," said Rupert, as they were returning to the spot, where Adeline was

supposed to be waiting for them. "I must, however, reserve it for a private hour, be not, however, too communicative in the presence of my young mistress, let not any of your suspicions shew themselves—a display of ignorance is better than an acknowledgment founded on surmise; but let not despair assail you—the road of life is like my native mountains, a valley here and there, over which the wanderer passes with delight, and then a dreary and a dismal scene, which tires and appals him.

Thus conversing, Rosenheim and Rupert reached the spot where the former had left Adeline sitting, but their surprise was great not to find her there.

"She may perhaps have extended her walk a little," said Rosenheim. His astonishment, however, knew no bounds, when directing his eyes towards the Castle, he discovered Adeline in the company of a stranger, and but a short distance from the Castle. "What can all this mean?" said Rosenheim, as he pointed out Adeline to Rupert, "see, she is now on the point of entering the Castle."

"Aye, aye," said Rupert, "things go on strangely now in these parts—one might almost suppose we were playing at cross purposes—but I suppose we shall soon have a marriage with my young lady."

"A marriage!" exclaimed Rosenheim, "with whom?"

"Why with Miss Adeline," replied Rupert, "and if my information be correct, it will not be long first."

Rosenheim appeared thunderstruck at this intelligence. "From whom have you gained your information?" asked Rosenheim.

"Silence becomes me best on that subject just now, but I will only now say that I have it from the owls."

Had he taken upon himself the habits of those birds, and perched in some musty corner—had he listened to the conversation of the inhabitants of the Castle—or, did he know a friendly crevice in the wall of the apartment in which the conferences were held, to which it only required a close application of the ear, to make himself acquainted with the import of the slightest whisper, and were it as low as if uttered at the stool of a confessional? I know not that he placed himself in either of those situations, but there can be no doubt, that he must have been in some very particular situation indeed, to have enabled him to describe so exactly the plans which were in agitation against Adeline. Perhaps, in some happy moment, and there may be yet many in store for the old man, he may himself inform us of that situation. The plan against Adeline would, however, have appeared quite extravagant in the eyes of Rosenheim, and he would have regarded it wholly as a wild conjecture on the part of Rupert, had it not been corroborated

by certain circumstances which had fallen under his own immediate inspection. But could he now flatter himself, that Adeline regarded him with a partial eye, when she so openly preferred the society of another? Could he believe that her meeting with the stranger at this particular time was merely accidental? Was it not premeditated? This thought gave him the severest pain; and he stood for a time so immersed in reflection, as to be wholly inattentive to the frequent ejaculations of old Rupert, or to his quaint remarks on the singularity of their situation.

"Come, come, cheer up," cried the old domestic, "when you have lived as many years as myself in the world, you will not heed these little gusts of ill-luck: though I be dismissed the service of the family, who have had the benefit of my youth, I can smile through it all; for I know that the heavier the storm, the sooner it is over."

"That is all fine philosophy," said Rosenheim, "but theory and practice are very different in their natures."

"I know not what may be their natures," said Rupert, "but I know it is my nature to look upon every thing for the best. I know I am but a mere instrument in the hand of another, and I must perform the work which is allotted to me; but we have matters of the most serious consequence to deliberate upon: as affairs, however, now stand at the Castle, it is prudent that we should not be seen together in its vicinity.

I will meet you on this spot at midnight: in the mean time be cautious to whom you shew yourself, and in your speech be strictly guarded. I shall pass the intervening hours at the convent—now farewell—at midnight be punctual.”

“I will not fail,” said Rosenheim.

Rupert bent his way to the convent, and Rosenheim to the deep shade of some sequestered wood, to ruminate on the conduct of Adeline. Slowly he paced along, a prey to the most painful reflections—he was scarcely conscious of the direction in which he was walking; nor did he consider it of any particular consequence to what place the road conducted him. On a sudden, lifting his eyes, he saw the monastery of Arienheim before him, and the scene of the former night instantly occurred to him. He saw the little ruined building, which the two mysterious persons had entered; and conceiving that it might be inhabited, he bent his steps towards it. He had, however, no sooner entered it, than he was fully convinced, that many a year must have rolled away since it had been the abode of man; still there were many vestiges which declared its original destination—and seating himself on the rock, which was once the bed of the hermit, he pondered on the instability of human life—its misery—and its end. Silence was around him—twin-sister of terror;—he was perhaps treading on the dust of the dead—the injured spirit of the former inhabitant might be hovering

near him—the rock on which he sat might hold his canonized bones, and ere another age was passed, the wanderer might rest on the spot, and seek in vain for the grave of the hermit.

These first impressions having subsided, Rosenheim began to consider the design which the two persons could have in view, in visiting such a ruinous building : he saw no marks which told of its having been lately entered, nor did any circumstance present itself, which could warrant him to draw any conclusion on the business which had been effected on the preceding night. Seeing nothing to attract his curiosity, he rose to leave the hermitage ; but, on a sudden, his attention was aroused by a sound beneath him, which resembled the sudden closing of a door—he listened, but all again was silent. He now thought the noise might have proceeded from some object without, and he was hastening towards the door, when he saw something suddenly move in that part of the hermitage where the altar formerly stood ; and his astonishment knew no bounds, when he saw a trap-door gently raised, and he beheld distinctly the features of a man, who, on perceiving Rosenheim, suddenly let the trap-door fall, and by the noise which succeeded, Rosenheim concluded that he was fastening it. Here was now ample food for his curiosity—he had now, doubtless, discovered the manner in which the two persons had disposed of themselves on the preceding night, and he conjectured, that the man whom he had just seen

was one of them. On weighing, however, every circumstance, there was one which presented itself to belie that conjecture. From the cursory view which he obtained of the person, he appeared to be dressed in the habit of a religious order, and he was prevented obtaining a full view of his features, by the cowl which was drawn over his face. This did not at all correspond with the dress of the persons who had entered the hermitage on the preceding night, for they wore the costume of men of an exalted station in life; and from the conversation which he had overheard, these men had the disposal of Adeline's hand—men, who herded with banditti, and perhaps with murderers of the vilest stamp, for he could not consider the subterranean places to which the trap-door conducted, in any other view, than the hiding-place of some of the desperate gangs which he knew infested the mountains. This idea operated on him like an electric shock, and he now ardently longed for the hour of midnight, that he might impart his discovery to Rupert; and it was not improbable that, from the long residence of Rupert in the neighbourhood, he might impart to him some information respecting the hermitage, and of the subterranean places of which it concealed the entrance. Having taken particular notice of the spot where he had discovered the trap-door, he left the hermitage, and lost in thought, took the road which led to the mountains.

CHAPTER XXV.

Good night to all, then—
And now, good friend, suppose me on my death bed,
And take of me thy last, short living leave.
Nay, keep thy tears, till thou hast seen me dead—
And, when in tedious winter nights, with good
Old folk, thou sitt'st up late,
To hear them tell the dismal tales
Of times long past—ev'n now with woe remembered,
Before thou bid'st good night, to quit their grief,
Tell them the lamentable tale of me,
And send thy hearers weeping to their beds.

ADELINÉ had scarcely left the Castle in search of Rupert, than the arrival of a messenger was announced, and who demanded immediate admittance to Leopold.

“Shew him into the armoury,” said Leopold to the servant, “I will attend him instantly.”

“He may perhaps stand in need of some refreshment,” said the governess, “I will accompany you.”

“Excuse me,” said Leopold, in a severe tone, who saw the aim of the governess, “there are

servants in the Castle to procure him refreshment—his business is with me, and not with you ;” then giving a private signal to Ortano, they both left the room.

“ It is a messenger from Stavelo,” said Leopold to his friend, as they proceeded to the armoury.

“ You know the intelligence which he brings; whilst I am closeted with him, seek you Adeline—prepare her for the intelligence—our plans are ripening fast to perfection—I will join you shortly—be careful, however, that Adeline does not disturb us.”

Ortano hastened on his mission, and Leopold entered the armoury. There sat Bonano, the accomplice in his villany, and he greeted him with that smile of joy which speaks a successful issue.

“ Welcome from Stavelo,” said Leopold, “ how left you *all* in the Castle?”

“ I left the old bear grumbling in his den,” said Bonano; “ when the sun shines, he curses the light—when it is set, he calls the world a hell of darkness.”

“ But he has had company lately to divert him,” said Leopold.

“ It is all true,” answered Bonano, “ and you have often received his blessing for sending them—but I’ll warrant you, upon my faith, that he has ridden himself of it by this time.”

“ It had not then taken place before you left Stavelo?” Leopold asked.

“ Not a doubt of it,” the villain answered.

A sudden paleness came over the countenance

of Leopold, and he turned away for a moment to hide the workings of his breast—the imperious voice of conscience was struggling for its power; stifled for a time by an incessant course of guilt and criminality, is there a treasure more valuable, than that of an acquitting conscience, which, like a faithful mirror, reflects each pleasing and each charming object. How pure is the delight to survey in one glance, the whole tenor of our life, free from the reproach of having caused by deeds of guilt and vice the misery of others or ourselves. It is, indeed, one of the weaknesses inseparable from humanity, to be the subject of error, it is intimately and inseparably interwoven with our nature, but the remembrance of those errors injure not the internal peace, but assumes the friendly mien of a Mentor to warn us from a repetition of them. Leopold had hitherto stifled the compunctions of his conscience in the turmoil of the world, in an unlicensed attachment to its pleasures, and in a quick transition from one criminal act to another. Recede he could not—he thought one step more would bring him to the summit of his wishes—and now that he had taken that step—he felt its horror and its turpitude. It was, however, but a transient feeling—gone with the moment of its birth.

Turning to the villain, he said, “Sazzano has however, transgressed my instructions—I did not order him to be so quick in his operations.”

"When a deed is to be done," said Bonano "the sooner it is accomplished the better."

"But what proofs have you of his death?" Leopold asked.

"This bundle," said Bonano, "contains his clothes—they are the same which he wore on his arrival at Stavelo."

"You have a tale ready," said Leopold, "to impose upon my niece in niece in regard to the manner of her father's death,"

"Aye, signor," said Bonano, "I have a most plausible one to relate."

"But," said Leopold, "it must defy all further investigation."

"Certainly," said Bonano, "I can go through all the formalities of his death so aptly, that I will make you almost believe that I was present at his burial."

"You shall be most amply rewarded," said Leopold.

"But," said Bonano, "I have some intelligence to convey to you for which you will reward me more profusely, than even for the history of your brother's death—you remember the Count Villano and the beautiful Orisini?"

"What of them? speak," exclaimed Leopold whilst an unusual fire shone in his eyes—"know you where she is? keep me not in suspense."

"I knew the very mention of her name," said Bonano, "would rouse all your spirits."

"What of the Count?" cried Leopold.

"He is keeping your brother company," said Bonano, "knocking their heads together in the Adriatic."

"How so?" Leopold asked.

Bonano now related to him the circumstances of Villano's attempts to rescue Frederic, and enlarged in a most particular manner, on the active part which he had taken in the transaction. Having closed the recital of his villainous acts, he continued: "What reward will you now give me, to tell you where your beautiful Orsini, the long lost object of your affection, is hidden?"

"Name it yourself," said Leopold, "but keep me not in suspense—is it far hence?"

"About half way from Stavelo. Three days ago I stopped to pass the night at a small village in the valley of Cambrera, and I was sitting in the front of the house with one of the villagers, when a little dog came and fawned upon my companion, and on my inquiring to whom it belonged, he told me the name was engraved on the collar. I caught the animal, and read Maria Orsini, the gift of Count Villano."

"I know the dog well," said Leopold, but proceed.

"I then, in a careless manner, inquired if the owner resided in the neighbourhood."

"You see," replied the villager, "the spires of yonder convent, it belongs to the Order of the Grey Sisters—and some time ago, a lady was brought there in a most private manner—some

people said from Venice, to escape from a marriage that was hateful to her. She brought this dog with her, but it being against the rules of the convent to admit any dog within its walls, an inquiry was made for some person who would take particular care of it, and my wife, who, if she followed her own inclinations, would make my little hut a Noah's ark, immediately offered herself, and I must own that we are as well paid for our care of it, as if it were a christian."

"I then inquired if she belonged to the Order."

"Sancta Maria," exclaimed the villager—"it would indeed be a vile murder, to shut up such a beautiful creature in a convent. She sometimes walks in the grove near the convent, and she has been known to attend the sisters on one of their charitable peregrinations—but then she is always dressed like one of the sisterhood, and wears so thick a veil, that her beauty cannot be seen—we are, however, going to lose her soon."

"How so?" I asked.

The peasant then informed me, that it must be now about five days ago, a monk in the garb of the Carmelites, called at the convent.

"Right," said Leopold, "it was the Count Villano himself, I suppose."

"The same," the fellow answered.

"At least," the peasant said, "that he was the lover of the lady, who had assumed that dress, for the purpose of more easily effecting his designs—for a monk, you well know, finds admit-

lance every where. The counterfeit monk, however, departed the same night—and on the following morning, the lady sent for my wife, and told her, that she was very soon going to leave the convent, but that it would be in the most private manner—and she was instructed to call again as to-morrow, to know when the dog was to be brought to the convent; and so I suppose, she will soon exchange the dress of the Grey Sisters, for the more pleasant one of the bride.”

“Be it my task to prevent it,” said Leopold; “my presence will, however, be required here for some time—but as soon as you have fulfilled your part in regard to my brother’s death, hasten to the village, and keep a most observant eye on the actions of the convent—my joy is great that her retreat is at length discovered. There—in that purse is treble the amount I promised you, and it shall be again trebled, if you perform your part religiously—let her not slip through my hands again—or ——”

At this moment, a violent knocking at the door put an end to their conference—it was Adeline, whom no force nor persuasion on the part of Ortano, could restrain from seeking an immediate explanation of the fate of her father.

On her entrance, Leopold cast a keen and reproachful look on Ortano—and the expressions of joy which had shone on his countenance, from the discovery of the retreat of Orsini, on a sudden, gave way to a deep and thoughtless melan-

choly. "My dear Adeline," he said, taking her hand, "this is not a proper place to communicate to you, the sorrowful intelligence which this messenger has brought."

"Is my father dead then?" Adeline cried, "O tell me the worst—even that were better than this horrible suspense."

"Accompany me to the breakfast room, and there every incident shall be related to you."

"And why not here?" Adeline cried. Then turning to the messenger—"Is my father dead?"

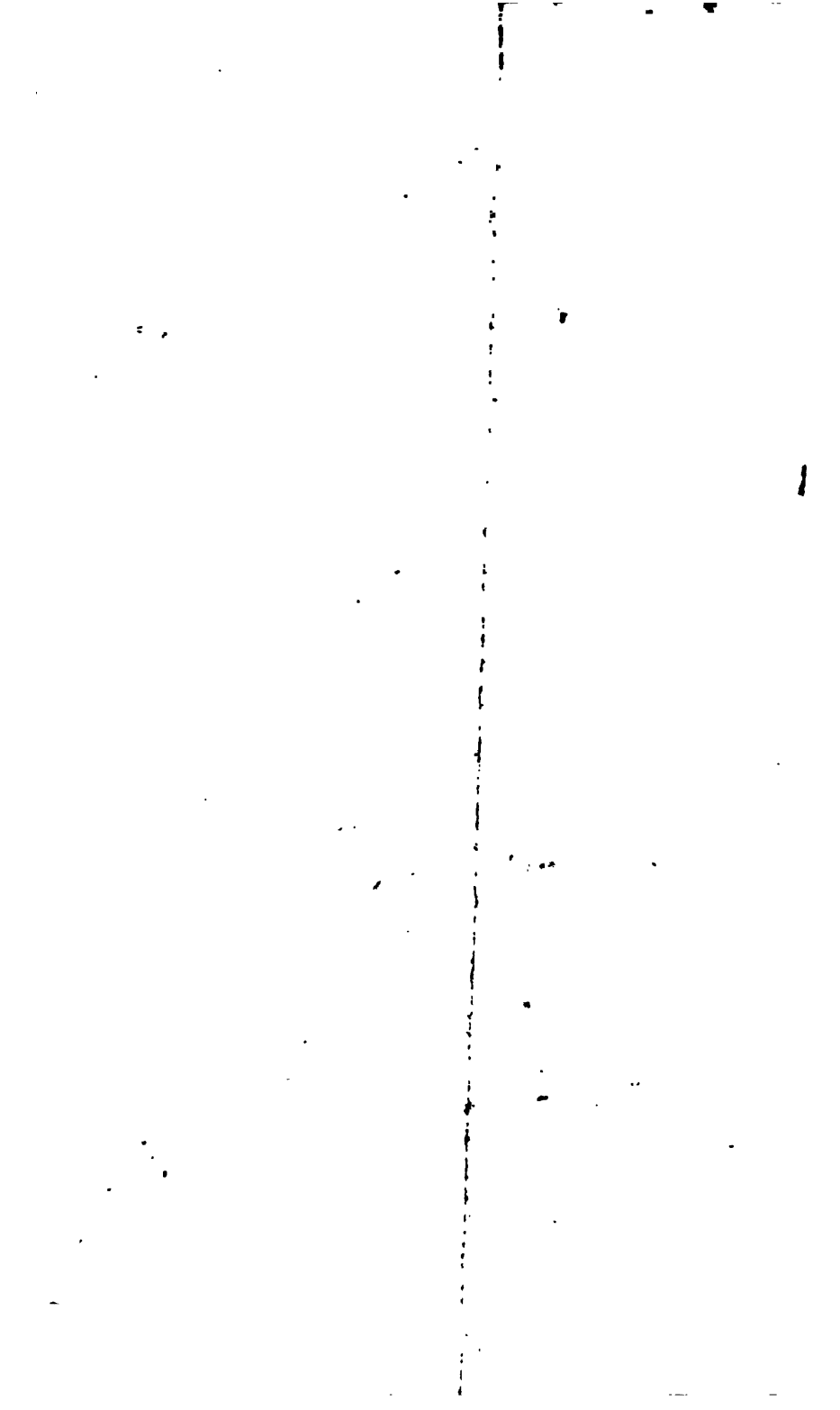
"Lady," said the hypocrite, with a mournful shake of his head, "it grieves me much to be the messenger of ill tidings, but my tongue cannot contradict what my eyes have seen."

The colour fled from the cheeks of Adeline—the lustre of her eye was broken—the bounds of her bosom were too narrow for its workings, and its wild motion fed the lustful gaze of Ortano. Pale as the lily broken by the storm, she hung her head, and fainting, was caught in the arms of her inhuman uncle. It was a scene which would have softened the most obdurate heart, it would have made the tear of sorrow trickle down the cheek, even of callous age. Had the youth beheld it, just entering on a career of vice, he would have shunned for ever the society of those, who, to promote their own criminal views, could heap such misery on the head of innocence, and wound the heart they ought to cherish and support. Unmoved, however, stood the spectators



Adeline fainting on hearing of her Father's death. *Page 150 Vol. 1.*

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of the scene, and one among them would have never grieved had her eyes never opened again upon the world. Custom had steeled their hearts against every soft and tender impression. There was not one among them who had not seen his victim writhing under a stiletto, or who had not heard the groans of his captive in the dungeon or the cell. What then in comparison was the mere fainting fit of a woman?—her convulsions?—or her shrieks?—an impression of the moment which left no sting behind. Adeline was conveyed to bed, and several hours elapsed before consciousness returned—and when it did return, what a train of frightful images accompanied it. The dreadful certainty was now before her, that she was an orphan in the world—subject to the controul of an uncle, whom she feared and dreaded. The particular circumstances too, of her father's death, drove from her mind every ray of comfort; had he fallen a prey to any of the diseases incident to human nature, it would have been criminal to have repined. The ways of heaven, she knew, were not to be questioned, and that it will deal the blow of death in its own good time. Then, though the tear affection may be shed in that dread moment, when death is drawing the veil over every earthly scene, the mind supported by religion, looks beyond the grave, and contemplates with a pleasing melancholy the arrival of that hour when the grave

will deliver up its dead, and the bliss of heaven open on the sainted spirit.

But where could Adeline look for consolation ? —she doubted not that her father had fallen a victim to the swords of the banditti, and his body, for aught she knew, might be now withering in the wind. Summoning therefore all the resolution of which she was mistress, she sent the governess to her uncle to inform him, that she was now sufficiently collected to hear the particulars of her father's death, and requested his immediate attendance in her apartment.

During the time, however, in which Adeline had remained in a state of stupor—the abbot of Arienheim had arrived at the Castle, and was immediately closeted with Leopold. As soon as the doors were closed the abbot began in rather a hasty tone. “My son you are too unwary, you suffer strangers to prowl the country, who in a moment may discover your plans, and defeat them for ever—I fear even now that a stranger has gained the clue to them.”

“How so, holy father ?” Leopold asked, “I am not conscious to myself of a want of circumspection nor of prudence.”

“That very consciousness,” replied the abbot, “may be your ruin, a man often misses his aim, by relying too much on a false security ; a prudent man will never consider himself secure, until his point be actually gained, and will consequently guard against every failure.”

from you," said Leopold, "than from the messenger—you will also be able to retain your presence of mind, which is so essential in a case of this nature—besides, the presence of the fellow is required without delay elsewhere."

"Then dispatch him instantly," said the abbot, "he may perhaps be questioned, and his tale and mine may not agree—be sure and see him beyond the Castle walls."

Leopold departed and left the holy villain to his own reflections :

O 'tis glorious mischief,
 When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
 Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
 Of saintly elevation, blesseth sin,
 And makes the seal of sweet offended heaven,
 A sign of blood, a lable for decrees,
 That hell would blush to own.

If there be an object hateful on the earth, and fit only to associate with the denizens of hell, it is the villain priest—and is that character rare in the world, reader? Look around thee, and I anticipate thy answer. Religion is, in general, chosen as the cloak for the most degenerate vices, as it is supposed, that guilt cannot be suspected where religion and devotion shew themselves. The devotee is ever a surreptitious character—it has the exterior beauty of the serpent, and within, its guile and poison. In thy intercourse with the world, young man,

shun him who boasts of his religion, who, with "the eye of saintly elevation," is seized with a shivering fit of horror, when man only shews himself as man is. He who is truly impressed with religion never boasts of its possession—he shews by his actions that he is fully alive to its awful truths—hast thou forgiven him who has injured thee? hast thou relieved the needy? hast thou wiped the tear from the cheek of the widow, or brought a smile upon the face of the orphan? hast thou visited the prisoner in his cell, and eased the galling of his chains—spoken comfort to his afflicted heart, and on the ruins which despair has made, caused hope again to smile? lastly, hast thou fulfilled the duties of thy state, to the fulness of thy talents? believe me, thou art in possession of more true religion than he, who, though a constant frequenter of the church—where brotherly love is taught—still hesitates not by dark and insidious means, and by snares worthy of a fiend, to plunge a brother into a prison, where, with a wife and three children, all the accumulated ills of humanity, must have been their lot. I know not according to what principles the goodness or virtue of a man was established in those times, in which the events of the present history took place, but I suppose each was estimated according to his actions; in the present day, however, the man is good and virtuous, who is constantly seen in his place at the conventicle of the enthusiast, or the

visionary, who with his long lank locks and pale quixotic face, arising, no doubt, from intensity of study, and the unwholesome vapors of the midnight lamp, bellows from his pulpit, that he alone can point out the road to heaven, and that provided his hearers are filled with faith, actions are of a secondary consideration. No wonder then, that many, who are a vile compound of vice and iniquity, argue themselves most conveniently into the belief, that they have a mountain of faith within them, and consequently are not responsible to society for their actions—for by faith they are become children of grace.

But what have Polemics to do with the abbot, with Leopold, or Adeline? I grant the reproof is just—but reader, the Pegasus which I ride, is a sort of a vile, unruly, vicious, kicking jade—sometimes she will stand still, in spite of all my flogging and spurring; at another, she runs away with me into the most dirty places, where I not only besprinkle myself with mud, but even my friends, who are around me; the strongest rein will not, sometimes, hold her, but believe me, reader, if I ever, carry thee along with me into places, contrary to thy taste, thou must look upon me in the light of a physician, who gives thee a nauseous draught to bring thee to a sound temperament of body, *valere et favete*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear.—
Their own transgressions partially they smother—
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes.

THE abbot paced the room—stopped—went on again—his eyes were always directed to the ground—not to that throne of goodness on which the looks of the priest should be fixed—the eye of virtue and repentant vice can alone endure its effulgence. With his arms folded, and absorbed in reflection, he scarcely noted the return of Leopold. “Adeline awaits us,” he said, as he entered—“I have seen the messenger on his road—we have nothing now to fear from him—Ortano will accompany him to the first town. Let us now repair to Adeline—we can confer afterwards on the proper measures to be pursued to hasten the consummation of our plans.”

“Be it so,” said the abbot, “lead on—I follow you.”

Pale and exhausted, with her head resting on her hand, Adeline was sitting at the window, contemplating the glorious object of the setting sun. It was a sight in unison with the temper of her mind, for it was an emblem of the death of the virtuous man—and will it not rise again in renovated majesty? So she thought, will man, from the darkness of the grave, and clad in a robe of light, soar to the realms of happiness and joy. In the midst of these melancholy, but pleasing thoughts, she was disturbed by the entrance of Leopold and the abbot.

With the mien and air of sanctity, the latter approached Adeline—"My blessings upon thee, my daughter, the presence of the comforter is welcome in the house of grief."

"This is indeed, a house of grief," said Adeline.

The abbot took a chair, and seated himself by Adeline. Leopold retired to a distant part of the room.

"I am again called to thee, my daughter," said the abbot, "to condole with thee on this melancholy occasion, but we finite beings must not say when the bolts of heaven must be thrown, nor the objects on which they must be directed; we must console ourselves that they are hurled by that hand, whose aim is the happiness of his creatures, and who, from seeming evil, adduces real good. To us, holy men, heaven has delegated the office of strengthening the afflicted, and with

grief I say, that thou, my daughter, art of that number; but it is in my power to staunch the bleeding of thy wounds, and restore serenity to thy troubled mind."

"And is it then past all doubt," Adeline asked, "that my father is no more?"

"It were highly culpable in me," said the abbot, "in this solemn hour, to feed thee with hopes which never can be realised—were I to tell thee that thy father still lives, I should be guilty of inhumanity towards thee, and of criminality in the eyes of heaven."

The tears rose in the eyes of Adeline—she bent her look towards the sun, but it was set—its full glory, however, still shone upon the mountain's summit—and so, thought Adeline, shine the actions of the virtuous man, even when he is no more.

"Weep not, my daughter," said the priest.

"Refuse me not the solace of my tears," said Adeline, "their flow is sanctioned by a parent's loss."

"True, my daughter, but excess of grief is unavailing—it becomes not the mortal who has a full reliance on a superior power. If it has pleased heaven to take the life of thy father, by one of those accidents over which the weakness of man has no controul, we may deplore the circumstance, but should not excite the wrath of heaven by continual murmurs."

"O it is easy," said Adeline, "to preach

apathy to a daughter's heart bleeding for the death of a father, but I would not be one of those, who under such circumstances, could practise it. The dreadful thought, too, is upon my mind, that my father died a violent death."

"Dismiss all such ideas," said the priest, "why torment yourself with imaginary evils."

"Was not my father murdered?" Adeline asked.

"Murdered!" ejaculated the priest, and crossed his forehead and his breast, "how could you harbor an idea so horrible?—by whom could he have been murdered?—whose resentment has he excited?—whom has he so flagrantly injured to warrant such an atrocious act?"

"Did we ever injure the banditti?" said Adeline, "who attacked us in the mountains, and by whose hands I believe my father to have fallen."

"Although I must acknowledge," answered the wily priest, "that the death of your father must ultimately be ascribed to the banditti, as if they had not attacked you, and carried your father away, he would not have met with the accident by which his death was caused, yet we must acquit them of all positive intention of encompassing his life."

"I would know every circumstance," said Adeline, and turning to Leopold, she asked—"Is the messenger waiting below? I am now prepared to hear his story."

"Adeline," Leopold answered, "on this melancholy occasion, I have in all things been guided by the wisdom and superior judgment of our holy friend—he will explain every circumstance to you."

"In delicacy towards you, my daughter," said the abbot, "and considering that the uncouth and unfeeling manner in which a rude uncultivated peasant would relate the circumstances, might inflict an additional pang upon your heart—I took it upon myself to question him most minutely of every particular, and having made him a handsome remuneration for his trouble, and providing amply for the expences of his return, I dismissed him."

"O that I had seen him," said Adeline, "I would have questioned him of many things which to you are of trifling import—I would have asked him of the last words of my father, whether he pronounced a blessing on me, or left an injunction for me to perform—I would have questioned him of every object which is near his grave, for perhaps it may be despoiled by savage hands, and exposed to be trodden on by every vagrant foot—I would have known the hand that closed his eyes—I would have asked the masses that were said—and the requiem that was sung for the peace of his soul—these to you are trifles—but know you the place of his grave? for I will visit it."

"The feelings of the friend," said the abbot,

"are of a colder nature than those of the child, nor should the former be deemed remiss in his duty to the deceased, if he attended not so particularly to those minutiae which the affection of the latter would suggest."

"But brought he no token, no remembrance from my father?" Adeline asked.

"In this bundle," said the abbot, "are contained some parts of his apparel, and which the messenger reports him to have worn at the time the accident befel him."

"By what accident, then, did my father meet his death?" Adeline asked.

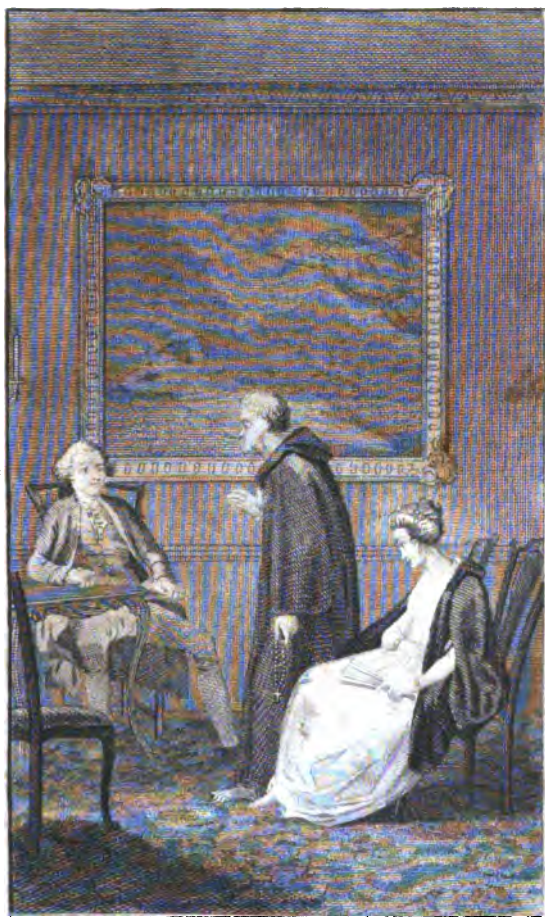
"I will relate it to you as concisely as possible," said the priest; "it will then become my duty to inspect the papers of your father and your grandfather, to ascertain in what manner the estates are disposed of—and should no specific distribution have been made by testament—the holy mother church will take them in keeping, until a decree of the lawful heir shall be made by the government; it revolts against my nature, daughter, to recall to your memory the scenes of that terrible night, when you were separated from your most worthy parent—and himself exposed to all the violent assaults of a lawless gang—you suffered much, but he must have suffered still more—it is not, however, in my power to relate to you the particular manner in which he escaped from the banditti."

"He, then, did escape?" asked Adeline, with a faint smile of joy.

"Undoubtedly," replied the abbot, "that is to say, his deliverance might have been voluntary on the part of the banditti—he might perhaps have purchased his freedom, or he might have been rescued; the manner of his deliverance is, however, a question, the solution of which is of very little consequence; suffice it to say—that he was on his return to Niolo—when he stopp'd one night at the village, of which the honest fellow who has just now left the Castle, was an inhabitant. We must not censure him for his anxiety to reach his paternal home—it is a strong bias of our nature to look to that spot, where our infant years were passed, and therefore it must not excite our surprise, that with your father, all the dictates of prudence, and of self-preservation, were disregarded, and the advice of the oldest inhabitants of the village rejected. It appears, that your father arrived at this village at sun-set."

"Know you the name of the village?" Adeline asked.

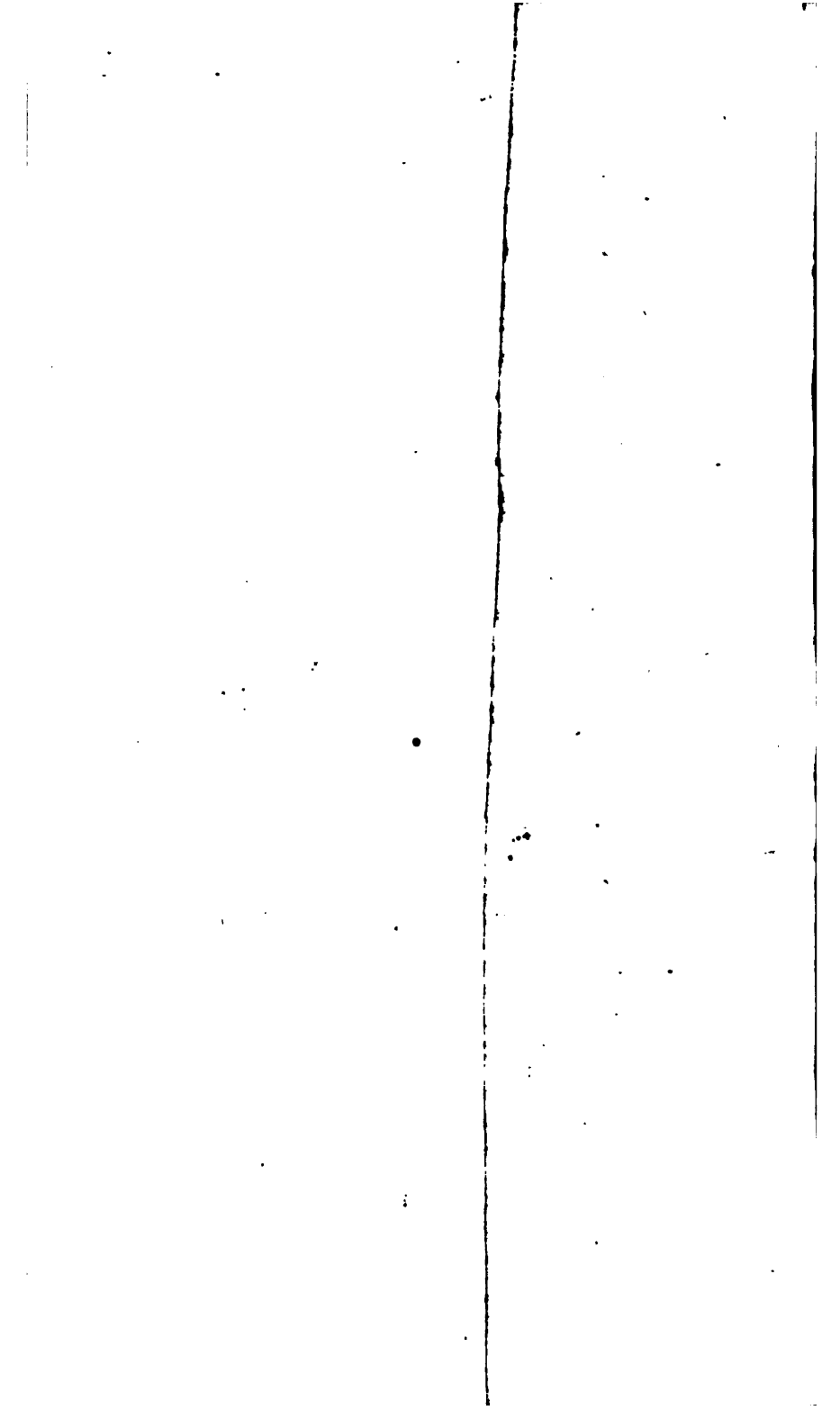
"It shall be mentioned to you, hereafter," said the abbot: "be not so inquisitive, daughter, or you will confound me in my story. I had related, that your father arrived at the village at sun-set, and after having taken some slight refreshment, he expressed his determination to pro-



The Abbot's Visit to Adeline on the death of her Father.

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ceed on his journey. The host of the inn, and several of the villagers, amongst whom was the messenger, endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, they depicted to him the real dangers which subsisted---the almost impassable state of the roads---the deep ravines which he had to cross---the avalanches which he had to dread, and the torrents which he had to cross rendered unfordable by the late heavy falls of rain---but he turned a deaf ear to all these objections, considered them as the mere exaggerations of pusillanimous minds, and expressed his determination to proceed either with or without a guide. Self-interest, however, operates every where; in the highest and the lowest conditions, gold can make the roughest Alpine road smooth as the meadow on which the peasants hold their village gambols---it can make the ford passable, at which the wary traveller would turn away with terror---it can fix the trembling avalanche, and make the hermit's cell on the tottering cliff, a palace of delight. Thus the men, who had been most vociferous in the description of the different dangers of the road, forgot them all at the sight of your father's gold---each was ready to be his guide---all the dangers had vanished---and, on a wild and tempestuous night, in which nor star nor moon-beam shone to light him on his way, did your father leave the village, to expose himself to all the dangers of the Alpine roads. He has suffered dearly for his temerity; let whatever

errors he committed, be, however, now buried in oblivion—let his virtues only live in our remembrance.”

“And he had many, holy father?” said Adeline.

“They will meet with their reward,” said the abbot, and he thus continued his recital.

“The travellers having surmounted many dangers, arrived at the monastery of the White Penitents, and your father was strongly urged by the guides to rest there until the morning broke, especially as they must necessarily cross the dangerous bridge of Guolfo. An infatuation, or a destiny, call it which you will, appeared however, to operate on your father, for he was not only deaf to all the representations of his guides, but actually lost that equanimity of temper for which he was so eminent, and in violent language, expressed his determination to proceed without their assistance. The guides, therefore, seeing no alternative, pursued their journey, and, as they predicted, on passing the bridge of Guolfo, which from the description which I have received, has no parapets, the carriage was upset, and precipitated into the foaming torrent beneath. The night was dark and tempestuous—and it was impossible to grant any relief, nor even to discern the particular situation into which your father was thrown. On day-light however appearing, the carriage was discovered at a considerable distance from the bridge,

with the wheels uppermost, and almost immersed in water. Every exertion was made to extricate it, and with the assistance of some of the holy brethren from the monastery, they at last succeeded—but alas! your father was no more. He was conveyed immediately to the monastery, where every method was tried to restore him to life, but the vital spark was extinct—the prayers of the penitents were said over him, and in due time he was committed to the grave in the cemetery of the monastery. In no holier spot could your father rest, my daughter, in the blessed company of the fathers of our sacred church, and in the ground sanctified by the tears of repentance; and now, my daughter, blessed is he that gives, and he that takes away; the time will quickly come, when you will be reunited to those whom you loved on earth, and in the full enjoyment of the beatitude of heaven, the griefs of this world will be forever closed; arm yourself, my daughter, with the full force of those precepts which your father inculcated, and consider the evils which now afflict you, as the dispensations of a divine hand, which it were impious to arraign. We will now leave you for a short time to compose yourself, whilst I attend your uncle to investigate those matters which are now incumbent upon him.” Adeline could make no reply—drowned in her tears, she scarcely noticed the departure of the confederates in villainy, and at an early hour she retired to bed, to lose in sleep the remembrance of her woes.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain ;
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search,
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor when the regular confusion ends.

IN deep and close deliberation the abbot and Leopold passed the midnight hour ; the latter now saw every bar removed to the attainment of the object for which he had long been striving, and the former saw himself on the point of reaping the reward for his active and secret co-operation in the villainous transactions.

"The estate of Moreno, thence henceforth," said the abbot; "belongs to our holy brotherhood—with all its privileges and appurtenances."

"It shall be transferred to you without delay," said Leopold, "its vineyards are famed all over Switzerland."

"Yes, yes," said the abbot, "they will enable my sacred brethren to quench their thirst a little oftener than usual—wine is good for the soul, and although it may be prohibited by Mahomet,

thank heaven, we live in a christian country, and are allowed to taste of the good things of this world.

"True," said Leopold, "the kiss of a pretty girl is doubly sweet for being stolen in private, and you reverend men enjoy your glass with double zest, because the credulous world believes your abstinence."

"True, my son, we have many enjoyments of which it is proper to keep the world in the dark."

"And being committed in the dark," said Leopold, "there are few tongues to tell them."

"Right, right, my son, but the clock has just sounded twelve—it is time I should depart; let me advise you to follow your plans with boldness—we are not wholly safe—there are those who prowl abroad, not wholly ignorant of our actions, and our detection may be the result—we must make sure doubly sure."

"Your advice shall be followed," said Leopold—"you know me too well to accuse me of pusillanimity—I never begin a work, and stop in the middle from fear."

"In regard to your niece?" said the abbot, in an inquisitive but expressive manner——

"Leave that wholly to me," said Leopold, "I will hasten her marriage with Ortano; we must be rid of him also—he can now be of very little use to us. I know he is poor—I can now give him a handsome sum on his marriage, as the for-

tune of my niece, and then let him settle---in hell if he pleases."

"You have given him a warm settlement at all events," said the abbot.

"You would not give a man a better one than he deserves," said Leopold.

"We had better talk of that another time," said the abbot.

"Now, farewell, my son---I will soon give you a good account of that young stranger---his motions shall be watched most narrowly."

"We will soon clear the nest of all the serpents who are likely to sting us," said Leopold, "Good night, holy father."

"Farewell, my son---I will soon see you again."

The abbot left the Castle, and bent his steps towards the monastery. The silence of the night prevailed around him, broken alone by the sound of his footsteps, as he paced slowly and cautiously along. Above him in their eternal splendour, shone the worlds of heaven, but thither he dared not elevate his look--for there enthroned sat a God of justice and of mercy, who in his good time will launch his lightnings of retribution against the sinner, who cannot be hidden from his omnipotent eye by the darkness of the midnight.

The abbot suddenly stopped--in the distant gloom, he distinctly saw the form of a man gli-

ding on the path before him, and his coward soul trembled with affright. He knew he was not bent on an errand of goodness or of virtue, and some vague and confused ideas rushed upon his mind, of an hour of punishment for his crimes. To be entrapped also at that hour, wandering abroad, were, he well knew, a death-blow to his character. He stood for a moment irresolute, fearing to proceed, and yet daring not to return—for he knew not what other evil spirits might be lurking about to bar his passage. His fears became insupportable, nor were they in the least diminished when he saw the figure suddenly stop, and turning round, look anxiously about him. This person was Rosenheim, on his way to keep his appointment with Rupert, and who on turning round, and seeing a person at some distance from him, conjectured it to be Rupert, and hastened towards him. What were now the feelings of the abbot, recede he could not, and to attempt to conceal himself, were to give rise to those suspicions which could not fail to prove highly injurious to him. Such is the power of fear, that the abbot wisely believed the crisis of his fate was at hand, and as is in general the case with persons in his situation, he began to tax himself with a positive want of prudence in not having left the Castle at earlier hour, by which he would most probably have escaped the discovery which now availed him.

But the surprise of Rosenheim was boundless,

when on coming up to the person, instead of meeting with Rupert, he saw a monk before him, who by his garb, he knew to belong to the monastery of Arienheim. Some unpleasant sensations crept also upon Rosenheim, for he had strong reasons to believe that some of the holy fraternity had been concerned in the late transactions in the Castle ; and at this particular juncture, when the utmost caution and prudence were necessary to unravel some of the mysteries which accompanied these transactions, it was certainly rather unfortunate to be discovered by one of the very persons who might have probably co-operated in their accomplishment.

"I crave your blessing, holy father," said Rosenheim, as he came close to the abbot.

"It is your's my son," answered the monk in a hoarse tone, "what takes you abroad at this hour of the night?"

"Nought of evil, I assure you, reverend man," said Rosenheim.

"That assertion is no proof," said the abbot, "the clock of night is generally chosen to hide those deeds, which the broad face of day dare not witness."

"There is no deed of mine," said Rosenheim, "which even the eye of heaven may not witness."

"Well for thee, my son," said the abbot, "but I have heard the villain ere now, boast of his virtue."

"And I, the priest of his religion and his sanctity," said Rosenheim, "who was piqued at the insinuation of the monk, when he must be conscious to himself, that he had no claim to either."

"In a numerous flock," said the abbot, "some must be scabbed."

"Then they should be driven from it," said Rosenheim.

"Whither is your route, my son?" asked the abbot.

"Homewards," said Rosenheim.

"That is a very indefinite answer," said the abbot, "you are perhaps a stranger in the country, and have lost your way."

"It is true," said Rosenheim, "I am a stranger in the country, but I know the path which will lead me to my home."

"Leads this to it?" asked the abbot.

"Your reasons for that question?" asked Rosenheim.

"It behoves us reverend men," said the abbot, "to guard the virtuous and the innocent from the designs of the wicked—you see yonder Castle in the gloom?"

"I do," said Rosenheim, "it is the Castle of Nilo—and there I am certain the purest innocence may be said to dwell."

"True," said the abbot, "and it must be guarded from the designs which are formed against it—this path leads to that Castle."

"And *from* it also," said Rosenheim, in an expressive manner.

"Right," said the abbot, "the nature of our holy avocations imposes upon us the painful duty of assuaging the afflicted heart; that now has been my occupation—I have been comforting a daughter under the loss of a father."

"How," exclaimed Rosenheim, in the most impatient tone—"speak—is the father of Adeline Lindamore no more?"

"I know not," said the abbot, in an ironical tone, "how his death can concern a stranger in the country."

"It does concern me," said Rosenheim, "for I respected and esteemed him."

The suspicion now flashed upon the villain priest, that he was conversing with the very individual whose destruction he had, in conjunction with Leopold, a few minutes before, finally agreed upon, and should his conjectures prove true, he was resolved to adopt those measures which would place him for ever in his power.

"I have heard," said the monk, "of a young man who accompanied the family of the much lamented Frederic Lindamore from Zurich—would that I could find him, as from him some information might be gained on particular points connected with his death."

"You need not search long for him," said Rosenheim, "I am that person."

"Indeed," exclaimed the abbot, "how fortunate is this meeting—now our doubts may all be made clear."

"Indeed they may," said Rosenheim.

"This is, however, no time nor place," said the abbot, "for the communication of such important matters—be on this spot at this hour to-morrow night, and I will then lead you to a place where we can converse without reserve—and without danger of discovery. I must now hasten to the monastery—will you be punctual?"

"I will," said Rosenheim.

"Be not seen hereabouts," said the abbot, "some suspicion rests on yourself; hasten home, and at midnight I shall expect you—my blessings attend you."

"Farewell, reverend father." The abbot bent his steps towards the monastery.

But in the mind of Rosenheim rose the most discordant emotions; he was, indeed, young and inexperienced in the world, but still there was something in the manner of this monk, which excited his suspicions. The oblique questions which he put to him—the unusual circumstance of a monk being abroad at that hour of the night, notwithstanding the reason he had given for it—the assignation which he had made with him, when he had the most cogent grounds of belief; that the monk was an instrument in the hands of Leopold; all these circumstances tended to put him on his guard, and he stood for some time de-

liberating on the measures which he should adopt. He heard the distant steps of the monk, as he paced along the path to the monastery, and prompted by an involuntary impulse, he determined to follow him. But then he had made an assignation with Rupert, and having now obtained the intelligence of the death of Frederic, his anxiety increased to meet the faithful domestic, as their plan of operations, must, on that account, assume a wholly different character. The sound of steps at a distance suddenly struck his ear, but in a different direction to the path which the abbot had chosen. Hope rose in the bosom of Rosenheim, that it might be Rupert in search of him, as he was then near the spot on which they were to meet—his hope was realised—and Rosenheim immediately apprised Rupert of his rencontre with the monk, and the assignation which he had made.”

“You had better put your head into a lion’s den, than keep it,” said old Rupert; “I know the old hoary villain—it is the abbot himself; and as to the story which he has told of my good master’s death, I believe it not—but my reasons I will explain to you another time. Let us follow the route of the abbot—if we overtake him, I will put some questions to him that shall startle him. I know myself innocent—what then have I to fear from man?”

“Come on,” said Rosenheim, “we may overtake him, if we make haste—but we must ma-

nage our conversation with him in the most skillful manner—he is a monk, and having said that, I have given him credit for as much cunning and art as ever were amalgamated in a human frame.”

“I know him to be a villain—a rank, black-hearted villain,” said Rupert, “and when I stand before a man of that description, I feel something within me, which gives me almost a supernatural courage; though I must own, that in some cases I am rather deficient in spirit.”

“Especially when coats of mail fall to the ground,” said Rosenheim, in a tone of pleasantry.

“Aye, aye,” said Rupert, “but see—is not yonder the abbot bending his steps towards the hermitage?”

“It is he, indeed,” said Rosenheim, who remembered the scene which he had witnessed in that place, and to whom the sudden idea occurred, that the very person whom he had seen raising the trap-door, might have been the abbot himself; let us proceed cautiously—we will watch his motions secretly, as they may lead us to some important disclosure.”

With the greatest caution and silence, Rosenheim and Rupert followed the abbot; they observed him at times turn suddenly round, and stop for a few minutes, as if to discover if he were watched. They then concealed themselves behind some bush or some jutting rock—nor did they emerge from their concealment, until the

abbot pursued his course. He had now reached the hermitage, and standing for some time at the door, he entered it."

"What can the reprobate have to do there," said Rupert, "that is not the way to the monastery."

"There are more ways lead to Rome," said Rosenheim, "than you are aware of—come, let us hasten, or we shall miss him."

The old Seneschal by this time felt some small workings of fear within him—and he advised, as they had seen the abbot enter the hermitage, it were better to desist at present from any farther pursuit of him, and to retire to their homes, where they might consult upon the measures which were to be adopted. But Rosenheim was not to be dissuaded from his resolution—and in a short time they arrived at the hermitage, and entered it without any obstacle.

Rupert expected fully to see the abbot before him—but his surprise knew no bounds, when, as well as the darkness would permit him, he saw nothing but a ruinous building, in which not a single object spoke of a living being. This sudden disappearance of the abbot tended by no means to allay the fears of the honest Seneschal, for he had heard of, and actually believed in the powers of sorcery, one of the grants of which was a voluntary invisibility—and certainly it puzzled old Rupert very much to conceive how a man could be seen one minute to enter a dwell-

ing, and a few moments afterwards not to be found in it, when there was no possible outlet by which he could have escaped.

"Why what a dismal place is this," said Rupert, "we certainly saw the abbot enter at the door—and I am sure he is not here now—what can become of him?"

"He is vanished into air, I suppose," said Rosenheim, jocosely, "or like a rabbit, perhaps, he has burrowed under ground."

"I think we had better not speak so loud," said Rupert, "for fear he should hear us—for ghosts, as my grandmother used to tell me, can hear every thing—but what are you groping on the ground for?"

"Hush," said Rosenheim, "I shall soon find it."

"Find what?" asked Rupert, "know you of any treasure concealed here?"

"O yes," said Rosenheim, "a very valuable one—we shall soon come to it."

"Indeed," exclaimed Rupert, "and have you brought me hither to share it with you?"

"O yes," said Rosenheim, "you shall share all that I find."

"Well," cried Rupert, "that is very kind of you."

"Silence," said Rosenheim, "speak no more—it moves."

"What—what moves?" exclaimed Rupert, half terrified.

"Now," said Rosenheim, in a low tone of voice, "I will show you the outlet of the abbot," and he slowly raised the trap-door.

"O Santa Maria!" exclaimed Rupert.

Hush," said Rosenheim, and listened for any noise that might warn him of danger; all was, however, still—a cold damp air issued from the passage, and with it he thought was mingled the smell of cadaverous bodies.

"O let us leave this spot," said Rupert.

Rosenheim descended a few steps.

"Whither are you going?" asked Rupert.

"Will you not accompany me?" said Rosenheim.

"Heaven defend me," said Rupert. "I would not descend a single step for all the riches in Christendom."

"Then wait for my return," said Rosenheim.

"Why you will not be so mad, Signor?" said old Rupert, "I shall die with fear till you return."

"I shall not be long," said Rosenheim, and cautiously descended the steps.

The way before him was wrapt in the thickest darkness—his own footsteps sounded along the passages, and the faint echo was lost at a distance. He now and then heard old Rupert's voice crying out to him, Signor, Signor, and he had groped his way for some little time, and still nothing presented itself to induce him to proceed, nor to warrant a belief that any advantage would

accrue to him from prosecuting the search. He was therefore on the point of returning, when he was convinced that he heard a noise behind him, and a person soon after rushed past him. Rosenheim was unfortunately unarmed; he however followed the unknown with all possible expedition, but it was evident that the person of whom he was in pursuit, was fully acquainted with the intricacies of the place, for he soon lost the sound of his steps, and in a short time a door closed at a distance, and complete silence again reigned in the passages. He stood for some moments irresolute, whether to proceed or to return, when on a sudden he thought he saw at a distance the faint glimmer of a light—he instantly bent his steps thither, and found that it proceeded from a small grating over a door, but no means presented themselves of ascertaining whither it led. A rustling noise was heard at a distance, and he thought it might be Rupert, who had ventured into the passages in search of him. On a sudden, he spied a small crevice in the door, and applying his eye to it, he was almost petrified with amazement, when he saw an aged man sitting with his back towards him, his head white either with grief or age, and who, by the faint glimmering of a lamp, appeared to be reading. Rosenheim was on the point of knocking at the door, when a number of men rushed upon him, and, notwithstanding the resistance which he made, he was forcibly dragged along one of the passages,

expecting every moment that the assassin's dagger would pierce his heart. The darkness of the place prevented him from discovering the features of his enemies, but in his struggles he distinctly ascertained from the nature of their dress that they belonged to the monastery. He was therefore convinced that the abbot was the cause of his capture, and that it had some reference to the infamous transactions which were then prosecuting at the Castle of Niob. All his attempts, however, to extricate himself from the grasp of his enemies were vain, and, having unlocked a ponderous door, he was thrust into a damp and pestiferous vault—the door was immediately closed upon him, and he was left to the agonizing feelings of his desperate situation.

In the mean time, the state of suspense in which Rupert was plunged by the protracted absence of Rosenheim, was most insupportable. Courage was, by no means, one of the good qualities with which the worthy Seneschal was blessed. Indeed, he had always through life preached up the excellence of the sage maxim of Hudibras, supposing that any Hudibras existed at the time when honest Rupert graced this lower hemisphere, viz.—

That he who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;

And Rupert, in the plenitude of his sagacity, did

more than many persons do in our enlightened times, for he not only preached the excellence of a particular doctrine, whether moral or theological, but he, in all cases, whenever he was put to the test, actually put it into practice. As to his descending the steps to discover the fate of Rosenheim, it by no means chimed in with his ideas of personal safety; besides, he felt a particular kind of quaking creeping over him, which certainly could not arise, according to his own method of construing it, from any other cause than the chilliness of the midnight air; but which in reality was very analogous to that sort of trembling, which pervades the human frame, when the subject is under the influence of the powerful passion of fear. Besides, there was no positive certainty of discovering the fate of his companion, supposing him to be so fool-hardy as to descend the steps, and certainly we all know, and Rupert, let it be supposed, knew it also, that the man who will run his head into danger when there is no occasion for it, is in plain language—a fool. Now Rupert, according as the world then moved, and by the world we mean the motley mass of its inhabitants, was certainly in many instances no fool, and no more forcible demonstration of the truth of this assertion can possibly be adduced, than the actions of Rupert in the dilemma in which at that time he had involved himself. Fear and curiosity often come into contact, and the struggle between these two powers is often

of so violent a nature, that the contest ends in the extermination of one of them. Had Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen been in the situation of Rupert, if a right estimate has been formed of her character, she would have descended as many steps as Dante informs us leads to the infernal regions; and perhaps have struggled with some of the sooty inhabitants of those delectable abodes, rather than not have satisfied herself with the truth of the actual state of affairs, as they then stood, in the vaulted passages of the hermitage; but Rupert, though born of woman, was by no means curious in any other matter than in the flavor of his cordials, which, like them was proof, but not a dry proof, that no man can be born of woman, without inheriting some kind or other of curiosity.

So different, however, is the constitution of the human character, that what impels one individual to action, acts as a preventive to another. Fear entirely overcame the curiosity of Rupert, and leaving the trap door open, he sily and cautiously slid out of the hermitage.

The morning twilight shone upon the mountains, and gave Rupert an opportunity of carefully observing whether any person was in the vicinity to watch his motions; he heard on a sudden something rustling behind him, and dared not turn his face to ascertain the cause, for he fully expected to see a host of enemies pursuing him. Mustering,

however, his whole stock of courage, which at that time was equally great as that of a school-boy, who is crossing the church-yard just as the clock is striking twelve, he slowly turned his head, and discovered that the cause of his fear arose from a hare, which he had disturbed in its feeding place. Congratulating himself, therefore, on this undoubted proof of his spirit, he paced boldly along, for how could he do otherwise, when every thing around him seemed to fear him—the birds flew away from him, and the hares, and the weasels, and the foxes, and the polecats, ran away from him, and therefore, as the quaking from the chilly air was still upon him, he ran away himself as fast as his aged limbs would allow him, nor stopped until he found himself in the vicinity of the convent of St. Roch.

An unusual degree of satisfaction shone upon the countenance of the honest Rupert, as he saw the spire of the convent rising amidst the venerable oaks which surrounded it, for there he well knew that the most hospitable reception would be given to him; which far exceeded in his opinion all the benefit which could accrue from a ridiculous propensity of prowling about ruined hermitages in the dead of night, the result of which might perhaps be a broken head, or a few gashes in the most fleshy parts of his body, neither of which bore any comparison to a snug, comfortable, reclining posture, on security and quiet, between two

feather beds,* or a jovial carouse over a good bottle of Johannisberg.

It has, however, frequently happened that the mariner has been wrecked within sight of his destined port, and I believe it may with certainty be affirmed, that there are very few of the children of Adam, who, at the very moment when they are about to grasp the object of their most arduous exertions, have not at some time or other had it snatched from them by some left-handed and malicious imp of mischief. The bride of the morning, who has complained of the tardiness of the sun in reaching his western goal, has at the moment when darkness and its twin sister silence were throwing their veil over the world, seen the bridegroom a corpse, and the eye which has opened with joy in the morning, brilliant as the diamond from its native bed, has, ere the night set in, been red with weeping. Rupert was well aware that these sudden transitions are the concomitants of human life, but, as from the very best of all reasons he had never taken a peep into the book of futurity, he had no immediate conception, that, in the web which the Parcæ had woven of his life, the warp and woof were at this particular juncture of such contrary

* In Switzerland, and in many parts of Germany, at the present day, a good feather-bed forms the superincumbent part of the dormitory, and supplies the place of our sheets and blankets. This gives rise to the German idiom of "he is buried in the feathers," meaning thereby that he is in bed.

and opposite colors, as to produce the singular occurrence which at this moment awaited him, and which, instead of laying him between two feather-beds in the Convent of St. Roch, and attended, for aught I know, by some of the immaculate, uncorrupted, and incorruptible damsels of the nunnery, removed him for some time from the vicinity to be the witness of a scene which he little expected ever to see realized; and which, in the goodness of his heart, it is verily believed, rather than not have witnessed, he would have forsworn wine and cordials for the remainder of his natural life.

The matin bell sounded from the convent, and it struck upon the ears of Rupert with the same feeling of welcome and delight, as the bloated epicure hears the broken roar of the gong calling him to his callipash and callipee.

"Ten minutes more," said old Rupert, "and I shall be safely housed, and a good sound sleep I'll take," when, turning suddenly an angle in the path, a figure presented itself to his gaze, which, even in stouter breasts than that of Rupert, would have occasioned some emotions of fear. Rupert made a sudden halt, similar to that of a person who suddenly espies a serpent in the path before him, or, as a certain proud and noble fanatic of the present day, when he unfortunately (in his own opinion) pounces upon a hero of the Sock and Buskin, although, if report be true, he feels no qualms of conscience in pouncing upon one of the heroines.

If nature ever wrote a legible hand, which in many cases she does not, the character of the hero was distinctly imprinted upon the countenance of the man, who now presented himself to the wondering, and by no means delighted, gaze of Rupert. His air, in which a certain degree of dignity was blended, bespoke him to be one not to be daunted by the common casualties of life; and his eagle eye would, with its penetrating glance, have cowed the villain at the moment when his dagger was raised to imbrue it in the blood of his victim.

"Early abroad, my old fellow," said the man, accosting Rupert.

"Yes—yes—yes," said Rupert, who began to feel again something of a quaking ague about him. "I—I—I——"

"Is yonder Castle, Niolo?" asked the man.

"Yes it is," answered Rupert.

"Are you a stranger in the country?" asked the man, in a friendly tone.

"A stranger," ejaculated Rupert: "I have lived at that Castle now above fifty years."

"At Niolo," exclaimed the man, whilst a particular degree of satisfaction shone upon his countenance.

"Know you then old Rupert, the Seneschal?"

"Why yes," said Rupert; "I think I ought to know him."

"He is still living?" asked the man.

"He was an hour ago," said Rupert, who felt

himself in a complete state of embarrassment, and knew not whether to make himself known or not.

"I must see this Rupert," said the man; "will you be the bearer of a message to him, but in the closest confidence?"

"Most certainly," said Rupert, who eyed the stranger from head to foot.

"You see," said the man, "this dagger, and you see this purse—if you betray me, the former is your portion; if you fulfil your mission, the latter is your reward."

"I seek for no reward, if I can do a good action," said Rupert.

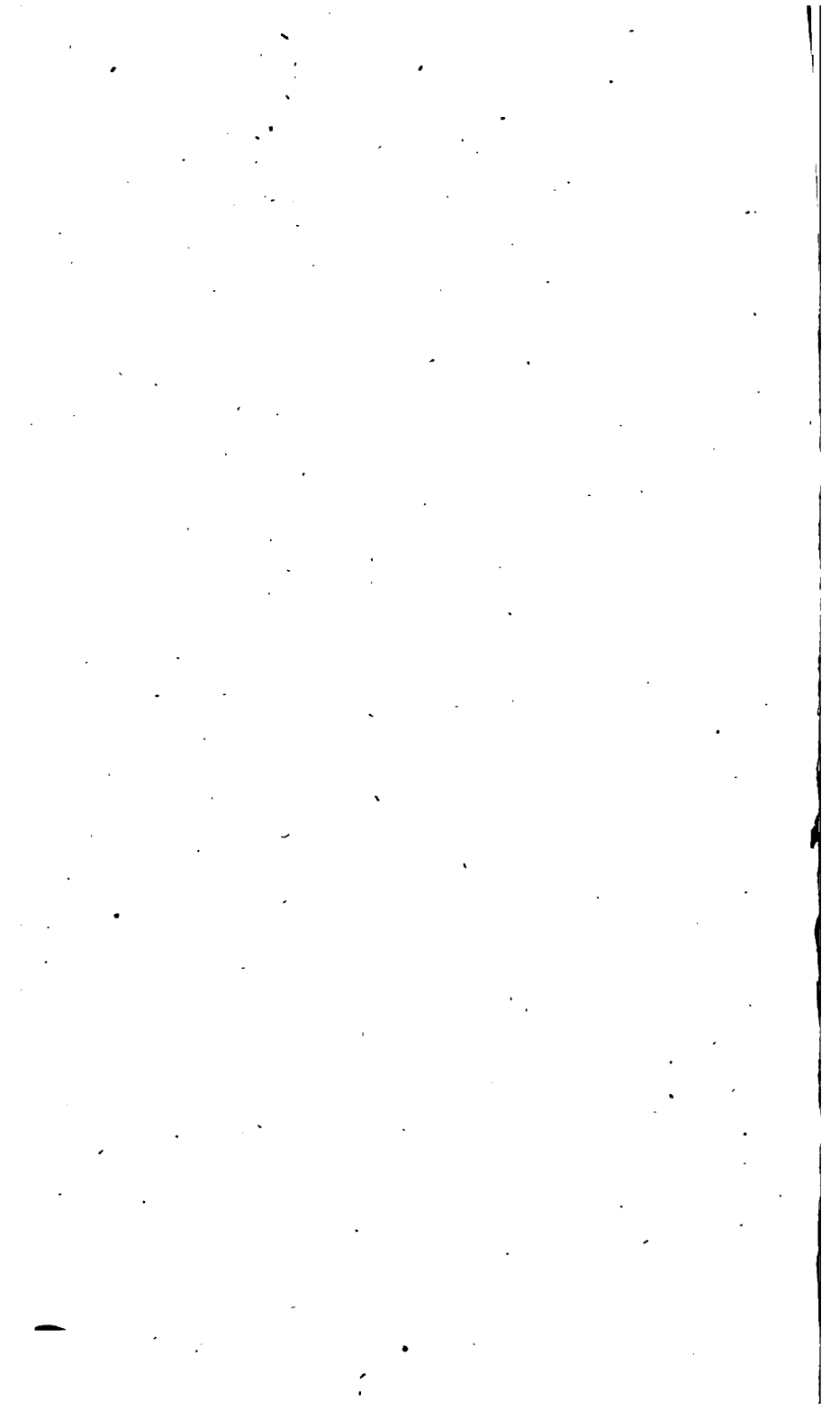
"Haste to the Castle," said the man, "seek out Rupert, and take care you are not observed; whisper in his ear, the Count Villano expects him here."

"The Count Villano," exclaimed Rupert, "the friend of my good late master?"

"Your master?" asked the Count.

"Aye, aye," said Rupert; "you little thought you had old Rupert before you."

"Heavens be praised," said the Count, "for this fortunate rencontre; now our plans will be successful." Come, said he to Rupert, taking him by the arm, "we have no time to lose; trust yourself with me, and I will lead you where an unexpected event awaits you;" and whispering a few words in the ear of Rupert, they hurried along the road which led from the Castle of Niolo.







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JOHN HUTS ESQ. F.R.S.

THE BROTHERS ;

OR, THE

Castle of Stolo.

A ROMANCE.

By ROBERT HUIISH, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

“Kelly’s celebrated Memoirs of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte;”—“The Peruvians,” a Poem;—“A Treatise on the Management of Bees;”—“Ferney Castle,” &c. &c.

I have no Brother—I am no Brother—
And this word Love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in Men like one another,
But not in me;—I am—myself alone.

SHAKESPEARE.

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THE BROTHERS;

OR, THE

Castle of Piolo.

CHAPTER I.

Love must spring
Spontaneous in the heart, its only source,
Unmix'd with other motives than its own,
Unbrib'd—unbought above all vulgar ties.

IF there be a situation on this earth which imparts a greater degree of affliction to the human heart than another, it is that in which we find ourselves on a sudden bereft of every object whom we loved, and we stand solitary and alone in the midst of an unfeeling and an un pitying world, like the lonely tree in the midst of the desert, scathed by the lightning, and exposed to every rude blast of heaven, under whose blanched and weather-beaten

branches no living creature seeks for shelter—so stands in society the forsaken being, whose ears have heard the earth rattle on the coffin of the last object of her love, and whose eyes may henceforth glance over creation—nor meet the look of sympathy, nor of love.

So stood Adeline Lindamore, in the now forsaken mansion of her fathers. All—all were gone in whom her heart took an interest, and she saw herself surrounded by persons whom she could not love, but whom she had every reason to fear. In the hour of the midnight, her tears flowed in secret, nor did she dare in the presence of the stern Leopold to let the sigh escape her which rose to the memory of her departed happiness. Often in the stillness of night she sat with her head resting on her hand, whilst ever and anon the bacchanalian shouts of Leopold and his dissolute companions sounded through the Castle, and in imagination held converse with her now sainted parent. On the heavy cloud, fringed with the beam of the moon, she in fancy saw his spirit enthroned, and some composure then stole over her mind when she thought that above that cloud an Almighty Being dwells, who watches over the good, and in his own time will bring the sinner to punishment. But sweet is the hour of night to the heart warmed by a pure and a holy flame, whose virgin fire burns in secret, unextinguishable and unpolluted; yet, amongst the agonising feelings which lacerate the human heart,

who can describe the poignancy of that which penetrates to its very core, when the being who has given birth in that heart to the sweetest feelings of its nature, by misconduct or indifference, poisons them in their ripening.

Amongst the afflictions which now bore so heavily upon the heart of Adeline, the mysterious and unaccountable conduct of Rosenheim was not one of the least; love can bear any thing but neglect—it is a fire which must be constantly fed, pure and spontaneous, and its flame burns the brightest when the object which first gave birth to its ardor is continually present to support it. It was not, however, solely the apparent indifference of Rosenheim which gave such painful emotions to the heart of Adeline, but it was the accusation of guilt which had been brought against him by Leopold, and from which he had not yet exonerated himself—on the contrary, the ambiguous manner in which Rosenheim had expressed himself, in their last interview, tended in no small degree to impress upon the mind of Adeline the painful belief, that the charge which had been brought against him might have some foundation in truth. Whatever, however, might be her own sentiments, she forbore to express them, and turned a deaf and callous ear to all the inuendoes and the bitter sarcasms which were uttered by Leopold and his companions against the calumniated object of her affections. But if Leopold and Ortano vented their reproaches against

Rosenheim in the most unjustifiable and illiberal manner, there was one individual who was still determined to out-do them—and this was Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen. It was most consistent with the aberrations of human nature, that the said Mademoiselle should be the enemy of Rosenheim. There was no law existing at that time in Switzerland, which forbade the governess from making every proper and decent attempt to enchain the affections of Rosenheim, and certainly she set every engine in motion by which that most desirable end could be obtained—nay, there is scarcely any doubt, that she employed more various means than are generally resorted to by ladies who have the same aim in view as the governess—but then, after all, to fail—and not to find herself a single step in advance towards the attainment of her wishes, was enough to rouse the indignation and resentment of the most docile and patient female who was ever whirled about in the wheel of the matrimonial lottery. I know not where the woman exists, except it be amongst the Laplanders or Esquimaux, or perhaps amongst the Tongunese, who have all a most particular and original way of making love, and telling their love—at least I am certain, that the woman is not to be found in a certain island, who, having exposed the weakness of her nature to a particular individual, and experiencing indifference and neglect as the only return which is made for it, does not in revenge for that treat-

ment become a more inveterate enemy, than she was before a zealous friend. Besides the scene behind the arras was still fresh in the recollection of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, to which may be added, the gross and impudent manner in which Rosenheim had dared to stare at her when she was standing at the window to see—the sun rise. This was certainly a combination of circumstances by no means calculated to exalt Rosenheim in the opinion of the lady, or to induce her to enrol herself in the number of his defenders against the unjust and dishonorable attacks which were made upon his character. There was also another circumstance which tended, in a very great degree, to impart an additional strength of venom to the acrimonious epithets which flowed from the graceful mouth of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen against the absent Rosenheim.

The grief in which Adeline was plunged by the series of afflictions which had befallen her, rendered solitude doubly dear to her. The contrast also of the society which now frequented the Castle with that which formerly rendered the abode of her fathers a scene of domestic happiness and tranquillity, was altogether too striking not to render her present mode of life highly irksome and uncomfortable. In the hours therefore when she retired to converse in secret and in fancy with those she loved, the governess assumed the matronly duties of the house, and Leopold, by flattery and deceitful kind-

ness so worked upon the weak feelings of the infatuated women, that she at last became his instrument towards the completion of the plans which he had in view towards his niece. It was part of her office to vilify Rosenheim as much as possible, and, on the other hand, to extol the personal accomplishments and mental endowments of Ortano; and it must be allowed that on all occasions she fulfilled her task with the greatest ability, but as to any impression which her powers of abuse or eulogium made upon the heart or inclinations of Adeline—it can only be compared to the drop from heaven on the breast of the cygnet, leaving not a trace behind it. It however frequently happens, that the very means which are tried to effect a particular purpose, instead of being instrumental to its attainment, operate in an opposite manner, and defeat the very end for which they have been selected. The inclinations of Adeline, in her present situation, led her to the choice of a cloistered life, and those inclinations became stronger in proportion as the importunities of Ortano increased, or the intentions of her uncle Leopold manifested themselves towards her. She had contrived even to convey her wishes in a private manner to the good abbess of St. Roch, who sympathised sincerely in the fate of her former favorite pupil, but who was prevented by the ascendancy which the abbot of Arienheim held over her, from putting her well-disposed dispositions into practice. Adeline also

perceived that the behaviour of Leopold towards her had of late assumed a more kind and conciliating character, which led to her suppose, that she might ultimately gain her end, and be permitted to reside at the convent until the present storm, which appeared to assail her from all quarters, had completely subsided.

One evening, as Adeline was sitting in solitary contemplation, Leopold entered her apartment, and after some desultory conversation, he began to upbraid her for the unavailing grief in which she indulged herself, and the inutility of mourning for those who were now beyond the influence of her sorrow or her love.

"It is at present," said Adeline, "the height of my enjoyment to dwell on the remembrance of those whom I loved, and whose memory I hope I shall never forget."

"All fine sentimental talking," said Leopold; "the dead certainly deserve our regrets, but man is not made in this world for a state of continual sorrow—his sphere is pleasure and enjoyment, and he fills that sphere the best who discovers the greater number of sources from which he can extract fresh happiness."

"Happiness," said Adeline, "is an indefinite term; its principles are by no means fixed, for what is happiness to one person is misery to another."

"Granted," said Leopold; "there may be depraved

tastes in the world as well as correct ones, but that by no means argues against the fixed principles of human happiness. I call that a depraved taste which does not find its happiness in wine, in the society of women, and in the dissipated scenes of life."

"And I," said Adeline, "call that a most depraved taste which can find its happiness in such vicious propensities."

"Ah, ah," said Leopold, who was rather piqued at this rebuff of Adeline, "I see the lessons of morality which my worthy friend the abbot has taught you, have not been lost upon you."

"I hope they never will," said Adeline: "but, as we are now alone," she continued, "may I venture once more to supplicate your permission to retire for a time to the convent of St. Roch.—The abbess is ready and willing to receive me, and there I may perhaps recover that serenity and composure of mind to which I have now been long a stranger."

A heavy frown of displeasure came over the countenance of Leopold. "Retire to a convent!" he exclaimed: "what do you mean by thus persevering in a whim from which no possible benefit can result to you? I have other aims in view for you, and much more congenial to your youthful disposition than immuring you in a cloister."

"My dispositions at present lead me thither," Adeline said; "nor is my mind at present in that

tone to receive any impression which bears the stamp of mirth."

"Poo, poo, all nonsense!" exclaimed Leopold: "these romantic ideas will soon vanish, and you will be the first to laugh at yourself, for having ever nourished them—come, cheer up, I must see those beautiful eyes irradiated with joy, not dimmed with tears.—Do you not blame the clouds which conceal the radiance of the sun, and rejoice at their dispersion?"

"Those clouds are in the course of nature," said Adeline, "and my tears flow from one of the strongest of nature's impulses—the loss of two most beloved relatives."

"And is that," asked Leopold, with a most sarcastic smile, "the only cause which draws them from their source?"

Adeline felt the insinuation, and answered with a degree of dignity—"No, it is not—the heart which has been accustomed to love, and to feel its affection returned, experiences a double pang when the objects of her love are suddenly snatched away, and not one remains behind worthy of supplying their place."

"You are a little severe, my pretty niece," said Leopold; "but I come not here to preach morality, nor even to hear it preached by others. I came to converse with you upon a very different subject, and one to which I beg you will give me your most profound attention."

"Proceed, I beg," said Adeline ; " I am all attention."

" By the laws of nature," said Leopold, " I am now your rightful guardian, and I am in justice bound to fulfil the last wishes of your parent, mentioned in his testamentary papers. Your fortune indeed is great, and consistent with the daughter of the noble family of the Lindamores ; but you well know, that the inheritance of it is attended with a strict proviso, which is, that unless you marry with the consent of your natural guardian, your fortune is forfeited—and it was a wise proviso—the daughter of Frederic Lindamore should not disgrace herself by a spurious alliance with a person of ignoble birth—and, therefore, as it is my wish that the fortune should be your's, I have now to propose an alliance to you, by which your future happiness will be confirmed, and your fortune secured to you."

" Spare me at present," said Adeline, from entering upon a subject of so serious and important a nature. My fortune, whatever it may be, bears in my eyes but little consequence—a little will suffice to procure me admission into the convent, and that is all I now wish for."

" You shall not enter the convent," said Leopold, angrily—" the love which my friend Ortano bears for you —"

" Ortano !" exclaimed Adeline, who now saw the drift of her uncle's interview.

" Yes, Ortano," rejoined Leopold ; " you have

enchained his affections,—he has this day revealed to me the ardor of his love, and has solicited my permission to throw himself at your feet, and offer you his hand and heart. I have granted it to him, and I am now come to prepare you for an interview.”

“O my uncle,” exclaimed Adeline, “spare me—spare me, I pray of you—speak not to me I beg of matrimonial alliances, and especially with one whom I cannot love.”

“Cannot love!” exclaimed Leopold; “all mere womanish obstinacy. Love at best is but the fever of the moment—nor is it necessary that in this instance you should love the man whom I have destined for your husband.”

“It is at least necessary,” said Adeline, who began to shew the innate pride of her nature, “that I should esteem him.”

“And wherefore can you not esteem him?” said Leopold—“of what actions has he been guilty to forfeit that esteem which you ought to feel for every one of whose guilt you have not convincing proofs.”

“I pretend not to be the censor of his actions,” said Adeline, “nor to measure their turpitude nor their merit—it is sufficient for me to know that I cannot esteem him—much less love him.”

“You then refuse his suit?” said Leopold.

“I do,” said Adeline, in a firm and dignified manner; “and that resolution once taken, no earthly power shall induce me to alter it.”

"Poor silly girl," said Leopold, "you know not how far my power extends—you shall be Ortano's bride, or ——"

"Never!" exclaimed Adeline, rising from her seat: "you may drag me to the altar—but in that moment I will open all the sluices of my blood, and die with the smile of triumph on my countenance."

Leopold plainly saw that this was not a moment to effect a change in the disposition of Adeline towards Ortano, and turning to her, whilst his face was crimson with rage, he said, "I give you forty-eight hours to consider of the proposal which I have made to you; if in that time you do not give your consent, I shall adopt those means which are in my power to force it from you."

"You may bid the waters flow back to their source," said Adeline, "but will they obey you?"

"Taunting girl," said Leopold, "you shall soon know my power."

"I fear it not," said Adeline; "there is a world where your power cannot reach me."

It is uncertain how long this conversation would have lasted, had they not been disturbed by the entrance of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, who had no idea that Adeline and her uncle should be so long conversing together, and she not be permitted to know what was the import of their conference. It is, however, not to be supposed that she would have the hardihood to break in upon their

conversation so abruptly, had she not had a very good excuse for so doing. Some people are very ingenious in finding out a cause for the performance of an action, which they dare not commit without it, and it is no matter in what dirty place that excuse is found, so that the object is gained at last. It was therefore with particular pleasure, that Mademoiselle heard of the arrival of the abbot, who devised an immediate conference with Leopold, and she immediately took upon herself the willing office of conveying the abbot's message.

"I'll attend him instantly," said Leopold to the governess, who looked first at Adeline and then at Leopold, and thought by her physiognomical powers to read the import of their conference on their countenances. "Return, and keep him company till my arrival," continued Leopold."

"The signor Ortano is with him," said the governess.

"And it is my desire," said Leopold, rather piqued, "that the Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen should be also with him—leave us."

This mandate on the part of Leopold, and given in the high tone of authority, was by no means what the governess expected—but was she to be treated in this rude and uncourteous manner, and not know herself revenged?—who could imagine such a thing, who knew aught of the character

of Mademoiselle? for, although she was not permitted to remain in the room, she had often heard of persons, who heard what was said within the room by applying their ear to the outside of the door, and, if any credit is due to the rumours which were then prevalent in the Castle of Niolo, it was a stratagem in which Mademoiselle had often been entrapped, and, once or twice, to as great a discomfiture as when the coat of mail fell behind the arras. She therefore left the room, and, having shut the door, very artfully applied her ear to a friendly crevice, through which, considering the penetrating nature of sound, any noise occasioned within would attempt to find an outlet.

"I desire now," said Leopold to Adeline, "that you will give the subject of our conversation your most mature consideration—let me advise you to reflect well before you oblige me to exert that power with which I am armed—I will give you forty-eight hours."

"And my resolution will be then," said Adeline, "the same as it is now."

Leopold proceeded towards the door.

"Reflect ere it be too late," he said: "your refusal may involve you in a serious dilemma, which will entail misery upon you for ever!"—and with a threatening air he rushed out of the room—but, O all ye powers of decency! what a spectacle

presented itself to his gaze—his violence had laid the governess prostrate, and from her nose, which unfortunately was the first part of her body which came in contact with the door, issued broad streams of the crimson fluid, incarnadining her palpitating bosom, and, like the waters of the Mediterranean, losing themselves no one knows where. The fall was also accompanied by an obstreperous shriek which rang shrilly through the Castle, awakening the owls and the bats from their slumbers—and old Deborah trembled with affright, for she feared the consummation of all things was at hand. But who could behold the flowing of her blood, and not sympathize with her fate!—It was lamentable—it was most melancholy to see it gurgling from the distended orifices, and no styptic at hand to staunch it; what ear, but that of the most callous butcher, inured to the slaughtering house, could hear her moans, and not wish to stifle them! But how the devil got she here, thought Leopold to himself, as he assisted her once more to gain that proud pre-eminence of man, the posture erect; and, thought the governess to herself, what a consummate fool I must be, to place my nose in such a dreadful state of jeopardy! Both their thoughts were, therefore, very different; yet, in one respect they were similar, for the governess thought of the best possible excuse she could make, for having been discovered in such a questionable situation—and Leopold thought of

the best excuse he could make, for having laid her body prostrate at a time when it by no means suited her inclination, and attended too with consequences of so bloody a nature. He, however, sheltered himself under the plea, that on his part it was entirely accidental and the governess thought that she could select no better plea than that it was purely accidental that her nose was just in that particular position, as to come into such close contact with the door; both were satisfied with their respective pleas—but the governess determined, and a wise determination it was on her part, never to have her body laid prostrate again, except when it pleased her—and never by the sudden opening of a door, to which she may have accidentally applied her ear. It is the characteristic of the great mind to form resolutions, and to perform them—it is the province of the little mind to be always forming resolutions, but never to perform them. The governess formed a capital resolution, and who would not have formed the same in her situation; but she broke it on the very first opportunity, like the sinner, who, thinking himself on his death-bed, resolves, if he should recover, to lead a virtuous and a sober life—but his health is no sooner restored, than he forgets his resolution, and returns to his former course of life.

The devil was ill,
The devil a monk would be,
The devil was well,
The devil a monk was he.

In the apartment of Adeline the governess recovered from her disaster, and Leopold hastened to meet his virtuous and sanctified coadjutor in his works of villainy.

CHAPTER II.

The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

THE chief purport of the visit of the abbot to Leopold was, to inform him of the caption of Rosenheim, and the intelligence was received by the latter with every demonstration of joy, but how to dispose of him became now the theme of their discourse.

Leopold was no stranger to the various means of removing an obnoxious individual from this lower sphere, whenever he thought his interest could be promoted by it—but, in this instance, some difficulty presented itself in regard to the reverend coadjutor in the business, for it was enough for him to know that the world considered him to be a pure and righteous man, yet it did not thence follow as a natural conclusion, that he was in reality either the one or the other, but he reaped all the benefit which a credulous belief in his virtue could afford him, and

therefore it was necessary that every caution should be taken that no act should be committed in the monastery, which, were it discovered, might expose the holy brotherhood to the censure and odium of the neighbourhood. The abbot was no Tyro in the school of man; he knew the intricacies of the human heart, and many of its hidden recesses, where the deepest vices lie concealed, waiting for an opportunity to display themselves. He considered the life of man, even in its fullest extent, to be too short to become intimately acquainted with the character of any individual, and therefore he never allowed another to perform an action for him which he could do for himself; but in this instance, the disposal of Rosenheim could not be effected, without calling in the assistance of some of his reverend myrmidons—they had assisted in his capture—they knew of his confinement in the vault, and therefore it was necessary to account for his disappearance in a plausible manner, in order to appease a few of the squeamish consciences which were still to be found within the walls of the monastery. It cannot be doubted that the acquaintance of Leopold amongst a certain tribe of gentry was too extensive, not to enable him in a short time to find a convenient person or two, who were well versed in the use of the stiletto, or who knew the subtle efficacy of the rankest poisons—but these serviceable gentlemen were not at that time just at hand, and by the time they arrived from Venice, or

other places in which they carried on their honourable calling, the mouse might have escaped from the trap, or some investigation might be set on foot by his friends, which would eventually lead to a discovery of his perilous situation. These were the difficulties, and the removal of them, which occupied the attention of the two worthies, and the plan which they ultimately determined upon was in perfect unison with the characters which engendered it.

"Every obstacle will now be soon removed," said the abbot, "and the holy church may take possession of the estates which fall to my lot, as the reward of my assistance in effecting the desired changes in your family."

"I fear, holy father," said Leopold, "that we shall still find some difficulty in removing one obstacle, and that is my niece. I, but a short time ago, sounded her as to her proposed union with my friend Ortano; but, instead of finding her the passive, docile, and obedient, creature, the blood of the Lindamores shewed itself, and my offer was rejected with actual contempt and disdain—she must be removed, holy father."

Leopold spoke the last sentence in such an expressive tone of voice, that the abbot was suddenly roused from the reverie in which he had fallen, and exclaimed, "True, true, my son—it is very necessary."

The whims of a love-sick girl," said Leo-

pold, "should not be put in the balance with our safety---consider, holy father---if-----

"I am well aware of all the consequences," said the abbot, interrupting him, "and I think we have now an instrument in our power, by which her wayward dispositions may be controlled."

"Speak, holy father," said Leopold, "your adroitness in discovering a remedy for an evil, is with me proverbial, and you have only to advise a measure, to ensure on my part its most speedy execution."

"You have reason," said the abbot, "to suppose, that a strong affection exists in the bosom of your niece for our prisoner."

"Her whole conduct betrays it," answered Leopold; "the warmth with which she defends him on all occasions---the interest which she takes in his welfare---and other circumstances which I have gained from the self-conceited woman, her quondam governess, gives me every reason to believe, that her heart is warmly attached to him."

"Then," said the abbot, "we have the means in our power of either tearing up that affection by the root, or destroying the object which gave birth to it---give her the alternative either to marry Ortano, or that the life of Rosenheim shall be forfeited."

"But on what plea can we ground that alternative?" asked Leopold.

"Is your niece in a situation," asked the abbot, "at this time, to receive my holy visit?"

"I know nothing to the contrary," said Leopold.

"Come, then," said the abbot, "as we proceed to her apartment, I will give you your clue how to act."

"Let us lose no time," said Leopold; and with a sanctified mien, the reprobate priest, with the cross in one hand, and his rosary in the other, preceded the obdurate Leopold to the apartment of his beautiful victim.

They found her sitting in the company of the governess, who was still smarting under the pain of her broken nose, and who felt a particular reluctance, that the abbot should be made acquainted with the disaster which had befallen her; making her obeisance therefore, as was due to the reverend man, she abruptly left the room, deploring to herself in the bitterest terms, the accident which her curiosity had caused, and on account of which, she was obliged to absent herself from the room, when it would have been so highly agreeable for her to remain and thereby become privy to, if not join in the conversation of the party.

The eyes of Adeline evidently declared, that she had been weeping, and the deep melancholy which sat upon her beautiful features, joined to the calm and patient resignation which characterized her demeanor, would have softened

hearts less obdurate than those of the villainous confederates.

"Daughter, my blessings on thee," said the abbot. Adeline rose, and the degenerate wretch placed his polluted hands on the head of virgin innocence: "Blessed is the comforter, my daughter, I will pour out upon thee my spiritual consolation, that the afflictions of thy heart may cease."

"I know not their end, holy father," said Adeline, "but in the grave---for every morning brings a new one."

"The circumstances of life," said the abbot, "assume their bright, or sombre color, according as the inclination of the individual prompts him; you, my daughter, picture your afflictions with too dark a shade, for according to your worthy uncle's information, a prospect now opens to you, by which the happiness of your future life may be confirmed."

"Whithersoever I turn my view," said Adeline, "I cannot discover a single gleam of happiness breaking through the gloom which surrounds me. I offer to you my gratitude, holy father, if you will shew me where I can find it."

"In a matrimonial alliance with the friend of your uncle," said the abbot.

Adeline cast an indignant look upon Leopold, and addressing herself to the abbot, she said in a tone of irony, "is that the quarter from which the happiness of my future life is to emanate?---

if it be, I reject it, and I have already expressed my determination upon the subject."

"Daughter," said the abbot, "the ties of affinity invest your uncle with the power of the father; and consequently the law gives him the right of refusing or assenting to your marriage."

"I know no law," said Adeline, "either human or divine, which gives the father, much less the more distant relative, the right to force a daughter to give her hand where she cannot give her heart."

"True, my daughter, but it is my fear that you have bestowed your affections upon an object unworthy of them, and therefore it becomes the duty of those who have the care of your spiritual and temporal interests, to nip that attachment in the bud, ere the roots have struck so deep, that no human power can eradicate them."

A fleeting blush came over the countenance of Adeline, and a tear trickled down her cheek. Cover her with your wings, ye angels of light, and let not the tear of injured innocence fall to the ground unpunished; bear it aloft to the throne of mercy---give it in charge to the angel of retribution---and, when he summons the sinner to his doom, let it glitter as a jewel on his brow, that they who drew it from its cell, may hear the awful voice of heaven's wrath denouncing damnation on the deed.

The confusion in which Adeline was plunged, did not escape the penetration of the abbot,

and turning to Leopold, he said---“ It is most painful to my feelings to communicate the dreadful intelligence of your niece, with which I have been charged ; nor does it suit the meekness of that religion of which I am the faithful servant, that I should add to the affliction which at present appears to lacerate the heart of your niece---to you, therefore, I leave the communication.

Adeline lifted her head from the hand on which it had been resting, and looked upon Leopold as the lamb would look upon its slaughterer.

“ You are well aware,” said Leopold, “ of the heinous crime which that young reprobate, who accompanied you from Zurich, has committed in the Castle, by depriving the coffins, in conjunction with that hoary villain Rupert, of their sacred treasure.”

“ I have heard of the accusation,” said Adeline, “ but my belief of the commission of the act is not yet confirmed.

“ Your incredulity knows no bounds,” said Leopold, “ but we have now those proofs to adduce to you, by which a continuance in your disbelief would deserve no other name than the most pertinacious obstinacy ; the arm of justice has however siezed the delinquent, and he must expiate his crimes on the scaffold.”

“ On the scaffold,” said Adeline, clasping her hands in all the agony of distress.

“ Yes, on the scaffold, my daughter,” repeated the abbot, “ and, in the solemn hour of his death,

I will not withdraw from him my spiritual consolation."

An ashy paleness came over the countenance of Adeline---the tumultuous heavings of her bosom declared the storm which raged within.

"Yet there is hope," said Leopold. As the beam of the sun to the mariner in the tempest, so was the magical effect of the word "hope" on the suffering countenance of Adeline.

"Hope," she exclaimed, "is a blessed drop in the cup of human adversity---tell me from what quarter it can be administered to him."

"From yourself," said Leopold, sternly--"you have it in your power to turn the bitter cup of which he is now obliged to drink, into one of comparative sweetness."

"In my power," said Adeline, "I know not where my influence can be exerted."

"Yes, my daughter," said the abbot--"your influence is all powerful, his life or his death stands in your uncle's hands---a word from him can condemn him to the scaffold, or can save him."

"And will you not save him?" exclaimed Adeline. "I'll mention you in my prayers,"---and throwing her arms round the neck of the obdurate wretch---"I'll kiss you."

"Listen to my proposal," said Leopold---"if you consent to it, the life of the reprobate is sav'd; if not, let the executioner's sword sever his head

from his body, and the latter given to the birds and beasts to make a dainty meal of."

"Dreadful fate," exclaimed the abbot, "heaven save him from it."

"Speak your proposal," said Adeline, "it shall be granted."

"Thank heaven," said the abbot.

"You remember the offer," said Leopold, "which a few hours ago I made to you of the hand of my friend Ortano in marriage?"

"I do," said Adeline, "and you know my determination."

"And are you resolved to adhere to it," said the abbot.

"I am," said Adeline.

"Then," Leopold exclaimed, "Rosenheim dies; and he shall die with the knowledge, that you had it in your power to save his life, and would not."

"Holy father," said Adeline, "to you I appeal in this dreadful alternative; let me end my days within the walls of a cloister---but save me from being the wife of a man whom I hate."

"My daughter," said the wily priest, "your happiness is one of the chief objects of my endeavours---nor when you coolly reflect upon it, will you see the alternative in that dreadful light, in which it now presents itself to you; you save the life of a fellow creature---and you become the bride of an accomplished cavalier."

"The former indeed," said Adeline, "would

be happiness---the latter, the deepest misery, in which existence would be a torment.

"You then refuse to save the life of Rosenheim," exclaimed Leopold; "the arm of justice is now raised to strike the fatal blow---a word from me will annihilate his existence."

"Gracious God," exclaimed Adeline, raising her weeping eyes to heaven--grant me thy aid in this tremendous hour; and thou, holy man, falling on her knees before the villain priest, "thou whose sacred office it is to be the intercessor with the wretched, and to save the innocent from the murderous fangs of his persecutors, O now stand forth and save the life of Rosenheim."

"My daughter," said the abbot, raising his weeping victim, "he has committed the dreadful crime of sacrilege---the laws award him the punishment due for his enormity---my province it is, to support him with my spiritual consolation through the dreadful hour which awaits him; but his pardon rests not with me--the influence and rank of your uncle may obtain a mitigation of his sentence---and that is your only hope."

"It becomes not a daughter of the house of Lindamore," said Leopold, "to plead for a criminal."

"I know him not as such," said Adeline.

"The act has been most satisfactorily proved," said the abbot.

"Most satisfactorily indeed," said Leopold, echoing the words of the abbot with a triumphant sneer.

"Then am I lost indeed," said Adeline.

"But, Count Leopold," said the abbot, turning to his confederate, "as it becomes my holy office to shew mercy and charity to all men, and to preach reconciliation and forgiveness of all human transgressions, let me now, seeing the deep affliction in which your niece is plunged, implore you to exert your influence, to obtain a respite for the criminal--let us not at this moment, press the subject farther; I am certain, that on mature consideration, your niece will accede to your wishes."

"I grant your request, reverend man," said Leopold; "I allow my niece three days to give me her decision---in the mean time, the life of the reprobate shall be spared."

"Thanks to you, holy father," said Adeline, "for this your benevolent intercession."

"Let me hope, my daughter," said the priest, "that it will not be lost upon you; we will now leave you to compose yourself---my blessing be with you."

"In three days I shall expect your decision," said Leopold, and following the priest, they left the wretched Adeline to the poignancy of her feelings.

"Rosenheim a criminal?" she exclaimed, "it cannot be---but the judges of the country have determined his guilt---how can that be? Who were the witnesses that proved his guilt? How was he taken, and where was the place of his

confinement ? These were questions which Adeline put to herself, and the solution of which wholly baffled her. There was, however, one circumstance which imparted hope to her afflicted breast, and that was, that old Rupert was made a party in this criminal act of Rosenheim, and of his honesty, no law, nor judge, nor human machination, could make her doubt. Some secret conviction too rested upon her mind, that Rosenheim's innocence would be also manifest, and 'ere she retired to rest, she had in her own mind formed a resolution, which she determined to put in practice before the three days had expired.

CHAPTER III.

O rather lend,
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,
And at that hour, when all aghast I stand
A trembling candidate for thy compassion
On this world's brink and look into the next,
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene—from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me—then put on
The gentlest of thy look.

It was night, and the villain priest bent his steps towards the monastery. On the distant horizon flashed the forky fires, and the low growl of the thunder told the coming tempest; the priest knew the Almighty power which directed the fulminating flash, and his coward soul trembled for fear that he might be the chosen object of it---for he dar'd not look above, and implore the protecting hand. Nearer and nearer came the lightning, and louder the thunder echoed in the mountains. With a hurried pace, the abbot pursued his course---the cowl was drawn deeply

over his face, for he dreaded the flash which quivered about him. In the opening of the heavens, he thought he saw stretched forth the dreaded sword of retribution, and his coward heart shuddered at what awaited him in another world. A death, girt with the terrors of unrepented crimes, stood before him, and some faint resolution rose in his mind to extricate himself from the thralldom in which he was involved with Leopold, and to dissuade him from putting his plans against Rosenheim into immediate execution. Amongst the enormity of his crimes, murder had not yet stained his soul, and now he was on the eve, if not actually perpetrating the deed, yet of being accessory to it. The vicious priest was, however, no sooner seated in his apartment, and was convinced that the fury of the storm had subsided, than he began to exhilarate his drooping spirits with a bottle of his favorite wine, and ere he had finished it, he upbraided himself with having given way for a moment to such weak and unprofitable thoughts as the storm had engendered in his mind, and sending for Father Anselm, he locked the door of his apartment, and issued his orders, that no disturbance, on any pretence should be offered. Father Anselm was no sooner seated in the apartment, than the abbot began. "Has father Anthony taken care of the prisoners in the vault?"

"He has, reverend Sir," said Father Anselm.

"What report makes he of the young man?" asked the abbot.

"He vows eternal vengeance against our monastery," answered Anselm, "and it is the opinion of our fraternity, that when he regains his liberty, the consequences to us will be dreadful."

"I fear it much," said the abbot.

"And in our conclave last night," continued Anselm, "it was the opinion of many, that the safety, and the interests of the monastery had been most unjustifiably sacrificed."

"How," exclaimed the abbot, "who is there amongst you who dare raise your voice against what I command, or against what I choose shall be transacted in the monastery?"

"Pardon me, reverend Sir," said Anselm, "I spoke it not to give offence; I acknowledge you my superior, and am bound to obey your orders."

"True, Anselm," said the abbot, "I never found you refractory---you owe your present situation to my kindness, for when the officers of justice were pursuing you for the murder---

"Spare me the remembrance of that deed," said Anselm, interrupting the abbot---"but much as I shall ever deplore the death of my antagonist, I cannot accuse myself of the crime of murder---for I slew him in self-defence."

"I grant it," said the abbot, "but had I not then given you an asylum within these walls, the influence which the family of your antagonist

enjoyed, would have enabled them to obtain the sentence of death against you."

"I grant it all," said Anselm, "and I trust my unwearied prayers to heaven, have gain'd me its pardon for my transgressions."

"O, my reverend brother," exclaimed the abbot, "I have long since absolved you from the effects, but it is necessary for our own safety, and our very existence as a fraternity, that the young prisoner should not again be let loose upon the world ; does he not know of the incarceration of the old man, for did we not sieze him at the very door of the cell ?"

"It is all too true," said Anselm, "but in what manner do you propose to rid us of so dangerous an individual ?"

"That is the very reason of my sending for you," said the abbot,—"I wish for your advice upon the subject."

"His age," said Father Anselm, "precludes the possibility of keeping him a prisoner for life."

"Most certainly," said the abbot, "it would be more prudent of us to rid ourselves of him at once---the dead, you know, Father Anselm, never tell any tales."

"True," said Anselm, "but the method of procuring his death is the question which we have now to solve."

"You are right," said the abbot, "I would not have these walls stained with the crime of murder---but we can with ease impose that act

upon those who are inured to it. We will, therefore, adopt the following plan :--take that goblet of wine--infuse in it the strong narcotic for which our monastery is famed, and in this instance a double portion can be given him---immediately on its taking effect, I have arranged that a carriage shall be in waiting for him at a particular place, and the persons to whom he will be delivered, will take care that we hear no more of him."

"Your plan is both humane and excellent," said Anselm, "we rid ourselves of a very troublesome guest, and save our holy fraternity from the imputation of murder."

The abbot paused on a sudden, and cast a most expressive glance upon Anselm, who stood apparently lost in thought, pondering as it were, on the action which was proposed to him---then rousing himself suddenly from his state of abstractedness, he exclaimed, "Give me the goblet --your plan shall be accomplished, most reverend father--the crime of murder will not pollute our monastery, and our security is confirmed."

"True, my brother," said the abbot, as he filled the goblet---"the gratitude of the fraternity will follow you for this meritorious act."

"And I hope," said Anselm, in an expressive manner, "that the acquittal of my conscience will follow me also."

"My holy office," said the abbot, "will take care that no burthen rests upon it."

Anselm took the goblet, and proceeded towards the vaults, following the abbot, who lighted him on his way. Having arrived at the great door which led to the subterranean passages, the abbot unlocked it, and gave Anselm the taper, he spoke in a low tone of voice---“ I shall wait your return in my apartment---use despatch---and being convinced that he has taken the draught, we will then make the necessary arrangements for his removal---be cautious.”

Anselm proceeded on his infamous commission, and the abbot returned to his apartment, in order to chase away the dreadful thoughts which preyed upon his mind, by some copious libations of his favorite wine.

Amongst all the members of this pious fraternity, the abbot, fortunately for Roseenheim, could not have selected one more unfit for the commission of the act entrusted to him, than Father Anselm. He had long since kept an eye upon the actions of the abbot, and by pretending to an active co-operation in his plans, and assuming a higher degree of moral turpitude than he actually possessed, the abbot was lulled into the belief, that he would on every occasion, prove an active and able coadjutor in all his plans, whatever shade of guilt or criminality, they might be stained with. Father Anselm also saw that the abbot was only making him his dupe, and to impose upon him the commission of those acts which he dare not perpetrate himself. In

this instance also, the abbot had practised upon him a gross deception ; for, under the pretence of mixing in the wine only a strong narcotic, which was to benumb the faculties of Rosenheim, he had in reality mixed one of the most deadly poisons. This circumstance did not escape the attention of Anselm, and it accounts for that sudden abstractedness of thought in which he was so suddenly plunged, and which excited so particularly the attention of the abbot. The idea that it was the design of the abbot to make a murderer of him, roused every indignant feeling within his breast, and but for the masterly control which he kept over his emotions, the abbot would have discovered his internal agitation, and those suspicions would perhaps have been excited, which would ultimately have led to a different adoption of measures on the part of the abbot.

With the goblet in his hand, Anselm proceeded to the vault in which the unfortunate Rosenheim was confined : on opening the door, he beheld him stretched on the straw in that tranquil sleep which virtue only enjoys, and he stood for some time viewing him as he slept—and had his heart been callous to every feeling of mercy and humanity, it was a sight which would have made him pause, ere he could have dared to perpetrate the hellish deed for which he was sent. How different, thought Anselm is thy sleep, young man, to that of him, who is now in the agonies of suspense, waiting the tidings that

thou hast drunk the deadly draught, which would in a minute unloose the ligaments of life, and send thee to thy Maker before thy time. The light shone full upon the countenance of Rosenheim, and its sudden glare awoke him. Seeing a person standing before him, he suddenly rose, and said, "then thou art come in mercy to murder me—strike—and shorten this dreadful imprisonment."

Father Anselm stood before Rosenheim, and looked him full in the face—a sudden trembling came over him—the goblet fell from his hand—articulation appeared to be lost—in a tremulous tone he said, "Speak, young man, whence and who are you?"

"Ask your infamous abbot," said Rosenheim; "he will tell you."

"Are you not of Geneva?" asked Anselm, taking with his trembling hand the hand of Rosenheim.

"I am," replied Rosenheim.

"Your name?" asked Anselm, "is it not—O, I cannot speak it—is it—is it not——"

"Adolphus Rosenheim," exclaimed Rosenheim.

"It is—it is—it is—my bro-brother!" exclaimed Anselm, and fell weeping upon his neck."

"Brother, saidst thou?" cried Rosenheim, whilst he drew the cowl from the head of Anselm—"it is—it is my long lost brother!"

Words are inadequate to describe the feelings of the two brothers—speech was for a time lost in the intensity of their emotions, and down the cheeks of Anselm flowed the big tears of his mental anguish.

On a sudden, he tore himself from the embrace of Adolphus, and fell upon his knees—his hands were lifted to heaven—his lips breathed the prayer of gratitude—and he fell senseless upon the straw which, but an hour before, was the rude bed of his brother. Overcome with feelings of the most painful nature, Adolphus viewed the convulsed body of his brother, clenching the straw with his hands, and apparently writhing in the agonies of dissolution. Long Adolphus bent over him, ere symptoms of returning reason shewed themselves.

“Is it real, or was it a dream?” Anselm cried. “No, it there stands before me—speak, tell me, you’re my brother—I—I would have murdered thee.” He hid his face in his hands, and loud sobs broke from his burthened breast. “He’s sav’d—he’s sav’d!” exclaimed Anselm—and rising almost with a maniac’s haste from the straw—he stood for a moment, and gazed upon the features of his brother. “Come,” he cried, “let me press thee to my heart again, and from thy lips hear the blessed sound of forgiveness.”

“For what have I to forgive thee,” asked Adolphus.

Anselm pointed to the ground.—“See these fragments,” he cried;—“in that glass was a poison destined for thee—the miraculous hand of heaven was upon me—and thou art sav’d—but, our time is precious—thou art here in a den of fiends—fly—or thy life is sacrificed—thou shalt hear of me again—let me know thee in a place of safety. Here—take this

cross—Anselm, the name by which I am known in the monastery, is engraved upon it—send me it by a trusty messenger, who will inform me of the place of your concealment ; but fly the country—go not to Niolo—come—come—I will guide thee to the outlet—every moment is precious—if we be detected, your fate is determined.”

Anselm took the hand of his brother, and in a cautious manner they proceeded to the outlet Having gained the hermitage, Anselm walked several times in front of it, in order to discover if there were any loiterers in the neighbourhood ; and not having observed any thing to attract his attention, he returned to his brother, and having repeated his advice to depart immediately from the vicinity of Niolo, they once more embraced, and in parting the strictest injunction was laid upon Adolphus, to apprise his brother of the place of his concealment, and thence to lose no time in returning to his family. Adolphus promised that the most early tidings should be conveyed to the monastery of his safety, and, with feelings of the most enviable nature, Anselm saw his brother on the road from the den of iniquity, and saved by his means from a premature and cruel death.

But the most arduous part of Anselm's task now presented itself, and that was, to lull the suspicions of the abbot, and to convince him that he had faithfully executed the commission which had been entrusted to him. The abbot had provided, as he expected, that the potion which he had sent by An-

selm, should do away the necessity of any other removal, than that of placing him a few feet below ground, where he would soon be disposed of by the worms; and as Anselm was privy to this intention on the part of the abbot—though of which the abbot himself had no suspicion, it was necessary, in order to imprint a firm belief on the mind of the abbot, that his plans had actually succeeded, to invent a tale of the death of Rosenheim, and to offer his services towards disposing of the body. Were Anselm to inform the abbot, that Rosenheim had escaped, he well knew that every engine would be set in motion to trace his flight, and then the consequences might be easily foreseen; and he had, therefore, no other alternative than to make a false report to the abbot, and thereby give his brother time to effect his escape.

He found the abbot pacing his apartment with hurried steps, and on his countenance were imprinted the deep lines of expectation.

“Well, brother Anselm,” exclaimed the abbot, “what report do you bring?”

“A very melancholy one,” said Anselm.

“How so?” asked the abbot, anxiously, “he has not surely escaped?”

“Escaped!” repeated Anselm, “how could such an idea enter your mind? we made the potion too strong for him.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed the abbot.

“It acted as a poison upon him,” said Anselm, “and the effect was almost instantaneous—he will not give you much more trouble in this world.”

"You have managed the business well," said the abbot, on whose countenance shone a gleam of satisfaction.

"My own feelings tell me so," said Anselm.

"You shall be rewarded for it," said the abbot.

"I know my reward will be great," said Anselm.

"The penance which I shall inflict upon you will be but trifling, and my absolution shall immediately follow."

"Thanks to you, reverend father," said Anselm. "I shall, no doubt, feel myself soon exonerated from all the turpitude of the action."

"Our task is, however, not yet complete," said the abbot; "he must not be left there to rot."

"By no means," said Anselm: "were any of the fathers now to visit the vault, they would soon discover that its former tenant had taken his farewell of us."

"And in rather a hasty manner," said the abbot, in an ironical tone.

"Very hasty indeed," said Anselm, "for I soon dispatched him—I thought it dangerous for him to linger long—so I hurried him off."

"And, I dare say, he thanked you for your humanity," said the abbot.

"Indeed he did," answered Anselm, "but we had not much time for conversation. You know, reverend father, that a man in the moment of his departure, and under those particular circumstances in which our prisoner left us, is not much disposed to talk—his feelings are by far too acute."

"You are right, father Anselm," said the abbot, "and from the able manner in which you have hitherto fulfilled your commission, I make no doubt that you are actuated by the same spirit to accomplish it."

"I rejoice," said Anselm, "that the ability which I have displayed meets with your approbation, nor shall you have any reason to complain of the same ability in the accomplishment of my task."

"Then to-morrow night," said the abbot, "when the brothers are at rest, you will provide for his removal."

"I will take due care of that," said Anselm. "I would not have him found within the walls of our monastery for all the riches of Loretto."

"You are right, my son," said the abbot; "but, see, morning begins to break—retire now to your slumber—the deed which you have committed will not, I hope, disturb them."

"I fear not that, reverend father," said Anselm.

"Good night, my son," said the abbot.

"The same good wishes attend you," said Anselm, "and may your rest be as sound as mine!"

Anselm departed; but how different were the feelings of the two priests—the one retired to his cell to reflect on having saved the life of a brother—and the other, of having been the instrument of his murder. The conscience of the latter had, however, been long seared by habitual villany, and he had waded so deep from one crime to another, that compunction came over him, like a flying shadow

over the meadow, leaving no impression behind it. In the silence of the night, when reflection generally forces its unwelcome power over the mind of the sinner, the abbot drowned the solemn admonitions over the bottle, or at times convinced himself that a late repentance would absolve him from the consequences of his guilt.

The matin bell had rung ere the abbot thought of retiring to his cell, and the stir and bustle of the monastery soon drove from his mind, for a time, the remembrance of the deeds of the night.

CHAPTER IV.

Who never lov'd, ne'er suffer'd, he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels, but for himself alone;
And when we feel for others, reason reels
O'erloaded from her path, and man runs mad;
As love alone can exquisitely bless,
Love only feels the marvellous of pain,
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

ADOLPHUS, on parting with his brother, bent his steps he scarcely knew whither; the circumstances of the last few hours had thrown such a confusion over his mind, that he scarcely believed the incidents which had occurred to him to be real—but that they were the mere vestige of a dream, the effects of which were not yet obliterated. His weak and harassed frame, borne down by his confinement, and the anguish of mind which his situation had occasioned, rendered him unfit to bear any additional fatigue; and he determined to repair to the cottage in which the Abbess of St. Roch had procured him a lodging, and there to digest the best plan which presented itself for his fu-

ture operations. On his way thither, it was necessary for him to pass within a short distance of the Castle of Niolo, and as the towers of it rose to his view, the image of the lovely being which they enclosed rose upon his remembrance.

We have been often taught by the moralists—a most sage and philosophic community—that there is only one sure and positive remedy for love; but whether these same moralists ever took advantage, or had ever occasion to take advantage of that remedy, no musty records are extant from which the information can be gained. Now, as this is designedly a book not only for amusement but instruction—and as no doubt can possibly exist of there being many who are afflicted, and sorely too, with the itching, feverish, and nervous disease of love, I consider myself certainly entitled to their gratitude, if I expose to them the remedy by which the most determined cure can be effected. In the first instance, Diogenes Laertius, in book 6, section 86, affirms that love is to be cured by hunger, if not by time, or if neither of these remedies succeed, by a halter—a most potent, powerful, and lasting, remedy indeed! Now Pythagoras and Solon, and other gentlemen of that stamp, have transmitted to posterity a more lenient remedy, which is, as soon as we feel the slightest symptoms of that bethlemish disorder, not to put on immediately a strait waistcoat, nor to purify the body by emetics, diuretics, or any of the aperient powders which are generally used on such occasions; but

without any ceremony or notice, to run away from the object who has communicated the disease with all possible speed. Now great thanks are due to the aforesaid gentlemen for this simple remedy, for one of the direst maladies which ever afflicted the human species; it is, however, well known, that there is nothing more easy than to give advice; it is the very foundation stone of our self-love—but, I believe, every one will agree with me, that it is a most scurvy ill-natured trick to give advice, and yet withhold the means of following it. This remedy for love is, without doubt, excellent, and I seriously advise all those who are afflicted with the disease, to lose no time in taking the advantage of it, and take to their heels as fast as possible; but I only regret that it has never entered into the pericranium of the aforesaid moralists to discover the secret how the said remedy is to be administered to the patient; for, as far as my own experience extends in such very ticklish matters, I have discovered that a lover is naturally as incapable of running from the object who has inoculated him with the virus of love, as if his hands and feet were bound, and all his nerves shrivelled like parchment in the fire: and further, I can prove by an infinite number of examples, both from ancient and modern history; that no possibility whatever exists in such cases of the lover even wishing to be able to run away. The lover, indeed, often forms a resolution that he will most certainly run away as soon as he finds it necessary, but that resolution,

like many others, is generally formed under certain conditions, restrictions, and provisos, in, the drawing up of which love himself has been the principal agent, and over which he has an unlimited control. It is well known, that one of these conditions is, that love should intimate to the object under his influence, either by a wink or any other determined signal, the precise and identical moment when it is actually necessary to run away, in which case, it seldom or ever happens that any signal is given at all. The presence of the beloved object, or even the immediate vicinity of it, diffuses a kind of magic power, or, (to make use of an unintelligible phrase, though highly expressive of our philosophic century,) of a sort of magnetic emanation around her, and the lover scarcely enters into this electrical whirlpool, which may be designated the maelstrom of human life, than he feels himself seized with an irresistible influence, which draws him so long about her in a sort of spiral line, resembling the action of the cork screw, until a sudden giddiness at last seizes all his senses, and the malady displays itself in its most virulent complexion.

Now I am well aware, that many of my readers will consider the foregoing passage as prolix and uninteresting; but I consider myself bound to make the best apology in my power, for the direct opposition which Adolphus displayed to

the advice of his brother, who wisely counselled him to run away from Niolo; but father Anselm was utterly ignorant of the magnetic emanation which issued from the walls of Niolo, and by which Adolphus no sooner felt himself encircled, than, instead of moving in the spiral line of the corkscrew, he proceeded in the direction of the tangent, which, whether centrifugal or centripetal, possesses no mark of the curvilinear character, and by the force of which, wholly unintentional on her part, he was brought in close contact with the walls of Niolo. It is true, nobody, except a lover, would have expected to find any thing but the bare walls, and that is often sufficient for a lover to find, if he knows that they enclose the object of his affections; for, if it be true, what the great German tragedian has said, that it is sweet to breathe the air in which a beloved name is mentioned—how much sweeter must it be to breathe the air which the beloved object herself is inhaling! Now it cannot be determined by any traditionary evidence, which, in all cases, is more to be depended upon than oral, excepting in what regards the authenticity of Ossian's poems, whether Rosenheim felt himself so entirely within the influence of the magnetic emanations, flowing from a particular part of the Castle of Niolo, as to prevent him from removing himself from the vicinity; yet it is certain, that, as he perambulated round the eastern wing of the Castle, he ventured to take a peep into the

window of the chapel, and he there beheld an object, which, instead of inducing him to take the advice of his brother, and hasten his departure from Niolo, riveted him still closer to the spot, and so great were the attractive powers of the magnet, that, instead of receding, he found himself, in the most irresistible manner, impelled towards the object.

It is seldom on the eye-lids of the wretched that sleep deigns to dwell, and, amongst the many unfortunates to whom this world appears a desert and a blank, Adeline Lindamore stood conspicuous. A wound had been inflicted upon the first and fondest feelings of her heart, which time with its most lenient balsam, perhaps, could never cure; and now the dreadful prospect opened itself upon her, that, in a few days, she was to be sacrificed at the altar, or carry through life with her the dreadful thought of having been, in some degree, instrumental to the ignominious death of Rosenheim. At all events, no hope dawned in her mind that she should ever see him again, and, indeed, were she to see him, could she now meet him with those feelings, which would arise from the consciousness of his virtue or his innocence? He had, according to the report of her uncle, been tried by the laws of his country, and found guilty of the heinous offence of sacrilege; then how could virtue, like her's, hold converse with a criminal, and should she not rather use her best endeavour to root out every lurking affec-

tion which her heart yet owned for him? This, however, was a struggle she found herself unfit to encounter, and after a night spent in tears, and harassed with the severest disquietude of mind, she rose on the first blush of day, and bent her steps to the chapel, there in prayers, and the soothing exercises of religion, to seek for that consolation which earthly things could not grant her. There was a solemn stillness in the chapel, which accorded with the melancholy feelings which then oppressed the heart of Adeline; she thought herself surrounded by the spirits of the deceased, and that over her hovered the protecting wings of her sainted mother. In holy adoration, she knelt before the cross, and a purer soul never bent before the shrine of her Redeemer. Broader and broader grew the light, and through the dusky casements of the chapel broke the first rays of the sun. Her prayers were finished, and she rose in a full resignation to the will of heaven, when a noise at the distant part of the chapel struck her ear. Looking round, she could not perceive any thing indicative of the cause of it, and she prepared to leave the chapel, when, to her great fear and astonishment, she beheld the hated Ortano before her. He greeted her with all the ease and freedom of the most intimate acquaintance, to which was joined an overbearing familiarity, which distinguishes the behaviour of the proud superior to an unfortunate inferior.

"You are early at your matins, Miss Adeline," said Ortano.

"It is never too soon," said Adeline, "to perform a good action."

"A sound sleep, or a pleasant dream," said Ortano, "would be more to my taste, than praying in a cold chapel."

"I am well aware," said Adeline, "our tastes do not agree, but you'll excuse me stopping any longer."

"Stop, Miss Adeline," said Ortano: "I have long sought for an opportunity of conversing with you in private."

"Sir," said Adeline, with a high degree of dignity, "I know nothing which you can have to say to me in private which you should not say publicly—and therefore you'll excuse me prolonging my stay."

"Hear me but for a moment," said Ortano: "from the first moment that I beheld you, your charms enchained my affections."

"That is a subject," said Adeline, "to which I cannot listen—allow me to retire to my apartment."

"Not yet," said Ortano; "this opportunity may not occur again."

"It is an opportunity not sought by me," said Adeline, "and, being conscious to myself that no benefit can accrue to either of us from this interview, I insist upon leaving you."

"You shall not leave me," said Ortano.

proudly, "you shall hear the confession of my love, and in this sacred place I'll make a vow to heaven, that Adeline Lindamore shall be my bride."

"Never!" sounded a voice from the further end of the chapel.

Adeline looked aghast. Ortano looked around him with the keen eye of curiosity, and his proud spirit seemed to hold in defiance the mysterious being by whom the threatening negative had been pronounced. "What foolery is this," he exclaimed, "that is played upon me? or if it be some cursed spirit, whose grave cannot hold it, and it has broken its cenement to stalk this earth again—why, let it appear before me, nor will I shrink from the aspect of it, though it be as hideous as mortality can clothe it. On the countenance of Ortano shone the noble spirit of the undaunted heart, which, rather than shun the approaching danger, proudly longs to meet it.

Trembling and pale as the lily broken by the storm, Adeline stood in the presence of Ortano—she had heard the words distinctly pronounced, and in the moment of devotional enthusiasm, her fancy beheld her guardian angel, descended from its heaven, to guard her from her enemy.

"If this be some witchcraft thou hast used," said Ortano, sternly, "thou wilt not gain thy purpose by it—thy hand is promised me by thy uncle, and it shall be mine."

"He has promised you that," said Adeline, faintly, "which was not his to give."

"There you will find yourself mistaken," said Ortano: "my love for you is not a transient feeling; here in my heart is your image enshrined, and you shall be mine, though hell and earth were leagued against me."

"Is it a principle of your nature," asked Adeline, "to distress the beings whom you love?"

"My love," said Ortano, "is a noble madness, and it will not be answered in the common way—I proffer you my love—my hand—my fortune—my all."

"And I reject them all," said Adeline, "proudly—detain me no longer, for your suit is hateful to me."

"Then by heavens you shall be mine against your will."

"Never!" exclaimed the voice again.

"Damnation," cried Ortano, "what demon is breathing this nether air, thus to annoy me with his warnings? thinks he thus to daunt me, or turn me from my purpose? come forth, thou hidden spirit, and, be thou of earth or heaven, I'll not yield to thee." Terror overcame the trembling frame of Adeline, and, scarcely conscious of her actions, she grasped the arm of Ortano. She expected every moment to see some terrific form start before her, for nature appeared diverted from her track, and an almighty hold let loose to give an unlimited license to each baneful demon to prowl the earth.

"I'll bear it no longer," cried Ortano: "this is

childish play—I came not here to join in the pranks of charnel spirits, nor to be made their sport.” He threw his arms around the waist of Adeline—a loud shriek echoed through the chapel—the angels who watch over innocence were on the wing, and the wild struggles of Adeline told the victory was not gained.

“ Will you be mine,” cried the villain, “ or ——”

“ Never!” she exclaimed, as she tore herself away from his grasp.

“ Never!” cried Rosenheim, as he burst into the chapel, and, although unarmed, rushed like a tiger upon Ortano.

“ Ah,” cried Ortano, “ art thou the demon that hast been tampering with me?”

“ I own no demon’s acts,” cried Rosenheim, “ but in the defence of injured innocence my life I hold as nothing.”

“ Damnation be upon thee!” cried Ortano: “ thy life is a forfeit to thy temerity.”

“ That will be decided by heaven, and not by thee,” cried Rosenheim.

“ This dagger shall decide,” said Ortano, and from his bosom drew the deadly weapon. With the smile of a fiend he raised his arm to strike the mortal blow—but, roused from the torpor which the sudden appearance of Rosenheim had caused, Adeline rushed between them, and with a frantic shriek staid the murderer’s arm—“ Strike not, and I’ll yield,” she cried; “ and thou, Rosenheim, fly—I conjure thee fly—or thou art lost for ever.”

"Fly!" exclaimed Rosenheim; "not until I know thee rescued from that villain's power."

"Villain, didst thou say?" exclaimed Ortano, whilst the fellest anger flushed his face—"thy death ——"

At this moment, several domestics, headed by Leopold, rushed into the chapel, and words are inadequate to describe the astonishment of Leopold, when he saw Ortano in the firm grasp of Rosenheim, and Adeline struggling with the combatants. A spectacle so unexpected chilled for a moment the resolution of Leopold, until roused by a sudden exclamation of Ortano—"Behold the villain who is again entrapped in his sacrilegious acts—let a just fate be awarded to him."

"Seize him," exclaimed Leopold to the domestics, "and drag him to the turret in the western tower—there let him await his sentence."

"He's innocent," exclaimed Adeline—"he's innocent—he is wrongfully accused." She dropped on her knees before her villainous uncle—"spare him," she cried, "and I will be your victim."

"Not for me," said Rosenheim, as he attempted to raise her from the ground—"my innocence stands ——"

"Bear him hence!" exclaimed Leopold—"I'll hold no parley with him."

"Yes," cried Rosenheim, in a most dignified tone—"yes, bear him hence—I know the limits of your power, and dread them not—but, Adeline, kneel not I beseech thee to that monster—hear

me, and I'll tell it to the world—he is the murderer of thy ——”

“Seize him, ye dastardly crew!” cried Leopold, “or I'll lay you all prostrate at my feet—let him not utter another word—gag him—and he shall soon meet the punishment for his crimes.” The myrmidons of Leopold obeyed his commands, and it was in vain for Rosenheim to struggle against such a superiority of numbers—he was soon overpowered, and as they were dragging him out of the chapel, he cast an expressive look upon Adeline, which she could not but comprehend, and she returned it in that affectionate manner, that, in the midst of his dreadful dilemma, it spoke rapture to his soul—he waved his hand to her, she returned the motion, and he was dragged from her sight.

Like the lamb between its sanguinary butchers, so stood Adeline between the two desperadoes. On the countenance of Leopold was marked the malicious triumph of the villain, when he knows his victim is secured; and on the brow of Ortano was settled the deep scowl of inveterate revenge.

“Follow me,” said Leopold to Adeline; “this infamous business must be sifted to the bottom—I'll see that miscreant rooted from the earth, or the family of Lindamore shall be extinct.”

Adeline bowed her head, but made no answer.

“This dagger,” said Ortano, “shall lacerate this heart's core, but he shall meet the punishment of his crimes.”

Adeline, with the most profound contempt, answered, " 'twould be at best an assassin's act."

" 'Twould be an act of justice to the family!" exclaimed Leopold, " but this is no place for useless talk—action alone must now characterize us—put up your dagger, Ortano; it will not now be wanted—it is a death too honourable for him—come on, niece—matters are now come to that crisis, that any further delay would be dangerous."

They left the chapel, and having gained the apartment of Leopold, he cast on Adeline a look of the utmost indignation; though the tears stood ready in her eyes to gush forth, her noble spirit restrained them, unwilling that her persecutor should triumph over her weakness.

" You have been detected," said Leopold, " in holding communication with an individual who is not only subject to, but who has been convicted of a heinous crime against the laws of his country."

" It is an accusation I reject with contempt," said Adeline; " I have not held communication with any one by whom I should consider myself disgraced—excepting one."

" Right," said Ortano; " that one has disgraced you—and it is a stain upon your character that you should be found in his society."

" Right," exclaimed Adeline, whilst a noble pride exhibited itself on her countenance, " that one has disgraced me—I have found it an indelible stain upon my character to be found in his society—and that one is—yourself."

"Adeline," exclaimed Leopold, "this haughty tone ill becomes you towards the individual whom I have destined for your husband."

"It becomes me," said Adeline, "towards the individual whom I not only hate, but whom I despise."

"I am your guardian," said Leopold.

"Then," said Adeline, proudly, "be the guardian also of my innocence, and discard from your society for ever, the wretch who would meanly take advantage of the weakness of a woman."

"The man," said Ortano, "for whom a particular fruit is destined, has a right to taste it, when, and where, and how he will."

"True," said Adeline; "but that fruit must, however, be lawfully his own—and if it be not, he then commits an offence against the rights of others, for which he ought to be most severely punished."

"I desire," said Leopold; "that you desist from this contumelious language."

"That cannot be called contumelious," said Adeline, "which is spoken in reprobation of consummate vice."

"It is derogatory to the character in which I stand towards you," said Leopold, "to hold an argument with you upon a subject, on which my mind is completely made up. You'll now retire to your apartment—my decision shall be made known to you; in the mean time, keep yourself prepared to fulfil the purport of my last conversation."

"I shall keep myself prepared for the worst," said Adeline, and abruptly left the room.

Adeline was no sooner gone, than Leopold demanded from Ortano a full explanation of his rencontre with Rosenheim and Adeline in the chapel, and a faint ray of satisfaction gleamed upon his mind when he heard that he had found Adeline alone, and not in the society of Rosenheim; but he added, we must despatch a messenger immediately to the monastery—what can that idiot of an abbot have been doing then to let his victim escape out of his hands? According to the plan on which we had resolved, I little thought to meet with him in Niolo again—I cannot suspect the reptile priest of treachery, but had we not been so fortunate as to take him again, all our plans might have been in a moment frustrated."

"We have taken the lion by the beard," said Ortano, "and it is our own fault now if he escape from us."

"No, no," said Leopold, "he is now too safely lodged; he must either have the wings of the eagle, or the compressive power of a rat, ere he can escape from his present prison; but let it be our first object, to send immediate information to the monastery of the escape of the prisoner—and, as it is a matter which must be managed with great judgment—and as it would not be policy nor prudent on our part to entrust the communication of it to every indifferent person, I pro-

pose, that you should immediately depart for the monastery, and bring the abbot hither. Ortano raised no objection to this proposal, and he departed immediately for the monastery.

On the departure of Ortano, Leopold sat pondering on the desperate game he was playing, and some very weighty chances presented themselves to him of his ultimate failure. Matters had not gone on so smoothly with him as he expected; the negligence of the abbot in suffering Rosenheim to escape, and the direct and firm opposition which Adeline displayed to her union with Ortano, without which, the fabric which he had been raising could not be considered as complete, and in the construction of which he had not displayed a very scrupulous nor conscientious nicety in the choice of his materials — on the contrary, some of them had been cemented with blood, and some still must flow ere the capstone was put to the edifice. Whilst he was thus ruminating on the difficult part which he had to act, the abbot was announced, and his arrival was heard by Leopold with peculiar pleasure. The abbot entered the room with a high degree of satisfaction imprinted on his countenance, but he was received by Leopold in the most reserved and distant manner.

“My son,” began the abbot, “success attends us in our plans.”

“It gives me pleasure to hear it,” said Leopold, sarcastically.

“The act on which we determined at our last in-

terview," said the abbot, "has been most ably accomplished."

"I am right glad to hear of it," said Leopold.

"It was not in the nature of man," said the abbot, "to withstand the potion, which was administered to him."

"Indeed!" said Leopold.

"And do you not think," asked the abbot, "that it was an act of humanity to give him his quietus at once, rather than suffer him to linger?"

"It was indeed an act of humanity," said Leopold; "and I doubt not that you were not only the suggestor of the act, but that you actually saw it executed."

"Not the latter, my son," said the abbot; "but I certainly did recommend that the most expeditious measures should be adopted; for I make no doubt you will agree with me, my son, that, when a criminal is condemned to die, the sooner he is put out of his misery the better."

"It is a wise remark, reverend father," said Leopold; "but in what manner have you disposed of him?"

"That office devolved upon one of our holy fraternity."

"The same one, perhaps," said Leopold, "who presented to him the potion, and who so humanely shortened his sufferings?"

"The very same," said the abbot: "I can place the utmost confidence in him."

"And I make no doubt on questioning him,"

said Leopold, "that he will be able to point out to me the very spot in which he has laid him."

"Not a doubt can exist of it," said the abbot.

"But," said Leopold, "amongst the many miracles which have been performed by your holy brotherhood, did you ever hear of a man, who, after having swallowed a double dose of poison, not only dies, but is buried, and then immediately appears hale and sound upon the world again? I should think such a wonder could never happen, unless it were performed by the abbot or some of the monks of Arienheim."

"Indeed, my son," said the abbot, "such a miracle was never performed within the walls of our holy dwelling."

"It appears, however," said Leopold, "that miracles do happen in your monastery, of which you seem to be kept in utter ignorance."

"I am certain," said the abbot, "that no such miracle as you have described, has ever taken place within our walls, since I became the superior of the monastery."

"I make no doubt," said Leopold, "that were you now to inspect your wine cellar, and find a number of bottles empty, which you supposed to be full, it would be a miracle very easily accounted for amongst such a holy community of wine bibbers; but, were you to examine the grave in which the monk, in whom you have such implicit confidence, deposited the body of his victim, and you were to find it empty, would you not conclude that some

miracle had been performed—and not only without your knowledge, but even without your concurrence?”

“ You have put a very improbable question to me, my son ; nor can I see the drift of some of the questions which you have given me to answer.”

“ Because,” said Leopold, “ the man who has caught a lion, which has it in his power to destroy him, and he allows the animal to escape, is in my opinion a consummate idiot.”

“ I should call him a most finished fool,” said the abbot.

“ Then, according to your own opinion,” said Leopold, “ you are one of the most finished fools I ever met with.”

The abbot looked astonished, and a frown of displeasure came upon his countenance.

“ That frown,” said Leopold, “ is to me of little consequence, for I must now inform you, that you have by your carelessness—by the implicit confidence which you have so imprudently reposed in others, nearly overthrown the whole fabric which we have been so long in building.”

“ What fancy has taken possession of your brain ?” asked the abbot ; “ and is this the reward I receive for my able co-operation in all your plans, and for the ability which I have displayed in their execution ?”

“ Ability indeed !” echoed Leopold, with a contemptuous sneer ; “ you have exhibited a master’s hand in the art of mixing a potion, but the mere

skill of the apprentice in the administration of it. Hear the tale I have to tell, and then it will be a lesson to you in future, never to allow another to do that for you which you can do for yourself."

Leopold now related to the wondering abbot all the circumstances attending the discovery of Rosenheim, and his subsequent capture.

Rage and vexation were alternately depicted on the countenance of the abbot, and the triumphant though disdainful smile which sat on the features of Leopold, tended in no small degree to increase the embarrassment in which the holy father was plunged. With hasty strides he paced the apartment, and at times he broke forth into the bitterest oaths of vengeance against Anselm for his perfidy.

"Let him be instantly expelled the monastery," said Leopold—"but stop—that would be the means of promulgating our iniquity to the world—he must not be allowed to be at large in the neighbourhood."

"Right," said the abbot; "he must be punished for this perfidious act."

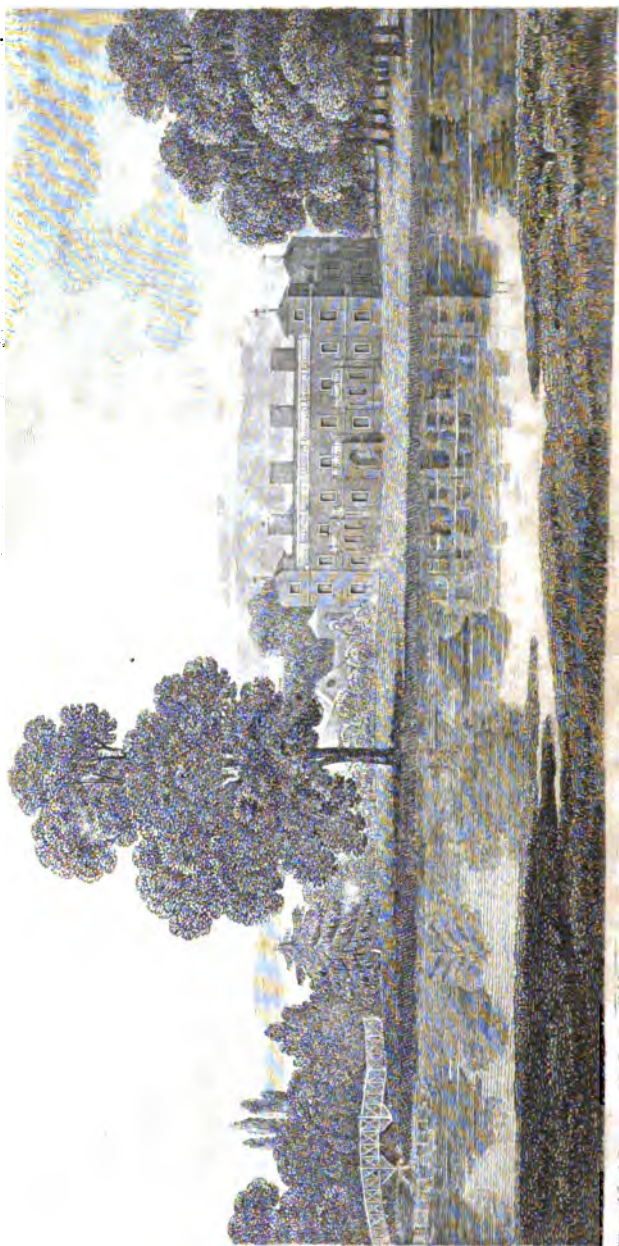
"I despatched Ortano instantly to the monastery," said Leopold, "to request your attendance—you have, however, anticipated my wishes. On his return, we will confer upon the best means of disposing of our prisoner—I will take care he shall not escape from our hands again. In the mean time, holy father, visit my niece, and employ your eloquence and your priestly power in bending her stubborn will to our purposes. This sudden appear-

ance of Rosenheim has rather increased than diminished her opposition to her union with Ortano, and I am there so deeply pledged, that I cannot retract—we shall be obliged to use compulsion at last.”

“Your wishes, my son, shall be obeyed,” said the abbot: “let my visit be announced to your niece.”

“Come, then,” said Leopold; “I will await your return in the banqueting room.”

The two miscreants left the room together, each bent on his own nefarious act.



THE MONASTERY OF ARKENHEIM.

From a drawing by Mr. B. B. B. B. B.

CHAPTER VI.

You can endure the livery of a nun,
For age to be in shady cloister mur'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chaunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon :
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage.
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

ORTANO, according to the instructions of Leopold, directed his steps to the monastery, and having arrived at the portal, he rung the heavy bell : the gate was opened by father Anselm, over whose countenance came a death-like paleness, as he saw Ortano standing before him.

"Is your abbot in the monastery?" Ortano asked.

"The brothers are at their prayers," said Anselm, "and our holy father is perhaps with them—be seated in my cell here, and I will inquire."

"Tell him I come from Niolo on business of importance," said Ortano, "and would speak to him immediately."

"Your message shall be delivered," said Anselm.

"And use all possible despatch," said Ortano.

"It shall be done," said Anselm, and hastened away.

Ortano seated himself in the cell, and coolly awaited the return of the monk. He heard at a distance the solemn chaunting of the priests, and the contrast of the monastic life, to that which he led, struck him most forcibly. The former was tranquillity and holy quiet—the seat of contemplation and reflection—a refuge from the world, its contentions, and its vices; the latter was one continued scene of turmoil and depravity, in which every stormy passion of the human beast strove for dominion, and every abject desire increased with its gratification. A fleeting idea of retributive justice—of a state of reward and punishment, floated upon his mind—but 'twas evanescent as the foam of the summer wave. The thought was painful to him, and he longed for the return of the monk, to be relieved from the pain of his own reflections.

It was not long ere Anselm returned, and beckoned Ortano to follow him. As they were crossing the court-yard, Anselm whispered in the ear of Ortano, "You come from Niolo?"

"I do," said Ortano.

"Your name?" asked Anselm.

"Ortano," he answered.

"It is all right?" said Anselm; "follow me.

The abbot is employed in one of the vaults of the monastery—thither I will conduct you—but it must be by a private way, that the holy brethren may not know it. This way, Signor, we shall not be observed by them.”

Ortano followed the steps of the monk, and he conducted him through a solitary part of the monastery, and opening a heavy door at the end of a dark passage, which was faintly lighted by a single lamp, a long flight of steps presented itself to the view of Ortano.

“Your abbot,” said Ortano, “selects a dismal place for the transaction of his private affairs.”

“It is proper,” said the monk, “that some deeds should be committed in darkness—but hush! we must speak low—the echo of these passages is so loud, that it is heard all over the monastery.”

Ortano now perceived at a distance the faint glimmer of a light, and, on reaching it he found it to proceed from a lamp suspended from the ceiling of a small cell, in which stood a chair and table, and by some circumstances which struck the attention of Ortano, it was evident that it had been but very lately inhabited.

“Be seated, Signor,” said Anselm; “and in a moment the abbot will be with you—he is only in the adjoining cell.”

Ortano, whose mind was divested of all suspicion, seated himself on the broken chair, and surveyed the interior of the place. On a sudden, as

if almost by an invisible hand, the door was closed, and before he could recover from the surprise which the singular circumstances gave rise to, the key was turned on the outside, and he found himself a prisoner. The vociferation of Ortano calling upon the monk to release him was distinctly heard by Anselm as he retired along the passages, and having gained the portal, he seated himself in his cell—and the brothers, having completed their devotions, found him at his post, as if nothing particular had occurred. In an hour Anselm was relieved by another monk, and having retired to his private cell, he packed up the few necessaries which belonged to him, and awaited the darkness of the night to complete the plans which he had formed.

In the mean time, Leopold and the abbot sat in the banqueting room, awaiting the return of Ortano. One hour elapsed—and another—and no Ortano appeared.

“What can this possibly mean?” said Leopold to the abbot; were I not certain that we had Rosenheim secured, I should be inclined to suspect that the rivals had met, and that Ortano had been defeated.”

“You have no reason,” said the abbot, “to suspect him of perfidy.”

“He is not a monk of the monastery of Arienheim,” said Leopold, piqued at this insinuation of the abbot—“some accident has befallen him, or he would have returned before this time to Niolo.”

"I do not know of any thing which could have detained him at Arienheim," said the abbot; "he is not one who would join in the devotions of the holy brethren."

"True," said Leopold; "but should any of the brotherhood have shewn him the way to the wine cellar, I can easily account for his tardiness to return. You know, reverend father, that a kiss and a glass of wine bear a strong resemblance to each other; you have no sooner tasted one, than you long for another: and, in both cases, an intoxication of the senses is the consequence."

"It may be true," said the abbot; "but we reverend men forego the temptations of the flesh—and, therefore, a kiss to me is a thing most strange; but as to a glass of wine, I must own, that the keen Alpine air requires an inward stimulus to prevent a stagnation of the faculties."

"And perhaps," said Leopold, "some of your holy fraternity, fearing that the faculties of Ortano might stagnate, have introduced him to the wine cellar, and perhaps on your return you'll find the jovial souls regaling themselves over your best Johannisberg."

"Heaven forbid," said the abbot, "that they should be so sinful!"

"If a flock go astray," said Leopold, "it is generally the fault of the shepherd."

Leopold walked to the window, and cast a most anxious look towards the road which led to the

monastery, but no signs of Ortano appeared. The villain is ever a suspicious character, and in the mind of Leopold some most painful emotions arose, but which he did not wish to display in the presence of the abbot.

“Reverend father,” said Leopold; “your holy office may require your presence at Arienheim, let me, therefore, detain you no longer; the plan which we have chalked out respecting our prisoner shall be put in execution, and that without delay—therefore hasten to the monastery, and, should any accident have befallen my friend, delay not to communicate it to me; but be upon your guard—the eye may see you, though you see it not—and the ear may hear you, though you hear it not. If you hear a rustling behind you, it may be a leaf, or it may be an assassin—much is yet wanting to bring us to the summit of our wishes—and, if in the midst of our way, we stand like faint-hearted cowards, and shrink from the infliction of a blow which would remove every obstacle, then let the blame fall deservedly upon us—and let us die a monument to the world, of a few daring spirits, undaunted and unconquered, even when the last drop of our blood is gushing forth. Boldness alone can save us, reverend father, therefore be not chicken-hearted—and above all, let not your other prisoner in the vault escape you; rather let it be your task, as you walk towards the monastery, to pluck the hemlock, and the nightshade, and form of them the

baneful mixture, which will let loose the tired soul from its clayey tenement, and send it to its better heaven to find its rest for ever."

"My son," said the abbot, "I ne'er beheld thee till now, so serious—though a few dark clouds have arisen on the horizon of our wishes, believe me, they will soon disperse, and a bright sunshine gild our future days; therefore, let no depressing thoughts weigh upon your mind—and, although I have failed in effecting a change in the inclinations of your niece, why should we lament it? Have we not force in our hands? And if no other expedient will succeed, we know the instrument we can use, and by which we never can be foiled."

"Be it so," said Leopold; "now hasten to the monastery; I know well the part which I have to act, and depend upon it, I will not perform it in an imperfect manner."

The abbot departed, and the restless and perturbed spirit of Leopold began to shew itself: the mysterious and unaccountable absence of Ortano drove him almost to madness—and he sent several scouts round the neighbourhood, to collect some tidings of him—but all returned, and not a vestige of him could be discovered. His dark malignant spirit brooded over every possible accident which could have befallen him, and, in the moment of desperate reflection, he determined to wreak his revenge on Rosenheim for the dilemma in which he had involved him.

On the arrival of the abbot at the monastery, his first business was to enquire of the monk at the gate, at what time Signor Ortano, from the Castle of Niolo, had called at the monastery—but to his great surprise, the monk knew not of any person whatsoever having called at the monastery—and, on questioning the other monks, not one of them knew any thing of Ortano, nor of any message whatever from Niolo. The surprise of the abbot knew no bounds, but the monk at the gate having informed him that the Signor might have called during the time that father Anselm held the watch, the abbot ordered that Anselm should attend him immediately in his private apartment, and he secretly rejoiced at the opportunity which presented itself to him, of questioning the perfidious priest, as he designated him, respecting the escape of Rosenheim.

The manner in which Anselm had answered him, when he questioned him respecting the manner of Rosenheim's death, now struck him in the most forcible manner, and he discovered in all his answers the very acme of subterfuge and deceit. It was, however, necessary for him, in order to extract the truth from Anselm, to act a deep political part, and he had completely matured the manner in which he intended to interrogate him, when a monk entered the apartment, and informed the abbot, that father Anselm was not to be found in the monastery.

"How!" exclaimed the abbot, "not to be

found? He is perhaps gone to perform some religious act—to strengthen some death-bed repentant—or to absolve a sinner from the weight of his sins.”

“We have reason to believe,” said the monk, “that his absence from the monastery is not occasioned by any office of his holy profession—we have observed since yesternight a settled gloom upon him, and a deep and unnatural taciturnity wholly foreign to his disposition.”

“Has his cell been examined?” asked the abbot.

“It has not,” replied the monk; “you know, reverend father, that it is contrary to our rules to intrude unasked into another’s cell.”

“The rules shall be infring’d,” said the abbot; “let his cell be examined immediately—but stop ——”

The abbot appeared to be lost in thought for a few moments—then suddenly rising from his seat, he exclaimed; “I myself will visit father Anselm’s cell—await my return here.”

With the most depressed and anxious feelings, the abbot proceeded to the cell of father Anselm. A dreadful presentiment preyed upon his mind, and with a trembling hand he opened the door of the cell. The conviction immediately flashed upon him, that Anselm had taken his leave of the monastery. The religious ornaments of the cell were, according to the rules of the brotherhood,

on the decease of a member, laid upon the truckle bed, and close to them lay a small billet, which the abbot found to be addressed to himself. With a quivering hand he opened it, and a deadly paleness came over his countenance, as he read

"The cup of your iniquity is full—your crimes cry aloud for vengeance—and to escape the perdition which they will ultimately bring upon the fraternity, I have sought an asylum more safe and less polluted. If a single step be taken to trace my route, it shall be the signal for the publication of your crimes to the world, and the consequent demolition of your monastery. Beware—your life is in my hands."

In a dreadful state of agitation, the abbot seated himself on the bed, and to his alarmed imagination a dismal futurity presented itself. There was now one person abroad in the world, who was not only privy to all his criminal acts, but who was no longer attached to him by the ties of religion, nor by private interest, and who in one moment, by an exposure, might involve him in irretrievable ruin. But a more perplexing idea on a sudden occurred to him; the departure of Anselm from the monastery, and the disappearance of Ortano on the same day, bore too strong a coincidence, and was impressed too strongly with the character of premeditated design, not to suppose that some arrangement had been secretly made between Ortano and Anselm, and that they had taken their departure together.

But still there was something to contradict that idea, which was, that Anselm by his perfidy had saved the life of the rival of Ortano in the affections of Adeline, and therefore the most deadly hostility rather than friendship might be naturally supposed to exist between them. These contradictory ideas tended in no small degree to perplex the abbot, and, indeed, the more he reflected on the affair, the greater grew his embarrassment. Summoning, however, all the fortitude of his nature, and assuming a forced degree of composure, he returned to his apartment, where he found the monk awaiting him.

"Father Anselm has taken an abrupt leave of us," said the abbot; "the fraternity is well rid of him; it is a base reward for the kindness with which I treated him, when, as a murderer, he solicited an asylum amongst us."

"He was too scabbed a sheep," said the monk, "to remain amongst so pure a flock."

"Thank heaven, brother," said the abbot, "we are above contamination; but now leave me to myself."

The monk departed, though not without casting an inquisitive look upon the abbot, for there was something in his demeanor which was not only most striking, but which appeared wholly contrary to his usual method of deportment. The calmness and resignation of the monkish character seemed to have yielded to the violence and turbulence

of the libertine or the desperado, and on his countenance was stamped the deep impression of conflicting passions.

The abbot being left alone, he pondered on the measures he was to pursue in the accumulated embarrassment in which he found himself. Thank heaven, said he to himself, there is one individual who is yet safe under my care—were he to give me the slip, then farewell to all my hopes of aggrandizement, and to my safety from the machinations of my enemies. Consoling himself with this idea, he determined to lose no time in transmitting to Leopold the occurrences which had taken place at Arienheim, and to urge him to the most decisive measures, in order to secure their personal safety. Having regaled himself with a bottle of his favourite wine, he joined in the evening devotion of the brethren, and, worn out with mental and bodily fatigue, he threw himself on his pallet to sleep.

But as the shades of night increased, how agonizing were the feelings of Leopold, when hour after hour sounded from the cupola of the Castle, and yet no Ortano appeared. The plans against Rosenheim were to be put in execution that night. It had been agreed by the confederates that no time was to be lost—and that promptitude of action alone could save them; in what a singular dilemma he then found himself, standing alone, environed with a sea of difficulties, and dependent solely on

his own exertions to gain the desired haven. He saw the sun sink behind the mountains, and never had he felt so heavy a depression weigh upon his spirits—he fancied that the sun set amidst stormy clouds, such as almost portended some dreadful anarchy in nature, and the silence which surrounded him appeared as the syncope of nature, before the earthquake splits a world to ingulph its myriads of victims.

“ Silence! thou art only a great and mighty power, when man; at thy hand, dares to be the confidant of himself—when greatness in thy terror forms its high resolves; friendship finds in thee its sublimity, sorrow its consolation, and all powers—all thoughts—all wishes, find in thee the plenitude of their existence, and the depth of their intrinsic worth. But how different art thou to the criminal, who shuns thee as the scorpion, who would sting him!—who does not hold communion with thee, for fear thy magic power should conjure up before him some dreadful forms—some horrid abortions of the past, which, though buried, are not dead! Like the ghosts of the murdered, so stalk before the criminal in the dark hours of silence the damned deeds of life; the dread spirits of fear and expectation flap their wings around him, chilling him with their blighting airs, and he feels the foretaste of that awful moment when, amidst the assembled multitudes of heaven, the book of

retribution is opened, and from the seventh heaven he hears the dreadful doom pronounced."

The sun was set, and darkness crept upon the earth—the birds of the air had sought their resting places—the beast had found its lair—the evening star shone mildly on the scene—and over nature was thrown the veil of slumber and repose. To every heart, but that immersed in guilt, this view of nature would have been most soothing—but to Leopold it called forth the dormant powers of reflection, and, unable to bear the lassitude which it occasioned, he desired that his niece might be called to dissipate the painful thoughts which preyed upon his mind, by the melodious tones of her harp. Adeline hesitated not to comply with the commands of her uncle; and though her own feelings were not in unison with the "concord of sweet sounds," yet, assuming an air of gaiety, her fingers swept nimbly over the strings, and the dark brow of Leopold began to relax, when a domestic entered with the intelligence that a monk, leading an aged man, was at the Castle gate, and solicited admission to the lord of the Castle.

"Comes the monk from Arienheim?" asked Leopold.

"He says, my lord," replied the servant, "that he has journeyed far with his aged charge, and is much in need of refreshment—but that they have hastened their course in order to reach Nolo to-

night, having matters of importance to communicate to the lord of it."

"A monk and an aged man?" said Leopold, sinking into a deep fit of musing. "Of what Order is the monk?" he asked.

"He appears," replied the servant, "to belong to the same Order as the holy brothers of Arienheim."

"Most strange," said Leopold to himself—but on a sudden reflecting that the monk might bring him some tidings of Ortano, he ordered the servant to conduct the monk and the old man into his private apartment, and say that he would attend them instantly.

Adeline was glad to be released from an amusement so little congenial to her feelings, and secretly wondering at the absence of Ortano, she sought her own apartment. Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, who during the day had been exhausting all her powers of divination to account for the sudden disappearance of Ortano, had wisely retired to rest, with the fervent hope that, before the morrow dawned, some tidings would be received of him, as she declared the Castle without him was a desert—from which expression it might be rationally conjectured, that every endeavour had been employed on his part to make the Castle a paradise to her. Adeline was sitting in deep musing, when a single tap at the door of her apartment proclaimed the arrival of a visitor. Now certainly,

for a young lady in the situation of our heroine to receive a visitor, at about a quarter before eleven at night, might be construed into an act highly indecorous, and inflicting a wound upon her character which not all the nostrums nor panacea of the most antiquated sybil could ever cure. But who, that could have seen her lovely though grief-worn countenance at the moment when the tap was heard, would not have instantly conjectured, and especially if the person making that conjecture were a female, that it was made by some Leander, who had swam the Hellespont to visit his Hero ; for a bright gleam of joy illumined it, as she hastened to the door, and admitted—old Dorothy.

“All will be quiet soon, my dear young lady,” said Dorothy—“the monk and the old man have just now run out of the Castle, as if some of the evil spirits were at their heels, and as soon as your uncle has retired to rest, then we will set out on our expedition.”

“And do you think it practicable?” asked Adeline in an anxious tone.

“Aye,” said Dorothy ; “your uncle little thinks that I have a master-key which will open every room in the house—and although he thinks, by having the key of the turret in his pocket, to keep his prisoner safe—yet we, my dear young lady, will shew him the contrary. Poor dear young man—what would your father say, and your good

old grand-father, if they thought that this Castle were to be turned into a prison? No—no—cheer up, my young lady—I had a dream last night ——”

At this moment an unusual noise was heard in the lower part of the Castle, and Dorothy, forgetting to relate her dream, hastened to ascertain the cause of it. She found the domestics all in a bustle—some running one way, and some another; and on the countenance of many were depicted the strongest marks of fear.

“What means all this noise?” Dorothy exclaimed—“it is time you were all in bed. Why, you seem as if you were all possessed with some evil spirit—go to—and let me see no more of these pranks.”

“O! our master!” exclaimed one of the servants.

“O! the Count Leopold!” ejaculated a second.

“O! what shall we do with him!” cried a third.

“He’ll die! he’ll die!” exclaimed a fourth.

Dorothy was now convinced, that something of a very uncommon nature had occurred, and she hastened to the apartment in which the servants informed her that Leopold then was. But how great was her surprise, to find him in a state bordering on madness—a wild delirium appeared to have seized his brain—and his fixed and haggard eyes seemed to rest on some object at a distance. “There—there—it is!” he cried. “I see him now—there he stalks away with his blanched locks—with that look, blasting me with its keenness. Unloose me,

ye damned spirits that hold me—that with my hands I may tear that hellish monk piece-meal. I'll rip his heart from his body—aye, and the vultures of the air shall gorge themselves with it. There—there I see him again! he looks like one burst from some cemetery, to deal a pestilence over the world—I'll not look at it again."

Exhausted by his struggles, which at times threatened to baffle the combined strength of the alarmed domestics, he sank on a couch—and the wild foamings of his mouth, and the horrid convulsions of his frame told the agony which raged within. Raising himself in a languid manner from the couch, he placed his hands before his eyes, as if he dreaded to encounter the objects which might present themselves. Reason appeared to be unsettled, and confusion to riot over his brain. Drawing his hand slowly from his eyes, he spoke in a placid tone—"But thou look'st pale and woe-begone, poor suffering spirit—the power that has uncharnelled thee will take thee to thy rest again—and thou shalt take me with thee." But suddenly starting from the hold of his domestics—"thou art not my father! I'll grapple with thee e'en to the gates of heaven—until some retributive angel in his wrath bursts forth—and with heaven's most vivid lightnings scorches the brow of the parricide. Speak, ye coward miscreants who surround me—saw ye not that aged form shaking his silvery locks? Did ye not hear him call me, son? Tell me it was some blasted vision—which, taking the

human shape, has escaped corruption's fangs to prowl this nether world. Tell me it was so ——" and sinking exhausted to the ground—he faintly lisp'd—"I will bless you."

Leopold was carried to his bed, in a state bordering on distraction. At times he hid his face in his hands—at another, he cast his eyes fearfully around him, as if dreading to meet some terrific object, on which a cold shudder seemed to pervade his frame, and his trembling limbs were scarcely able to support him. Bereft almost of consciousness, he was laid on his bed, and his servile attendants watched over him during the night.

CHAPTER VI.

Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as a dream,
Brief as the lightning in the vollied night,
That (in a spleen) unfolds both heaven and earth;
And 'ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The jaws of darkness so devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.

“O my dear young lady,” said Deborah, as she burst into the apartment where Adeline was sitting, “here are strange doings—the longer I live, the greater wonders I behold—this Castle surely is bewitched.”

“Well, my good creature,” said Adeline, “how I rejoice to see you—our time grows short, and if we do not effect our purpose to-night, we may perhaps never succeed hereafter.”

“You speak,” said old Deborah, “so like your good father, that I could listen to you for ever—but O! had you seen your uncle Leopold, you would have remembered him to the last hour of your life.”

"I have reason to remember him," said Adeline, "though I were never to see him again."

"Aye," but said Deborah, "had you seen him, as I have seen him, you would never wish to set your eyes upon him again."

"And I never wish," said Adeline, "to set my eyes upon him again, whether I had seen him as you have seen him or not."

"No wonder, my dear young lady, considering what has happened lately in the Castle; but I am now convinced, that what my good old honest fellow-servant Rupert used to say, is all too true—that a set of hobgoblins have lately taken possession of the Castle—and that in the end, they will drive us all out of it."

"The sooner I am driven out of it the better," said Adeline—"but let us not lose our time, which is so valuable, in this useless talk—have you brought the keys with you?"

"O yes, my dear young lady," said Deborah, "and I have brought you such news—an old man and a monk have driven your uncle Leopold mad, and he has been just now taken to his bed, trembling as if he were on the top of St. Gothard."

"Then," said Adeline, joyfully, "we have nothing to fear from him. Is Signor Ortano returned?"

"No tidings of him yet," said Deborah.

"Heaven-be thanked," said Adeline, "every thing seems to favour our design. You shall re-

late to me afterwards the whole history of the monk and the old man—but let us now set out on our undertaking, so good an opportunity may never occur again.”

“True,” said old Deborah, “but the impatience of youth is often profitably restrained by the caution and prudence of age—the Castle is yet in commotion, and in a case of such danger, we had better make sure, doubly sure. Let every one in the Castle have retired to rest, and then my dear young lady, old Deborah will shew you that her heart is in the right place.”

“Thanks to you, my good old friend,” said Adeline, “I doubt not your fidelity, nor the warmth with which you enter into my views—but with the knowledge, that every moment is precious, I cannot brook any delay.”

“I remember in my younger days,” said Deborah —

“O talk not to me,” said Adeline, impatiently, “of your younger days, nor the hours that are past. I look forward to the approaching one, for on that, perhaps, depends the future destiny of my life.”

“Well then,” said Deborah, “let me listen if all be still in the Castle—we must tread like cats, or as if our feet were wrapt in velvet.”

Deborah opened the door of the apartment which led to the grand corridor, and listened for a while, but no sound disturbed the silence of the place. “All is still my dear young

lady," she whispered, "I think we may venture now."

"O how my heart beats," said Adeline, "I dread those ill-looking fellows, who have always been prowling about the Castle, since my uncle Leopold resided here."

"O fear not, my young lady," said Deborah, "I'll warrant you, I'll conduct you by a way that they know nothing of."

"Come then, Deborah," said Adeline, "time is precious—if we succeed, I shall soon forget my present agitation."

"One would think," said Deborah, "that you were going to perform a wicked action, you are in such a tremble—come—come, Miss, cheer up, I know we shall return all safe—but we will not take a light with us."

"Not a light?" exclaimed Adeline.

"By no means," said Deborah, "that would certainly discover us. Come, my dear young lady, be not faint-hearted now the moment is arrived—there, tread softly, and I will close the door behind us."

Taking hold of Deborah's hand, Adeline followed the faithful servant with a palpitating heart. They had passed through several passages of the Castle, without the slightest object giving any signs of life or motion, when a light footstep at a distance struck the ears of the adventurers, and actually chilled the heart of Adeline. Her fears so overcame her, that had she not grasped

the arm of Deborah, she would have fallen to the ground. The sound of the steps came nearer, and it was now evident, that some one was approaching them, and Deborah herself began to quake, for of all passions, fear is the most epidemical. Fortunately for the two females, at the place where they were then standing, a passage branched off to another part of the Castle, and concealing themselves in it, they awaited the coming of the dreaded person. Nearer and nearer came the footsteps of the midnight wanderer, and the palpitations of the heart of Adeline were so loud, that they alone were likely to betray her. To prevent themselves, however, from being seen, they crouched as close to the ground as possible, and a faint gleam of moonlight breaking at that moment through a decayed casement, Adeline had a confused view of the figure. It was rather above the middle stature, and partook so little of the spare and meagre form of those midnight gentry, yclep'd ghosts and apparitions, that had this incognito been fed in those days in the refectory of a monastery, in which only those good things are prohibited, which do not exactly suit the palate of the abstemious fraternity—or if it had been fed in our days on the callipash and callipee of the still more abstemious attendants at our civic feasts, it certainly could not have acquired a more plump and imposing exterior. Fear, however, which never regards an object through the sober glass of reason, but always

through the telescope of alarm, magnifying a pigmy into a giant, and a mouse into an elephant, had so offuscated (to use a Johnsonian phrase) the powers of Adeline's vision, that she was certain—(especially as the object was dressed in that color, which all ghosts have assumed ever since they began to play their pranks upon the earth—which is universally in white, equal to the driven snow)—yes, she was certain it was some malignant spirit, which the grave had that night vomited forth, to perform its penance for its earthly sins. So firmly was this conviction impressed upon the mind of Adeline, that she lost all control over her actions, and an involuntary shriek escaped her. Now, amidst the numerous qualifications with which real and genuine ghosts are gifted—I mean not such ghosts as are set up by mischievous boys in church-yards, to frighten a couple of tender lovers—or which the lover may have placed there himself, for the purpose of giving himself an opportunity of displaying his courage—and who, whilst his beloved is nearly fainting with fear, boldly marches up to it, and in the most undaunted manner levels it with the ground; nor do I mean those plump and fleshy ghosts who generally steal into nunneries at midnight, knowing that the skinny shrivelled ghost is by no means welcome there. O no, I mean in this instance, the *bona fide*, genuine, and legitimate ghost, and therefore, the truth of my remark may be depended upon, when I say, that I never

knew one of those unsocial beings, as far as my own experience of them extends, and without any attempt at self-adulation, it is as far as that of any other person—I repeat it, I never knew one of them, who could utter a shrill sound, or sonorous shriek. Here then we are plunged into a slough of conjecture, for the shriek of Adeline had no sooner reached the ears of this ghost, and ghosts have in general very long ones, like all those who believe in them, than the most piercing shriek, such as a ghost alone could give, reverberated through the Castle; and what is still more remarkable, the cock was not crowing at that precise time—nor was the Castle bell sounding twelve—nor were any other of the regular signals given, by which ghosts are obliged to return to their coffins, or to any other equally comfortable places of abode which they may have selected. Yet, notwithstanding the absence of all those necessary forms and ceremonies, this same ghost, no sooner heard the shriek of Adeline, than it took to its heels, and running down the passage with all possible speed, vanished in the darkness of it, as all ghosts do, when they can be no longer seen. Now Deborah, whose eyes, although rather afflicted with the rheum, were not so obscured by the wild fancies of fear, as those of Adeline, soon discovered in this midnight wanderer, no other person, than Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen; yet, strongly starched and stiffened as I am in the lixivium of morality, virtue, and decorum, I do most positively affirm, that it would have been

more becoming in Mademoiselle at that hour of the night, to have laid her head upon her pillow, and dreamt of any thing—either on the earth or under the earth—or, if she had been better pleased to have snored away the hour of midnight, rather than have exposed her delicate frame to gusts of wind, draughts of air, noxious midnight vapours—the attacks of owls and bats—and being no ghost herself, running the risk of coming in contract with some shrivelled skeleton, who having no homogeneity with flesh and blood, certainly could not be a very pleasant companion to a lady of her most immaculate character. It is often as difficult to solve the cause of the actions of a female, as it is the attractive power of the magnet; both have a secret influence, and both have their attractive as well as their repellant power. It therefore amounts almost to a moral certainty, that I might sit pondering longer than Newton, when in a deep study on the refraction of light, he made a tobacco-stopper of the fore-finger of his sweetheart; or longer than Leibnitz, when, from his knowledge of immaterial essences, he calculated on the number of angels that could dance on the point of a needle; or longer even than Robert Huish, when he is calculating the number of his own sins and transgressions—yes, even great as that number may be, I should still be longer in pondering on the cause which could have induced Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen to patrol the dreary passages of

the Castle, at that inhospitable hour. Ariadne had a clue to the labyrinth of Crete—but where shall I find a clue to the contortions, distortions, to the evolutions and revolutions of this midnight adventure of the lady in question? I most candidly declare I know not where to seek for it; but as chance revealed to Newton the source of gravity, and to Columbus the means of discovering a new world, let me hope that the same partial and hood-winked deity, will, 'ere long reveal the mystery of Mademoiselle's conduct, and thereby save me the trouble of a further investigation.

The speedy flight of Mademoiselle restored Adeline in some degree to the command of her senses, for she was convinced, that whatever or whoever the midnight stroller might be, yet, if a single shriek could urge the ghost to such a precipitate flight, she had nothing to fear from an excess of courage, or a display of supernatural spirit—but her surprise was boundless, when Deborah said in a whisper, "I think your governess never ran so fast before."

"Is it possible," said Adeline; "was that figure Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen?"

"Aye, marry was it," said Deborah, "and I think she will remember your shriek. Poor thing, she is vastly troubled with a desire to walk in her sleep—but come, let us move from our hiding place—courage—courage lady, all will yet be well."

With a light step Adeline and Deborah proceeded to the place of their destination.

When Rosenheim was dragged into the room in the western turret, and the ponderous door locked upon him, his reflections were of the most painful nature. He felt, however, not for himself alone, but for her, in whom every affection of his heart was centered. He knew her to be within the lawless grasp of consummate villains, and he well knew also that the impediments to the attainment of their ends, which in the eyes of many would appear insuperable, would be nevertheless considered by them as of a trifling nature, and their removal as unworthy a moment of serious reflection. For himself, he considered his doom as fixed—not even the faintest beam of hope darted through the gratings of his prison, to cheer him with the prospect of deliverance; and as the sun sunk behind the distant mountains, he asked himself—shall I live to see it rise again? As yet he had been visited by no one—the darkness of the night came on, and he could almost have fancied that creation was extinct, and himself a solitary being in the world; but, when he carried his view aloft, and saw the symbols of a godhead floating in their immeasurable distance—“Then,” he exclaimed, “I am not alone, for there is a God in Heaven, who will protect me.” ’Tis for the captive alone to tell the agonizing feelings which weigh so heavily upon the heart, when near his dungeon he

hears the tread of human footsteps, bringing perhaps, his liberty—perhaps, his death. He hears the steps approaching, and on his pale and sunken countenance, is anxiety depicted in its most frightful form—the blood forsakes his lips—from their blood-shot sockets start his streaming eyes—his limbs seem paralysed, and every motion gone—the heart with its throbs threatens to burst its ligaments—and reason totters on its already unsettled throne; the steps recede, and wrung with despair, the captive sinks upon his pallet—adds another melancholy day to the calendar of his life, and rises in the morn—to hope —

Rosenheim paced his contracted abode, and on a sudden, he heard some steps slowly ascending the stairs which led to his prison. He considered the crisis of his fate to be approaching, and calmly awaited it like a hero in the trammels of his enemy. He heard the person stop before the door, but still no indication was given of an intention to open it; perhaps, he thought, it might be some one to whom his confinement in that part of the Castle was unknown—but yet, what other motive could induce a person to visit that dreary part of it, unless it were on his account? In order, however, to set his doubts on this subject at rest, he demanded in an authoritative tone, the business of the stranger, but instead of receiving any answer, he heard the person descending the stairs, and all was soon

silent again. This conduct excited the wonder of Rosenheim, for from whatever point of view he regarded the affair, he could not come to any ultimate decision as to the good or bad intentions of this midnight stroller. Some clue, however, here presents itself to unravel the secret of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen's nocturnal perambulation; for it is well known, that Rosenheim did not stand very high in that lady's good opinion, and from causes which need not here be repeated. But as it is certain that no person commits an action, be it good or bad, whether it be concealing ourselves behind an arras—or peeping through a key-hole, which ends sometimes in a bloody nose—or whether it be perambulating the dreary passages of a Castle, at a time, when certainly greater pleasure could be obtained by being in bed, it becomes a matter attended with as much interest, as the discovery of the north-west passage, to ascertain the actual cause of Mademoiselle venturing in all the negligee of the bed-chamber, to the very door of Rosenheim's prison, and no sooner to hear his voice, than to make a precipitate retreat. That the said Mademoiselle was a great admirer of romantic action, no one can doubt, who has obtained even a superficial insight into her character; but certainly, her mere attachment to an eccentricity of conduct, cannot be adduced as the cause of her Quixotic visit to the turret. In those cases, however,

where positive evidence cannot be produced to determine the *plus* or *minus* of moral rectitude, which accompanies an action—or to determine the positive guilt or innocence of the accused—the next best method is to decide by presumption, especially if many circumstances combine to warrant the conclusion that is drawn. We left Mademoiselle running away with all possible speed, supposing herself to be pursued by some imp or demon, who might, in the darkness, perhaps take those liberties with her, which a lady of her immaculate character could neither sanction nor approve, and therefore, her precipitate flight was an act, for which she ought to be highly commended; but had we been prowling about passages at midnight, and nearly terrified out of our wits by a piercing shriek, (being ignorant that it came from a beautiful girl, in which case we should have been a fool indeed to have run away) we should most probably have hurried to our bed-chamber, and having bolted and locked the door, have buried ourselves under the bed clothes. It is, however, a common custom, and a bad one it is, to judge of others by ourselves, and therefore, as it is certain, that Mademoiselle did not hurry to her bed-room, nor did she either bury herself under the bed clothes, nor hide herself under the bed, which she never did but in extreme cases. The question is, whither then did she bend her flight? Had Signor Ortano been at this momentous period in the Castle, the chances

are a thousand to one, that she would have mistaken his bed-chamber for her own, and then, the burial under the bed clothes might have been considered by no means a bad expedient in her present dilemma; but certainly it could not have been accident, but downright palpable design, which could have induced her to give three gentle taps at the door of Leopold's apartment, which was immediately opened, and being instantly closed again, nothing further can be said upon the subject. Whether, however, Leopold were in a state of mind to receive a visitor like Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, admits of very great doubt—and I believe it will afterwards appear, that she had been actually despatched by Leopold to the turret, to ascertain if Rosenheim were still in safe custody, and having satisfied herself as to the truth on that point, she returned to make her report; but not a word was said about the shriek, from the very best of all reasons, that we never like to betray our own infirmity.

Rosenheim sat for some time pondering on his terrible situation, and the small chance of hope which was left to him of escape, when the sound of steps again ascending the stairs struck his ears. He was also convinced, that he heard some faint whispers, and being fully persuaded that it was his murderers who were approaching, he prepared himself for his fate, but resolved at all events, if he could wrench a weapon from the hand of his enemies, not to sell his life cheaply.

He now heard the key applied to the door; it opened—and instead of his murderers, he recognised by the light of the moon, Adeline and Deborah. What a moment of ecstasy for Rosenheim! He took the hand of Adeline, and pressed it to his lips!

“Rosenheim,” she said, “your life is in danger—flight alone can save you.”

“And am I then indebted to you for my liberty?”

“I frankly own it,” said Adeline, “and when I know you far from these Castle walls, I shall be comparatively happy.”

“Aye, aye, Signor,” said Deborah, “the sooner you are a hundred leagues off, the better—but we must be quick—a moment now is of great value.”

“In what manner can I repay you,” asked Rosenheim, “for this convincing proof of your regard for me?”

“By obeying implicitly my instructions,” said Adeline, “and those are, after we have opened the Castle gates for you, to leave the country, until ———

“Leave the country,” said Rosenheim, “and you in it, exposed to the vile machinations of your enemies—who is there to protect you?”

“The same God that has protected you,” said Adeline.

“Will you promise me,” said Rosenheim, “to seek an asylum in the convent of St. Roch? Let me but know you safe there, and then ———

"O you shall soon hear of my safety," said Adeline, interrupting him. "Come—come from this terrible place."

"Let me know myself instrumental to your safety," said Rosenheim—"let me conduct you this night to the convent."

"O dear! O dear!" exclaimed Deborah, "if you talk in this way, you'll never get out of the Castle—don't you see the light already breaking?"

"O! let us haste," said Adeline.

With cautious steps, the adventurous trio descended the stairs. Rosenheim firmly grasping the hand of Adeline, and with his other arm encircling her waist. It was a moment of inward rapture, which obliterates from the memory every idea of former suffering, and gives to the human heart an energy and a power, which are not to be acquired in any other situation of life.

Rosenheim felt the trembling of her frame. The agitation of her nature strove with the full force of maiden purity, against the warm emotions of her heart, and had Rosenheim at that moment urged his desire that she would leave the Castle, and take shelter in the convent, it is scarcely to be doubted, that a tacit consent would not have been given.

"Let us not speak," whispered Deborah, "as we enter the great passage—we are now not far from the sleeping rooms."

"Hush!" said Adeline, "what noise was that?"

"And sure," said Deborah, "it comes from the lower rooms—who can be stirring at this time of the night?"

"O!" said Rosenheim, "it is only the owls and bats at their midnight pranks."

"Grant it may be so," said Adeline.

"Hush! do not speak," said Deborah, in a low tone.

"O heavens!" exclaimed Adeline, "see you not that light at the farther end of the passage—see, it brightens—O God! we are discovered." Adeline would have fallen to the ground had not Rosenheim supported her. The sound of steps was now distinctly heard.

"We are close to one of the old store rooms," said Deborah, "let us hide ourselves there—we have only to go back a little way." Adeline was so overcome with fear, that Rosenheim was obliged to carry her. Deborah opened the door of an apartment, and having entered it, they awaited the issue of the event, leaving the door slightly upon the jar, to give Rosenheim the opportunity of discovering the individual whose footsteps were now distinctly heard. He was not long with his terrified companions in their place of concealment, when he was convinced by the whispers which he heard, that more than one person was approaching—louder and louder grew the sound of the steps, and brighter and brighter blazed the light upon the walls.

"The sudden gusts which sweep along these

passages will perhaps extinguish our light," said Leopold, to the two ruffians, as they halted opposite the room—"let us trim our lamp."

"We require, master, no light," said one of the ruffians, "to do our work in."

"Only take us to our object," said the other, "and let it be as dark as hell; we'll soon finish him."

"We shall be sure to find him?" said the first.

"No fear of that," answered Leopold, "he was there an hour ago—for to be certain of it, I sent a female to ascertain the fact. Are both your daggers well sharpened?"

"As to mine," said the first ruffian, "I'll warrant you it would pierce through twenty hides—then surely it will penetrate a soft human body."

"Well, come on," said Leopold, "let him not linger long."

"I would not be so cruel," said the second ruffian.

With a cautious tread the villains proceeded along the passage—and what were now the feelings of Rosenheim and his deliverers? In a few minutes Leopold would discover the flight of his victim, and then all egress from the Castle would be prevented; the utmost expedition then alone could save him—and Adeline, summoning all the fortitude of her nature, besought Rosenheim, for her sake, to use all possible despatch. With light and hasty steps they almost flew along the passage—and what words can describe the joy of

Adeline, when Deborah applied a key to a small door, and on its opening, she saw the open country before her. Rosenheim threw his arms round Adeline, and from her lips snatch'd the sweetest kiss of his love."


"Haste! haste!" she exclaimed, "heaven be with you—send me, if you can, intelligence of your safety."

"I will," said Rosenheim, "but the convent —"

"No time," said Deborah, "to talk of convents now," so pushing Rosenheim out of the door, she looked up, and her heart glowed with gratitude to heaven for the providence which it had displayed in the salvation of Rosenheim. Adeline gain'd her apartment—and Deborah was soon after as safely lodged between the sheets, as if nothing whatever had occurred.

With all possible despatch Rosenheim bent his steps to the convent of St. Roch—and having gained a short distance from the Castle, he stopped for a moment to take a view of the turret in which he had been confined. He saw a light within it, and therefore concluded, that Leopold and his intended assassins were still there. The remainder of the Castle was wrapt in gloom—the light soon after vanished from the turret, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, Rosenheim arrived at the convent gates, which soon received him within their protection.

CHAPTER VII.



For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Invisioned with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

WELL, thanks however to my good management, said the abbot to himself, as he sat pondering on the escape of Rosenheim from the vaults, and the sudden departure of Anselm from the monastery—thanks to my good bolts and bars, I have one captive still safe—were he to escape, I had better follow the example of father Anselm, and leave the care of the monastery to those who like it. What if I were now to visit my captive in the fault? 'twould be an act of humanity—all is still within the monastery—I shall sleep the sounder for knowing my captive safe. Taking his lamp from the table, the abbot proceeded to convince himself of the safety of his prisoner. He had not, however, ventured far into the subterranean passage, before he heard a most obstreperous noise issuing

from the quarter where his captive was confined ; this was certainly a very unusual circumstance in this solitary place, and the abbot, who could not boast at any time of a superabundant stock of courage, stood for some moments irresolute, and wishing rather to return than to proceed. The coldness of the atmosphere, which generally reigns in subterranean places, began also to display its effects on the bloated frame of the abbot, by putting it in a complete trembling state. The noise in the mean time, by no means decreased, and it appeared to the abbot to be similar to that of a person attempting to break open a door. However, as he thought no danger could accrue to his valuable person by venturing a little further, and as his curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch to ascertain the cause of this unusual disturbance, he put one leg forwards—but whether to draw the other after it, and without which, according to all mechanical laws, no progress whatever could be made, put him in an awkward state of embarrassment for some moments. The abbot, however, possessed some dominion over himself, and especially in those points on which his personal safety was concerned ; collecting therefore the whole stock of courage with which Dame Nature had endowed him, he penetrated to the very spot from which the noise issued, and his surprise and alarm knew no bounds, when he found it to proceed from the very cell, in

which his old captive was confined. Some strange metamorphosis must however have taken place, for it was evident to the abbot, that the stentorian cries which issued from the cell, were not those effected by the lungs of an old man, nor could the blows which were given upon the door proceed from the weak and enervated muscles of age. The abbot, under these peculiar circumstances, stood pondering upon the most prudent method of action which he could adopt, with a particular reference to his own safety, which in all cases had a preponderating influence on the actions of the wily priest. He at one time determined to return to the monastery, and having obtained a few cowed auxiliaries, to set boldly to work at once; but then, certain discoveries might be made, and consequently some things would be exposed to the whole fraternity, which the character of the monastery required should be closely locked within the breast of the abbot himself. As therefore that mode of action did not coincide with the notions of sound policy, which the abbot had imbibed, he saw no other alternative, than to open the door of the cell, and convince himself at once of the cause of the rude uproar which raged within, and of the change which had evidently taken place in the conduct of his captive, which from being mild and peaceable, had now become of the most outrageous kind. The abbot, therefore, applied the key to the door—the noise instantly ceased within—and like the husband

who expects to entrap his better half in a critical situation; the cunning priest gently opened the door, intending to take a peep into the interior, and if matters had assumed a shape, not very agreeable to his feelings, to close it again instantly, and leave the unruly tenant to the unqualified enjoyment of his own discordant uproar. It happened, however, that the said tenant, stood just like the cat ready to pounce upon the unfortunate reptile emerging from its hole, and he no sooner saw the door move, than with a tremendous force he burst it open, and inflicted a wound upon the visage of the astonished priest, which acted as an issue to some of his corrupted blood, and his ponderous frame rolled its unwieldy mass upon the floor. This, in some respects, was a fortunate case for him, for the liberated captive sallied forth armed with one of the legs of the table which he had broken, and *sans ceremonie*, began to apply it with all his main force to the prostrate carcass of the abbot, from which the blows seemed to rebound as if they were inflicted on a sack of wool. As to mercy, it seemed to be banished from the breast of the assailant—for not all the dolorous cries—nor the writhings—nor the supplications—nor even the vengeance of all the saints in heaven, which was most pitifully called down upon his head, by the poor suffering priest, appeared to have any effect upon the ferocity of the desperate fiend. Like a sturdy thrasher, wielding his flail over a sheaf

of corn, so fell the blows, one by one, following in most rapid succession, upon the mutilated, and now bruised form of the abbot; as to the periodical flagellations which the abbot inflicted upon himself, they were, indeed, a mere farce, to the terrible thumping which he was now undergoing, and Heaven knows how long this punishment would have lasted, had not the arm of the assailant began to tire—and by way of finishing this tragico-serio-comico-farcico interlude in the life of the abbot, he had begun to pour out a volley of oaths and curses, such as were never uttered before within those sacred walls—and every scandalous and opprobrious epithet which broke forth, was still accompanied with a tremendous blow, which sounded through the passages like a heavy thump on a feather bed, in the neighbourhood of Moorfields. The abbot, however, no sooner heard the voice of his merciless assailant, than like Sir John Falstaff, who lay as dead, until he heard the well known voices of his companions, he lifted up his head, exclaiming in the most piteous tone, “Ah! Signor Ortano—Signor Ortano, have mercy on me—do not kill me.”

“Art thou not the priest,” exclaimed Ortano, “who so treacherously betrayed me?”

“I—I,” exclaimed the abbot, “I know nothing of it—I am your faithful friend, the abbot.”

“The abbot?” cried Ortano, “this is an un-

fortunate mistake—come, let me help you to rise.”

“O ! I shall never rise again,” said the abbot, “you have not left me a whole bone in my body—never did I expect to meet with such a tremendous beating. O ! I can scarcely move a limb—I shall never be able to perform my holy functions any more.”

“I own ’tis a piteous case,” said Ortano.

“Piteous indeed,” said the abbot, “for in what a piteous plight my sacred body will appear to the fraternity.”

“But let me assist you to your apartment,” said Ortano, “and there I will inform you of the scandalous trick which was played upon me.”

“And is there no one in the cell ?” asked the abbot, in a quivering tone.

“Nothing but a stinking rat that I killed,” Ortano answered.

“O heavens ! exclaimed the abbot, “then we are ruined indeed—that is worse than all my wounds. O ! that Anselm—that Anselm —”

With some difficulty, Ortano contrived to get the abbot upon his legs, but it was not effected without many a heavy groan, and many a doleful scream, for no ruffian of a pugilist ever walked out of the ring more scientifically bruised, than the abbot of Arienheim hobbled out of the subterranean passages of the monastery. He was put immediately to bed, and Ortano having

conferred with him for a time on the desperate state of their affairs, arising from the treachery of Anselm, he departed for Niolo, rejoicing at his liberation from captivity, and by no means sorry in his heart, that he had at least made one of the holy fraternity pay, rather sorely, for the confinement which he had endured.

Ortano rung at the Castle gates of Niolo, at the moment that Leopold entered his apartment on his return from his unsuccessful attempt on the life of Rosenheim, and certainly, there could not be under the cope of heaven, two minds more severely tortured at that time than Leopold's, and the abbot's. The former had just ascertained the fact of his victim slipping through his hands, at the very moment when he considered him as safe within his power, as if he were immured in the dungeons of the Inquisition—and the latter had also come to the knowledge of his captive escaping from his imprisonment, on whose very detention the best hopes of the future aggrandizement of himself and Leopold were founded. These circumstances were, however, attended with an advantage to both of them, of which, however, neither was aware, for certainly, if Leopold upbraided the abbot for his carelessness, the abbot could with great propriety and justice turn the tables upon him, and accuse him of the same neglect. The abbot dreaded to meet Leopold, and certainly at this critical juncture, Leopold felt no great desire to receive a visit

from the abbot; when therefore, the bell sounded at the gate, he was convinced in his own mind that it was the abbot, who had come to consult with him upon the present desperate state of their affairs, and he therefore despatched one of the ruffians to the gate, to tell the abbot, that he had retired to bed; "and as to any other person," said Leopold, to the fellow, as he was leaving the apartment—"admit him not into the Castle—I will not be disturbed to-night." The ruffian promised to obey the injunction, and departed.

Leopold now began to ponder on the mysterious escape of Rosenheim, and of the method by which it had been effected. That he could have escaped without assistance was evident, but from whom could he have received it? An idea suddenly occurred to him, that as treachery appeared to be now so prevalent, he might have misplaced his confidence in Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, and that she might have opened to him the door of his prison. Shakspeare, indeed, had not written in those days—nor had any Hamlet yet exclaimed—

"Frailty, thy name is woman;"

but at the age of forty, Leopold had gained some knowledge of the female character—its inconstancy—its inconsistency—and its infirmity—and therefore, judging of women abstractedly, he could not but attach to every individual a posi-

tive proportion, be it greater, or be it less, of those aberrations which distinguish the female character; and of all females who had passed through the ordeal of his scrutiny, he saw no reason to adduce Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen as an exemption from the general rule. He was also well aware that humanity is one of the characteristics of the female heart, and with the knowledge which Mademoiselle possessed of his intentions towards Rosenheim, it was very probable that her heart might have been softened at his fate, and therefore, that she had connived at his escape; these were certainly all very probable surmises on the part of Leopold, but considering the rooted resentment which filled the breast of Mademoiselle towards Rosenheim, she was the last person in the Castle whom Leopold ought to have fixed upon as an accessory in the escape of his victim. It was, however, attended with this good effect, that it deterred Leopold for a time from fixing the commission of that most reprehensible action upon the proper person, but at the same time, he determined to keep a strict watch upon the actions of Mademoiselle, and to lay those snares for her, by which, were she guilty of conniving at the escape of Rosenheim, she would eventually be detected. The situation of Leopold was, however, upon the whole, almost bordering on distraction. He had fondly hoped before now to see himself at the pinnacle of his aims, and he thought that he had laid his

plans with so much art and dexterity, that a circumvention of them were almost next to an impossibility. - He also feared that he should now have to fight the battle single handed. Ortano, as he supposed, had deserted him in the hour of his need, and as to active co-operation, he could not expect it from the abbot, whose secular office prevented him from openly interfering in the execution of his plans, whatever he might be disposed to do in secret towards their fulfilment. Whithersoever he directed his views, he saw himself encompassed with difficulties, and those too of the most appalling kind. His minions, although most exorbitantly paid for their services, had not yet brought Orsini to the Castle, although the place of her retreat had been discovered; and it had been agreed upon between himself and Ortano, that as soon as the latter had received the hand of Adeline, he was, as part of the price with which he was to purchase the heiress of Lindamore, to repair instantly to the retreat of Maria Orsini, and aided by his myrmidons, to carry her off. It was chiefly on this account, that the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of Ortano gave so much uneasiness to Leopold, for although he wished in his own heart to be rid of him, yet he was of that character that Leopold could not do well without him, until the whole of his designs were accomplished. It was, therefore, with feelings of no common satisfaction, when the door of his apart-

ment opened, that he saw Ortano enter, who having greeted Leopold in the most friendly manner, exclaimed—"May all the curses of heaven light upon the monks of Arienheim;" and he then related to Leopold all the circumstances of his confinement, and the most bountiful thrashing which he had so manfully bestowed upon the abbot—"the latter," he added, "will confine him to his bed for some days, and he therefore solicits an interview with you at the monastery, as he has a communication to make of the highest importance; on which some most decisive steps must be instantly taken, or all our plans are frustrated."

"I anticipate his communication," said Leopold, "but I hope I have already taken those measures, which will place us again in a state of safety;" and he now informed Ortano of the escape of Rosenheim. This intelligence was received by Ortano with feelings of the most mortifying nature, and some time elapsed before Leopold could restore him to his wonted composure. "He would not have given us much more trouble," said Leopold, "had he staid an hour longer."

"Nor shall he give us much more in this world," said Ortano; "I will hunt him out, though he be hidden in the bowels of it."

"We will, however," said Leopold, "take one decisive step to-morrow, which shall put an end to all his hopes in one quarter; as per-

suasion appears to have no effect, force shall be used. And then Ortano—for Maria Orsini."

"Let me only call Adeline mine," said Ortano, "and Orsini shall soon be in your arms."

"Be it so," said Leopold. "Though our affairs at present wear a low'ring aspect—they will soon brighten again."

"We will not despair," said Ortano, "that is the action of a little mind."

"You require rest," said Leopold; "let us meet early in the morning, and discourse further on the business." The associates parted, and in a short time, the silence of the night reigned in the Castle. -

CHAPTER VIII.



Such is the weakness of all mortal's hope,
So fickle is the state of earthly things,
That 'ere they come unto their aimed scope,
They fall so short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace :
This is the state of kesars and of kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

AMONGST the several characters which were figuring away at this time in the Castle of Niolo, there was one, who, though holding a humble situation, yet, possessed a shrewd and penetrating head. She could not indeed be accused of speaking much, but her ears were constantly upon the alert to catch every passing word, and especially if it were spoken in a whisper, and her eyes, were sometimes directed to certain quarters, where she saw more than the actors wished, and which they did not suppose was seen at all. Whenever her tongue was employed, it was not in a circumlocutory manner, but having spoken to the point, she thought she had done all that could be required of her. She was one of those

more sensible characters, who would rather say, two and two are four, than one of those, who to shew their knowledge in the illustration of any given point, will tell you, that one and one make two—two and one make three—and three and one make four. Nor could she be included amongst those highly edifying characters, who, in the relation of some common or uncommon adventure, amuse you with a pleasing and harmonious repetition of “I said”—and “then said she”—“but I said”—“and she said again”—“but then said I”—O no—our old acquaintance Deborah, was a female, who never repeated what she had said herself, and very seldom thought it worth her while to repeat what other’s said. And were the latter plan to be more generally followed in the world, we should not behold one half of the quarrels and disputes—the mischiefs and the jealousies which now distinguish it. I believe it has never been disputed by any one who possesses the slightest knowledge of the world, that it requires either talent or ability to get into a difficulty, but it is the getting out of it again, which determines the degree of skill or generalship which the individual may possess. Now, when Deborah awoke in the morning, she evidently found herself involved in a very serious difficulty. She well knew that the most strict investigation would take place in the occurrences of the former night, in which she had been so principal an actor ; and, as she was herself de-

cidedly in that condition of life, in which she could not bring a person forward to prove an alibi—or in other words, that she had not a husband, who could be brought forward to prove, that at the hour when Rosenheim made his escape, they were sweetly slumbering together on a bed of roses, it might so happen, that being unable positively to prove that she was in bed, an inference might be drawn that she was not, and therefore, as in most cases, one inference leads on to the other; the last which would be drawn, might be—that she was actually the very person by whose means the escape of the prisoner was effected. Her dear young mistress was also involved in this difficulty, and therefore, it behoved her to be doubly upon her guard, and to devise those means, by which both of them might be exonerated from all blame in the affair. In the breast of Deborah rankled a very extraordinary degree of resentment against Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen. She knew her to be a serpent in the family, and Deborah had secretly seen and heard many things spoken and committed by the lady in question, which did not tend in any degree to exalt her in her good opinion. It was also evident to Deborah, that Mademoiselle was a coadjutor of Leopold's in his infamous conduct towards Rosenheim, and therefore, she conceived that she could not adopt a more easy nor certain method of exonerating herself from the imputation of having been accessory to, or having actu-

ally committed the act, by which, Rosenheim effected his escape, than by devising some plan, by which it would be ultimately fixed upon the governess. It has been universally held of old, that a woman and a priest are a match for even his satanic majesty himself; but in this case, Deborah had no priest to assist her, therefore the greater credit is due to her, if she effected that design without a priest, in which, some women would have failed of success, even if they had been assisted by the whole host of the cowed fraternity, from the rock of Gibraltar, to the convent of St. Alexander Newfsky, in Petersburg. It is, I believe, an undoubted fact, that the brightest thoughts are engendered in the human mind at sun-rise; at that hour the air is more elastic—and its peculiar rarity acting upon the brain gives birth to those grand and original ideas, which are never to be obtained, when the body is laboring under the hard process of digestion, or the faculties are rendered obtuse by a too liberal devotion to the bottle. Deborah, however, rose from rather an unsettled rest, under the influence of neither of the above mentioned circumstances, and she had no sooner decorated herself in the usual habiliments of the day, than she perambulated that part of the Castle in which the apartment of the governess was situate, giving herself at the same time all the airs of a woman of business, and apparently in that particular bustle which all ladies are,

who have more upon their hands, than they can possibly get through. She passed several times by the door of the apartment of the governess, but by the silence which reigned within, Deborah naturally concluded that its lovely inhabitant was yet locked in the arms of Morpheus. Deborah was, however, not to be diverted from her purpose; she had determined to effect it, and determination with her was tantamount to actual accomplishment. It was all in vain that she heard the servants calling her from all parts of the Castle, to which, she paid as much attention as an idol does to the prayers or vows of its votary. She was determined not to lose sight of the door of the apartment of the governess, until she had seen the lady emerging from it, and herself at liberty to explore all the secrets which it contained. Not a long time elapsed, before Deborah, slyly projecting her head from an adjacent room, beheld Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen on the point of leaving her apartment, and pacing down the passage with all the dignity of a woman of her superior consequence. Deborah saw her descending the stairs which led to the great hall, and being now convinced that she could execute her design in safety, she repaired to the apartment of the governess, and having deposited on the table a bunch of keys, in which was included that of the chamber in which Rosen-

heim had been confined, she hastily left the room, and proceeded to her daily occupations.

The family were now risen, and the bustle of the day had commenced, when, as Leopold was sitting at his breakfast, Deborah entered the room, with a most dolorous countenance, declaring, "that she would remain no longer in the Castle, for that it had now become a haunt of thieves."

"What do you mean?" asked Leopold, in a stern voice.

"Why, I mean," said Deborah, "please your honor, that I cannot keep a thing about me."

"That is very hard indeed," said Leopold, jocosely.

"Indeed it is," said Deborah, "for how can I take upon myself to be accountable for the different things confided to my care, if some base people every night steal my keys?"

"Explain yourself, Deborah," said Leopold, "for your discourse is entirely enigmatical."

"Be it so or not, Signor," said Deborah, "I have lost my keys, and in that bunch was the master key, which opens almost every room in the Castle."

"And where did you lose them?" asked Leopold.

"I cannot say," said Deborah, "that I have lost them at all—they may have been stolen from me. But Signor, as I am given to understand,

that you did not find something last night which you expected to find in the western turret, it is evident that my keys were stolen for that purpose. This suggestion of Deborah appeared to startle Leopold, and he enquired if she had any suspicion of the person by whom the keys were stolen."

"On whom, Signor," said Deborah, "can I fix any suspicion? I know my keys are not now in my possession, and I am certain you cannot expect me to tell you where they are—not knowing the thief."

"This is very strange," said Leopold. "Was the key which opens the chamber in the western turret, amongst those which you have lost?"

"I have not lost them," said Deborah, jesuitically, "they may have been stolen—but certainly, the key was amongst them which opened the western turret; and it is right, Signor, that I should exculpate myself from all blame in the business of the escape of last night."

"I attach no blame to you," said Leopold; "you are one of the last in the Castle whom I suppose would interfere in the affairs of its Lord."

"Marry me!" exclaimed Deborah, "I interfere in no person's business—but it appears, Signor, that some one has interfered in mine—and I am now come to request you will put me in the way of recovering the keys, for I am sure, wherever they are, they must have been deposited there by some one in the Castle. They were in my pos-

session last night, and some wicked creature has purloined them from me."

"Can you devise any means," said Leopold, "by which we can discover the thief? I can assure you, it would not be more agreeable to you than it would be to me—for it might lead to an elucidation of an affair which is at present enveloped in mystery."

"I know of no other method," said Deborah, "than searching every person and room in the Castle. Let all the servants be convened, and in order that the innocent may not suffer for the guilty, let every room be locked unknown to them, and then we can commence the search without the fear of a clandestine removal of the keys." Leopold approved highly of the plan, and Deborah was despatched to summon Ortano and Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen to assist in the examination, and to be present at the search of the rooms. He passed some high encomiums on the zeal which Deborah displayed in the cause, and he secretly hoped that he should now obtain some clue to the deliverance of Rosenheim. Neither Ortano nor the governess were tardy in obeying the summons, and as the servants entered, one by one, to be examined, the governess exhibited a most extraordinary officiousness. Had she been in one of the slave markets in Africa, she could not have handled the subjects with greater dexterity, and in many instances she would not have failed, in comparison with some of the

examining police officers of the metropolis of England. It was, indeed, the fashion at that time, in Switzerland, to wear the culottes similar to the present mode of the Dutchmen, and certainly it was very easy to conceal a single bunch, or even two or three bunches of keys, in the amplitude of their folds. But how was the governess to examine them? this was, indeed, a very critical point, and deserving of the most deliberate consideration. When the hot roasted chestnuts fell into the culottes of the first of human beings, my uncle Toby, (peace be for ever to his ashes) his modesty would not allow him even to make a wry face, nor even to take them out—but he suffered them to cool in the very place in which they had fallen. In one respect, however, the governess had the advantage, for a bunch of keys could not be concealed either in the culottes of a Swiss or a Dutchman, but upon giving the said culottes a good hearty shake, the keys would, by their jingle, declare the identical spot where they were concealed. With the chestnuts, however, the case bore a very different complexion, for the governess might have shaken to all eternity, and perhaps never discovered the spot where they were hidden. That keys will jingle when they are shaken, can be proved both syllogistically and mathematically, and even, were it worth the pains, it could be proved by one of the problems of Euclid, but no data are extant to prove that

Euchid was known in the mountains of Switzerland, even before the building of Niolo, or even when it was crumbling to ruins, and therefore, the knowledge which the governess had acquired, of the inherent nature of keys to jingle when coming in contact with each other, must have been intuitive—which is more than can be said of 6-8ths of the knowledge of which the world can boast. Now to some persons, the aforesaid disquisition on the jingling of keys may appear diffuse and extraneous—but I think it incumbent upon me as the historian of the House of Niolo, to adduce the best possible, and at the same time the most liberal cause for the actions of the several characters who figured away in that most eventful period of Helvetian history. Let us suppose for a moment, that an indifferent beholder had entered the apartment in the Castle of Niolo at the precise time when this important examination was going on, and had beheld Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen shaking the calottes of the sturdy menials; what construction would he have put upon it? Heaven knows, the world is too prone to put an unrighteous construction even upon our better actions—what course then does it pursue with our guilty ones? I have known it, that with an intention, pure as that of an angel, who wipes the fear from the cheek of suffering humanity, the action has been vilified, and the lash of censure flogged to its last thread, and therefore, having been myself the

victim of calumny and detraction, I have a fellow feeling with those who have suffered, or who may hereafter suffer by it. Not that any one will ever tell to distant ages—to parody a line of one of the most amiable poets* who ever adorned this country,

“ That Robert ever lived ;”

for the time is not far distant, when “ the sweet scented flower, with January’s front severe,” will wave over my grave—and then

“ Who will tell of Robert ?”

But egotism aside—it is at best a childish act, unworthy of the mind that has been nurtured in the school of adversity, and which has attained its strength by looking upon the opinion of the world, with a consciousness of inward rectitude, as a frothy bubble, floating on the feculent stream of prejudice and of envy.

Though I may stand in need of an honest chronicler of my actions, I yet have imposed upon myself the arduous duty of chronicling the actions of others, and I hope, as in christian charity bound, I have on all occasions rather mollified the action, than offered aught

* Henry Kirke White, whom it is my pride to acknowledge as my townsman---whom it is my misfortune to deplore.

in aggravation. That the circumstance of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen shaking the culottes of the servants, should have led me into this digression, is rather unfortunate; but as from the time of Josephus, the first historian, to the period of the historian of the House of Niolo, each has given that particular hue and complexion to the actions and events coming under his review, which were most congenial to his taste, or most conducive to his interest. It becomes therefore necessary, in consequence of the frequent falsification of events, to give, for the shaking of the culottes of the Niolo servants by Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, the only true and authentic cause, which will necessarily prevent any misapprehension or misconstruction, which may be in future promulgated by any pseudo savant in the affairs of the family of Niolo. The inspection of a parcel of new recruits before the surgeon of a regiment, could not be carried on with more formality or ceremony, than was exhibited at the examination of all the servants of Niolo; but although Mademoiselle inspected every part of the said menials, and when she came to the culottes, shook them most violently, yet, not a key was to be found: The servants were all dismissed; but it was surmised by Mademoiselle, that although the servants had not the keys about their persons, yet, it was very probable, that upon a very strict and minute search, they might be found concealed in some of their

apartments. Deborah perfectly coincided in this opinion of Mademoiselle's, and she suggested that no time should be lost in commencing the examination, as the actual culprit would be thereby prevented from removing the keys from the place of their concealment. Mademoiselle declared, that Deborah spoke like an oracle, and Deborah in her turn, declared, that she was willing to submit every hole and corner—every nook and cranny of her apartment to be examined, and she would suffer herself to be broken upon the wheel, if the keys were found in her possession; but wherever they were found, she hoped the delinquent would be made to suffer.

“Leave that to me,” said Leopold, “you may rest satisfied, that punishment shall not escape them.”

No Coroner's inquest in England could have departed with more formality from the jury room, to inspect the corpse of the suicide, than the inhabitants of the Castle of Niolo sallied from the apartment of Leopold, to examine the chambers of that venerable building. This posse comitatus, headed by Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, and the rear brought up by tottering Deborah, proceeded to open one apartment after the other, in which, articles of divers kinds were found—some dirty—some clean—but all of which underwent a hearty shaking by the hands of Mademoiselle, but not a vestige of a key was to be found. As to Deborah's apartment, it presented

a motley groupe of various descriptions of bottles, some full, some half empty, and which were solely kept there, the room being a southern aspect, to prevent the rigour of the frost from affecting the contents of them. This discovery, however, having nothing to do with the keys, the examination was continued, and the door of the apartment of the governess was opened by herself, with every indication of a positive innocence. To describe the interior, in regard to boxes, trunks, and chests—to hat-boxes—band-boxes—and other depositories of female attire, were to copy the inventory of a milliner's shop. On her dressing-case lay two or three ringlets of auburn locks, which were wont to hang in spiral curls over her arched forehead, and close to them lay the rouge, with which she gave to her now rather sunken cheeks, the lovely tint of youth and health. Delicacy forbids me from mentioning other paraphernalia, which lay distributed in various parts of the room, and which certainly would have been removed, had the modest occupier of it, had any idea that the sanctuary of her slumbers, and of her dreams—and her secret wishes—were to be profaned by the steps or the gaze of male inquirers. But what words can describe the surprise and agitation of Mademoiselle, when Leopold, going to the table, exclaimed, "here are the very keys;" and Deborah, bustling up to him, cried, "as sure as my name is Deborah, these are the very keys which I have lost. O! who would have

thought of finding them here? Well, well, what a fine pass things are come to." Leopold still held the keys in his hands, and cast on the supposed culprit, a look of anger, which would have terrified any female, much more one, whose nerves, from particular causes, were not at that moment, very tightly braced. Leopold called upon her to explain the means by which the keys came into her possession, and the purpose to which she had applied, or meant to apply them; the confusion, however, of Mademoiselle, was so very great, at this very unexpected discovery, that she could scarcely stammer any answer at all.

"Your confusion declares your guilt," said Leopold.

The governess now burst into a flood of tears, and in the most solemn manner protested her innocence.

"How can you talk of your innocence," said Leopold, "have we not the most damning proofs against you? What greater proof of your guilt can be produced, than finding the keys in your possession?"

"I vow before heaven," said the governess, sobbing, "that I knew not they were there—and I am certain they must have been deposited on my table, by some enemy, in order to throw all the blame of the business upon my shoulders."

"This business must be further investigated," said Leopold; "in the meantime," addressing himself to Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, "it is

my positive order, that you keep your room, and that you do not hold converse with any of the domestics. Then turning to Deborah, he said, "I desire you take care that Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen be provided with every accommodation she may require."

"Most certainly, Signor," said Deborah, "I am certain I will attend to her comfort."

"And I hope her innocence will be proved," said Leopold.

"I know I am innocent," exclaimed Mademoiselle, who had now recovered herself in some degree from the confusion which the sudden disclosure had excited—"it is a downright base and vicious act—and I defy any one to prove my guilt."

"Your assertion proves not your innocence," said Leopold.

"Nor does your assertion," said the governess, bristling up with passion, "prove my guilt. I know, myself a wronged woman—and if I am made to suffer for this treacherous act, other's"—and in saying this, she cast a most significant look upon Leopold, "shall be made to suffer also."

Leopold evidently understood the meaning of the look, and in a pacified tone, he said, "your confinement, Mademoiselle, shall last no longer than a few hours. I have some matters of great importance to settle with my niece, which being completed, I will immediately commence the examination of the business, and rest assured I

am more disposed to forgive than to convict you."

"I have not committed any fault," said the governess, "and therefore you have nothing for which to forgive me."

"Such I hope will be the result of this affair," said Leopold. "Deborah, you'll attend to my instructions."

"Most certainly, Signor," said Deborah, and the whole party left the room, leaving the governess to ruminate in solitude, on the dilemma in which she was unfortunately placed.

CHAPTER IX.

The evils of life with some are blessings, and the plant of death healeth the wound of the sword. Doth the sea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy soul, look unto the Lord, thou shalt stand firm in the days of temptation, as the lofty hill of Kinwulf; in vain shall the waves beat against thee--thy rock shall stand.

LEOPOLD had no sooner left the governess than he repaired to the apartment of Adeline, whom he found in a low and dejected state; a deep melancholy appeared to rest upon her countenance, which, in any other eyes but those of Leopold, would have rendered her doubly interesting. He accosted her with an unusual tone of kindness, and exhorted her to dismiss from her mind those sorrowful impressions which seemed to weigh so heavy upon it.

"I have little cause for rejoicing," said Adeline, "and indeed, I hope, for the purpose of recovering that peace of mind to which I have long been a stranger, that you will no longer refuse my petition, and allow me to retire to the convent."

"Did I not prohibit you," said Leopold, in rather a hasty tone, "from ever mentioning the convent to me. It is not my intention to grant

your request; on the contrary, I am now come to receive your determination as to the point on which I gave you time to deliberate."

"My mind," said Adeline, "was made up on that point, from the very first moment you mentioned it."

"And you still persist in that determination?" said Leopold.

"Most undoubtedly," said Adeline. "I deny your right, in the first place, to dispose of my hand against my consent; and in the second, I am most positively resolved, not to call that person my husband whom you have selected for me."

"Are you not aware," said Leopold, "that I have it in my power to force you to the union."

"It is true," said Adeline, "that you can drag me to the altar, but you cannot force me to pronounce the vows."

"I am then to consider," said Leopold, "that your determination is fixed."

"Fixed and irrevocable," said Adeline, in a most emphatic manner, "as the will of heaven."

"Let me counsel you as a friend," said Leopold, "to retract your determination, and thereby oblige me not to adopt those coercive measures, which, as your natural guardian, I am authorized to put in force."

"Why should I repeat it," said Adeline. "I acknowledge not your right to force me to a hateful marriage, and this conversation can lead

to no other end, than to rivet me still closer to my resolution. Sooner than call your associate my husband, I will perish at the altar."

"Be it so then," said Leopold, overcome with rage. "I now announce to you, that to-morrow is the day of your marriage with Signor Ortano."

"Indeed?" said Adeline, in a sneering tone.

"To-morrow," repeated Leopold, "you shall be a wife."

"And Signor Ortano," said Adeline, in the same contemptuous manner, "shall be a husband."

"He shall," cried Leopold, "and I swear it."

"Do not swear it," said Adeline, "for a more empty oath never issued from the lips of a mortal, and believe me, it will be rejected in heaven."

"You will prepare for the ceremony at nine to-morrow morning," said Leopold.

"O yes," said Adeline, "I will prepare for it, and you shall have no reason to complain of the preparations which I shall make."

"I have ordered the priest to attend us here," said Leopold.

"'Twas well done," said Adeline; "it would not be proper that I should go to him."

"Insulting girl," exclaimed Leopold, "but you will repent this contemptuous conduct."

"If I mistake not," said Adeline, "repentance would become you better, than to look for it from other's."

“You will hold yourself in readiness, to-morrow,” said Leopold, preparing to leave the room.

“Cannot you give me another day?” said Adeline—“would you have me appear at the altar attired in my usual dress? A bride should be richly decorated, and in honor to so deserving and meritorious a bridegroom, I should wish to appear, and particularly as he is your friend, in the richest habiliment which taste or fancy could devise. Consider, Sir, it is the nuptials not of a common peasant, but of the heiress of the House of Lindamore; therefore, let the happy event be consummated with becoming splendour. Summon all the tenantry—throw open the Castle gates—let the flag wave on the battlements—and let joy and revelry echo through the halls—for Adeline Lindamore is a bride.”

During this taunting speech of Adeline, Leopold paced the room, stung with rage and vexation; he cast upon her a look which would have daunted many a female mind, but which appeared rather to give additional spirit to the noble Adeline. She stood before him in all her native dignity; her bosom swelled with pride—and, firm in her virtue and her innocence, she repelled the assumed authority of the coward wretch.”

“You know your fate,” said Leopold, as he proceeded to the door.

“And you know my determination,” said Adeline.

"To-morrow you are the bride of Ortano," said Leopold, and he rushed out of the room.

For some minutes, Adeline stood with her eyes directed to the door, by which Leopold had left her, as if she every moment expected his return. On a sudden, a smile came over her lovely countenance, and with a disdainful shake of the head, she exclaimed—"Poor impotent creature! Think'st thou it is so easy to control the human will—or to force the heart to own a passion foreign to its nature? Never shalt thou know me the bride of Ortano—never shall my lips know his hateful kisses—nor shall my watchful care e'er lull him to his slumbers. In the bridal hour he shall clasp a corpse, and my dying groans shall be his hymeneal ——. 'Tis but a moment's work, and rest will then be mine." Raising her eyes to heaven, and clasping her hands with devotion's spirit, she exclaimed, "Spirit of my father, in that dreadful hour, I invoke thee—give me strength and fortitude to meet my fate—and when I seek thee in thy realms above, let it be in angel purity and innocence, and clad in virgin whiteness. Never let me dishonour thee, my father, nor prove myself unworthy of thy name." Firm in the resolution which she had formed, she left her apartment, and went in search of Deborah.

In the mean time, the heart of Leopold was wrung with the most conflicting passions; he was not accustomed to opposition, nor could he

brook it from any individual, much less from a female. He was one of those determined characters, whom opposition rather goads to action, than deters him from it, and he now began to ponder on the measures which it was necessary should be adopted, in order to complete the plans which he had formed. On the marriage of Adeline with Ortano, depended in a great measure, his possession of the beautiful Maria Orsini, and this alone was a stimulus to him to remove every obstacle which presented itself towards the marriage of his niece. It was necessary that Adeline should be strictly guarded, but to whom could he confide the task without a fear of treachery? On Deborah he had no reliance, for he well knew that the old woman entertained too great a partiality for Adeline, to undertake the hateful office of a spy over her actions, and he therefore saw no other alternative before him than to make an apology to Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, and to acknowledge her innocence of the crime imputed to her, although her guilt was most apparent. For this reason, he bent his steps to her apartment, and there were those in the Castle, who, pretended like some other people in these our more modern days, to know more than any one else, who most positively and unequivocally declared, that he knew the road thither, as well as a mail coach horse to the stable; but as I hate all those vile and scandalous reports, which are ever current in particular

families, and which the degraded mind feeds on to satiety, I shall dismiss the subject for the present, having it in my power to adduce the most irrefragable testimony, that Leopold sought the apartment of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, for no other cause whatsoever, than to make a tool of her in the prosecution of his designs. As he approached the apartment, he heard her melodious voice, chaunting some stanzas of a favorite Swiss air, and it struck him very forcibly at the time—and in this respect he judged of other's by himself, that it is only the light and gay heart of innocence which vents itself in song; and therefore, as we generally contrive to convince ourselves that a thing is actually so constituted as we wish it to be, Leopold had now a convincing proof before him, of the innocence of Mademoiselle, and he entered her apartment, rather with the smile of satisfaction on his brow, than with the austere and crabbed look of the injured man. He found the lady employed, (and I wish the ladies of the present day would take a pattern by her—be it understood only in certain cases) in darning a pair of white woollen hose, for silk was not worn by governesses in those days, that being entirely the result of modern civilization; and who can deny, that with the stocking of a lady, be it either woollen or silk, is associated certain ideas, which to define, would oblige me to elevate my thoughts above the stocking, and to

enter into an abstruse investigation and examination of matters, which have certainly no affinity, nor bear the slightest analogy to a Swiss woollen stocking. Leopold experienced some slight confusion as he entered the room, and the governess rose, with her arm still in the stocking, not entirely free from confusion also. Leopold, being thoroughly convinced of her innocence, at least he found it convenient at that moment to express his conviction of it, apologized to Mademoiselle for the inconvenience to which she had been put, and he deplored excessively the aspersion which had been so unjustly thrown upon her character. Mademoiselle, throwing with disdain the stocking from her arm, began at first to bounce about, as if she were suddenly seized with St. Vitus's dance, and in the most exuberant language, protested her innocence, and her determination to retire immediately from a place, where she was so liable to be exposed to such infamous machinations. Leopold had heard of our frail mother Eve having been beguiled by the serpent, and he therefore could not be said to be entirely destitute of all knowledge of the female character. He knew there are certain points on which it is not difficult to beguile any woman, and in those cases, in which their passions are concerned, to make them believe that two and two are five; he therefore opened all the battery of his art against the poor governess, and she, unable, to

contend against him, tendered to him the hand of reconciliation, and a certain person positively declares, that the said reconciliation was sealed, by Leopold throwing his arms round her buxom frame, and stealing from her lips a hasty kiss. Now this certain person was no other than our good friend Deborah, who, having observed Leopold bending his way towards the apartment of the governess, felt a most itching inclination to know what he was going to do there, and therefore, as every nook and cranny of the Castle was known to her, she slyly shrunk into an uninhabited room, contiguous to that of the governess, and in which, through a friendly and convenient chink in the wall, she could not only see what was done, but also hear what was said. A kiss is often the prelude to — another; and Deborah expected, in the language of the pharmacopeists, that it would be ditto repeated, but in this she was mistaken, for Leopold requested Mademoiselle to be seated, as he had some business of importance to arrange with her, and in which he stood very much in need of her co-operation. The governess expressed herself delighted with the opportunity of rendering him any service, and he began by informing her, that it was his intention that Adeline should be married on the following morning to Ortano. Mademoiselle ventured to express her surprise at the shortness of the notice, and the difficulty of consummating it in the style worthy of the House

of Lindamore; Leopold, however, overruled all the objections of Mademoiselle, by simply declaring, "that it was his will that the marriage should take place on the morrow, and that he had apprized Adeline of his intention."

"And how did she receive it?" asked Mademoiselle.

"In the very manner which I expected," said Leopold, "but I consider her opposition as of a trifling import; my greatest fear is, that she may make her escape from the Castle, for it is not in my power to have my eyes constantly upon her; and indeed, it would be impossible, considering the manner in which she confines herself to her apartment. On mature consideration, therefore, I have determined to request that you will through the whole of the day, and until the Castle gates are locked at night, keep the most watchful eye over my niece. I know no other person whom I can entrust in the Castle; as to old Deborah, she would rather assist Adeline in any attempt she might make to escape, than restrain from it—therefore to you, and to you only, can I look to in this business, and if you execute it with fidelity, you shall receive the most signal marks of my gratitude. Mademoiselle promised all that Leopold had proposed to her, and he left her, fully satisfied in his own mind, that he had laid his train in such a manner, that no chance of a failure presented itself. Having carefully adjusted her paraphernalia, her stockings, and

other items of her female ornaments, she emerged from her confinement, not exactly like Venus from the ocean, but very like a lady, who has an important piece of business to perform, and which happens to be a secret within her own breast. A female, under such circumstances, is in general, uncommonly proud, for she is conscious to herself, that she is then doing what few of her own sex can equal, namely, that she is keeping the said secret for the best of all reasons, which is, that no opportunity has yet been offered to her of revealing it. The first place to which Mademoiselle, in perfect unison with the instructions given to her, bent her steps, was the apartment of Adeline; and a novice in human nature would have concluded by the joyous and merry disposition which Adeline exhibited, that she was like many other youthful females, looking with delight to her bridal morn. No dejection appeared upon her countenance—on the contrary, all the clouds which had hitherto obscured her beautiful features, appeared on a sudden to be dispersed, and the bright sunshine of happiness and contentment to have assumed their place. In various parts of the room, Mademoiselle beheld a splendid dress exposed, in which Adeline had captivated the youthful knights at Zurich, and she welcomed the governess, declaring that she was heartily glad to see her, and indeed, that she was going to send for her, as she wished to consult her as to what particular dress would become her best on her bridal day.

"Your bridal day?" exclaimed Mademoiselle, pretending ignorance upon the subject.

"Yes," answered Adeline, assuming a high degree of gaiety, "have you not heard in the Castle that I am to be married to-morrow?"

"You have then yielded to the solicitations of your uncle," said the governess.

"Where is the use of opposing him any longer," said Adeline, "am I not completely within his power—and therefore, I'll make a merit of necessity, and give my consent to that in which no choice is left me."

"I applaud your conduct," said Mademoiselle, "and were I to choose between the two gentlemen, Signor Ortano, or Adolphus Rosenheim, I should certainly prefer the former. There is a grandeur and a dignity in his demeanor, which the latter can never reach."

"Extend your comparison a little further," said Adeline, "and measure them according to the virtues which they possess."

This sudden attack of Adeline, appeared for a moment to disconcert the governess, but she emancipated herself from the dilemma in which she was thrown, by declaring, that she had not had sufficient opportunity to investigate the character of Adolphus Rosenheim—but at all events, that she could vouch for the virtues of Ortano."

"I suppose," said Adeline, "with the same justice, that I can vouch that I shall be a bride to-morrow."

“Undoubtedly,” said the governess.

“Then,” said Adeline, “there can be no doubt of the virtues of Signor Ortano—but come, give me your opinion, should I not be clad in white to-morrow? This dress will suit me well, and I have often heard you say in Zurich it became me better than any other dress.”

“It suits your complexion well, my lady,” said the governess, who was highly flattered at Adeline thus asking her opinion—“it gives me pleasure to see you acting so conformably to the wishes of your uncle, and certainly the ladies of the country will envy you the husband whom you will possess.”

“Heigho!” ejaculated Adeline, “I wish to-morrow were come.”

This very unexpected conduct of Adeline’s gave a wholly new turn to the thoughts of Mademoiselle, and she began to think whether there were any necessity on her part to undertake the office which had been imposed upon her by Leopold ; at all events, she resolved without delay to apprise him of the perfect obedience which Adeline testified to his will, and her readiness, which bordered rather upon eagerness, to give her hand to Ortano. Mademoiselle also hinted to her employer, that she was in some measure instrumental to this sudden change in the disposition of Adeline, for that she had assailed her with all her rhetoric, and had represented to her in the most

forcible terms, the extreme folly of offering any further opposition to the wishes of her uncle. Leopold gave full credit to Mademoiselle for her exertions, but he was by no means such a novice in human nature, as not to suspect that Adeline might have some deep design in view, and that her apparent acquiescence in his will, was nothing more than a manœuvre to lull his suspicions, and to put him off his guard. He therefore without hesitation declared to Mademoiselle, that there was something in this sudden change of Adeline's dispositions, which did not please him, and that it consequently behoved him to keep a more strict and circumspect watch over her motions. The governess agreed to act up to the full letter of his instructions, and during the day, a hundred trifling excuses were made by her for visiting the apartment of Adeline. On one occasion she was much surprised to find Deborah in close conversation with Adeline, and by the abrupt manner in which the former broke off her discourse, on Mademoiselle entering the room, some suspicions were excited in her mind, that they had been conversing on a subject, the import of which it was necessary to keep a secret from her, and Mademoiselle was certainly by no means in an error as to the suspicion which she had formed; however, as she was certain in her own mind, that neither of them could be privy to her appointment of that meritorious office, a spy,

herself being totally ignorant of chinks in walls, or crevices in doors, she assumed a high degree of confidence, and questioned Adeline as to several particulars connected with the important act which was to be consummated on the morrow, to all of which, Adeline gave those answers, which led the credulous woman to believe, that Leopold must be positively wrong in his conjectures as to the cause of the sudden change in Adeline's resolves.

"Well," exclaimed Deborah, "I little thought that I should have lived to see my dear young lady a bride."

"It is indeed a happy event," said Mademoiselle, "what a joyous time we shall have in the Castle."

"Aye, that we will," said Deborah, "I should not be surprised if you had to carry me to bed every night for the first week—the wine shall flow by hogsheads to the health of the young bride—but I must not trifle my time away, for what a vast deal of business have I to do to-day; the whole Castle must be cleaned. What a happy man Signor Ortano must think himself, to have so lovely a bride. God bless you, my dear young lady—I wish you all happiness. Thus saying, the old faithful domestic hobbled out of the apartment, and Adeline proceeded, with the assistance of Mademoiselle, to adjust her bridal dress."

The evening was fast drawing to a close, when

a message was received by Adeline from her uncle, requesting that she would on that night favor him and her intended husband with her company at supper, to which Adeline returned an answer—that she accepted the invitation with unfeigned delight. The night came on, and mirth and revelry sounded through the Castle. On the countenance of Adeline shone hilarity and joy; the enraptured Ortano, hung with the fervor of the purest love upon all her motions—and the blush which mantled upon her cheek, when her look met his, elevated him to the anticipation of the heaven which awaited him. Never did her beauty appear before him in such matchless splendour, and as she took her harp, and sang the following air, the tones appeared to penetrate to the recesses of his heart, and from his eyes shot the fire of uncontrolled passion:—

Wake music, wake thy gayest air,
That heals the bitter stream of strife,
Relumes the sunken eye of care,
And gives a blither pulse to life.
Yet even from that air in vain,
May one dark passion seek relief,
Unchanging like the curse of Cain,
Is she the egotist of grief.
The heart that for itself alone,
Hath liv'd, and hop'd, enjoy'd, and lov'd,
Nor wept for woes beneath its own,
Music, may still by thee be mov'd.

Try then the tones of sympathy,
That hopeless, heavy heart to cheer,
And with them bid its deepest sigh,
Aspire to heaven, thy native sphere.

The hour of midnight was approaching, and Adeline retired to her apartment, whither the governess attended her, and having deposited all the bridal paraphernalia in their proper places, and wishing the destined bride a sound repose, which however, ladies in the situation of Adeline very seldom enjoy, but which, if they were wise, they would enjoy by some means or other, as on the bridal night itself, repose is generally out of the question altogether; yet, these being matters in which Mademoiselle could not be supposed to be a proficient, she wished Adeline good night, and sought her own room—not, however, before she had seen the head of Adeline securely resting on her pillow. The governess, however, had not been many minutes in her apartment, before a gentle rap at the door bespoke a visitor. Some reports had been long current in the Castle, that the governess was by no means a stranger to these midnight raps at her door, but, be that calumny or not, it is certain, that she was excessively surprised, when she heard the signal; and as many of the menials, and even the superiors of the Castle, had been paying their devoirs to the jolly god, in a most luxurious manner, it struck

the governess, that some one might, in the moment of inebriation, have mistaken her apartment, and not knowing what consequences might ensue, she determined to be upon her guard before she opened the door. Demanding therefore, in a hasty tone, the name of this unseasonable visitor, she was answered—that it was only old Deborah. But what could bring Deborah to her room at that hour of the night, when the major part of the family, if not all of them, had retired to rest; it was by no means customary in Deborah to pay these midnight visits, and therefore, the curiosity of Mademoiselle became particularly excited to know the cause of this very singular behaviour. She therefore did not hesitate long in opening the door, and Deborah presented herself, carrying with her a bottle, which appeared to be just taken from the cellar.

“All the family are at rest,” said Deborah, “and I have brought you a bottle of your favorite wine, that you and I may have one glass together, to drink the health of the beautiful bride.”

“You are very kind, Deborah,” said Mademoiselle, “but I was just thinking of retiring to bed.”

“Pooh—pooh,” said Deborah, “a marriage in this family comes only once a century, and therefore we ought to make merry upon the occasion. Come, I have brought a corkscrew with me—and having taken a glass or two with you,

I'll go to bed, for I am fatigued with the business of the day. Deborah placed the bottle and two glasses on the table—and the sluices of her loquacity appeared to be opened, for she began to relate all the circumstances of the Lindamore family, from the moment of her entering into it as a child, down to the present hour. The governess grew weary with such a long-winded story, and wishing to cut it short, she asked Deborah, "If she had any desire to see the dress in which she was to appear at Miss Adeline's marriage?"

"By all means," said Deborah, "I am certain it will be very beautiful."

"You shall see it," said Mademoiselle, "and rising from her chair, she went into an adjoining boudoir to fetch this elegant dress—but Deborah, who cared no more for her dress than she did for the person who was going to wear it, no sooner saw her back turned, than taking a small phial from her pocket, she emptied the contents of it into Mademoiselle's glass, and filling it with wine, awaited the return of the lady. It was not long before she appeared, carrying with her a whole load of elegant attire, which she soon displayed before the astonished gaze of Deborah."

"Well, Mademoiselle," said Deborah, "but you will outshine every one at the wedding—come, one more glass—here's health, and happiness to our dear young lady."

Deborah emptied her glass, and Mademoiselle, nothing loath, followed her example.

She now began to explain to Deborah the use of various parts of her paraphernalia—but on a sudden, she felt an unusual drowsiness coming over her, and very naturally, attributed it to the strength of the wine.

“We’ll take no more then,” said Deborah. Mademoiselle gave a tremendous yawn, and throwing herself into an arm chair, in a few moments was fast asleep. Deborah no sooner saw her in that situation, than taking the glasses in her hand, she left the bottle on the table, and slyly left the room. She then directed her steps as fast as her age would permit her, to the apartment of Adeline—she found the door unlocked, and just peeping into it, exclaimed—“It is all right—God bless her.” In a few minutes, Deborah was snugly enclosed between the sheets, and her loud snorings soon afterwards declared, that she was in the happy state of sleep.

CHAPTER X.

True love's the gift which God has given,
To man alone beneath the Heaven ;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes soon as granted fly :
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silver tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body, and in soul can bind.

DAYLIGHT no sooner appeared, than all was bustle and confusion in the Castle. The flag waved proudly on the battlements, and from distant quarters the joyous peasantry were seen flocking towards the Castle, to partake of the festivities of the day. In the chapel, the incense streamed from the censers, and on every countenance shone the marks of joy and satisfaction. In all the proud display of pompous dress, Mademoiselle descended from her apartment, and joined the expecting throng in the great hall, in which the company assembled, previously to their repairing in state to the chapel. Intelligence was now

brought, that the priest was ready at the altar, and Mademoiselle, at the head of a train of lovely girls, clad all in white, was despatched to conduct the beautiful bride to the chapel. The happy bridegroom, with his suite, stationed himself at the door of the chapel, to receive the lovely Adeline, and to hand her to the altar. In the mean time, Mademoiselle arrived at the apartment of Adeline, and as became her, knocked gently at the door. No answer was returned from within—she knocked again—all was still. Not considering that any further ceremony was necessary, she opened the door, and here and there lay distributed the gorgeous attire, in which Adeline was to have been dressed; but no Adeline presented herself to the astonished and almost stupified gaze of Mademoiselle. She examined the bed, but no Adeline was there, although it was evident, that she had slept in it during the night. Confounded and amazed, she returned with her train to the hall, and imparted the disastrous tidings to Leopold. Rage was at first the predominant passion of his breast, but his pride was wounded to the quick, when he thought that he had been so completely out-manœuvred by a female. Confusion was now paramount in the Castle; every room and apartment in it was searched, and Deborah headed the examiners, with the most bitter wailings, declaring that some wicked person must have murdered her dear young mistress. The disap-

pointed bridegroom, who thought himself at the very pinnacle of his fondest hopes, without the chance of disappointment, broke out into invectives of the most violent nature. He declared the sudden disappearance of Adeline to be nothing less than a foul conspiracy against him, for such an act could not be committed by her without the intervention of some persons in the Castle, and he was determined to identify them. But the great question which now presented itself to the wondering throng for solution, was—whither had Adeline actually gone—and what was become of her? That she was not in the Castle was evident, but not a single train presented itself which offered a clue to the development of the mystery, or which could throw any light upon the route by which she might have fled from the Castle. Had one half of the Castle been engulfed by an earthquake, and the whole population collected in the other half, trembling with wonder at the sudden change, they could not have stood with greater amazement depicted upon their countenances, than they now appeared standing in the hall, each looking to the other for information—and no one able to give it. But amongst the most wondering of this very wondering party, Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen shone the most conspicuous. To her had been confided, in secret, the guardianship of the intended bride, and in her own mind she really believed, that she had performed her

duty. She had actually seen Adeline retire to her bed, and the conclusion which she, as well as many others would have drawn from that act, was, that she had retired thither to sleep, and not to rise again immediately, and thereby set a whole family in consternation. But the most dreadful of all prospects which presented itself to her imagination, was, the heavy responsibility which attached to her as being the secret guardian of Adeline, and consequently that to her, and her only, would her escape be attributed; indeed, the revengeful looks which Leopold at times cast upon her, were but too plainly indicative of the storm which would in a short time burst upon her, and the fury of which she feared she might not be able to withstand. She had been considered as accessory to the escape of Rosenheim—and now, the very strange and unexpected escape of Adeline, bore very strong presumptive proofs against her, standing as she did in the situation, with which Leopold had invested her. It was, however, immediately resolved by Leopold, to despatch servants in every direction, who, if Adeline had actually escaped from the Castle, could not fail in obtaining some intelligence of her, for although the whole congregated assembly collected in the hall, heaped surmise upon surmise, and conjecture upon conjecture, they ultimately discovered that they were all floundering in a mere slough of supposition, and that one might be as near to the truth as the other.

In the mean time, every avenue leading to the Castle, presented a joyous groupe, hastening to partake of the festivities of the day, and amongst the visitors, two wandering friars presented themselves, who, hearing in the neighbourhood of the marriage of the Heiress of Lindamore, and being weary with travel, felt no objection to partake of the good cheer which the Castle afforded. In no period of monkish history was it ever known, that the holy fraternity turned aside with disdain from the good things of this world, especially if they could be obtained at any other cost than their own, and therefore, it would have been highly culpable in the friars to have formed in this instance, so marked an exception to the standing rule of their Order, as not to eat, nor to drink, when the only question to be solved was, as to the quantity which they could devour. Leopold was no sooner informed of the arrival of the friars, than he issued his commands, that the most respectful attention should be paid to them, and although his embarrassment increased, as the arrival of every new visitor was announced, from his not being able to account for the mysterious absence of the bride, yet he contrived to disguise the inward workings of his breast, with so much art, that a casual observer would have concluded, that no disappointment whatever had occurred, or at least, that it was merely temporary. But although Leopold managed to conceal the real feelings with which he was agi-

tated, very different was the case with Ortano ; he stalked from one end of the hall to the other, wrapt in the most gloomy melancholy ; he spoke but to few—and to those few, it was merely to give monosyllabic answers to the questions that were put to him. He often stood with his arms folded, and eyed every stranger in the most scrutinizing manner—and as he saw the two friars enter the hall, his whole attention appeared to be directed towards them. There was something, he thought, in their gait and carriage, differing from the low and bending posture, which appears to characterize the monkish tribe, and from under the cowl, he at times caught the glance of a penetrating eye, which seemed to wander in search of some particular objects, and which bore not the soft expression of humility nor devotion. Ortano mingled in the crowd—but it was done with the design of being able to watch the motions of these friars with greater secrecy, for a strong suspicion began to spring in his mind, that they were not the characters which they represented themselves to be. He saw them seat themselves at a small table, which was placed in one of the remote corners of the hall, and they appeared to be making their remarks upon the passing groupe before them, and to draw the attention of each other to particular individuals, as they presented themselves to their notice. When suspicion once takes root in the human mind, the veriest trifle, which in other

cases would pass unnoticed, then becomes sufficient to nourish it to maturity—and Ortano became at last so firmly convinced, that the friars were impostors, who had crept into the Castle for some sinister designs, that he was determined to confirm the truth or falsity of his suspicion, by laying that snare for them, which would at once expose their real condition. He therefore approached the spot where they were sitting, and in the most winning tone thus accosted them—"You are welcome to Niolo, holy fathers."

"Our thanks to thee, my son," said one of the friars.

"Come you from afar?" asked Ortano.

"Our journey is from Venice," said the friar.

"And whither are you travelling?" asked Ortano.

"Towards Vienna," answered the friar.

"Towards Vienna?" repeated Ortano, "what has induced you to travel so far out of your way? This is not the usual route from Venice to Vienna."

"We holy men," said the friar, "know not at our rising, where we shall rest at night—the world is our home—the earth is often our bed—and the canopy of heaven our covering."

"Is your monastery large at Venice?" asked Ortano, who being himself well acquainted with every place of note in that city, hoped to entrap the friars in a false report of the place.

"It is second to none," said the friar.

"I have myself visited that city," said Ortano.

"In what part of it is your monastery situated?"

"In the Corso di Moreno," answered the friar.

"True," said Ortano. "I remember well a monastery in that quarter, but if my memory fail me not, it belonged to the Carmelites."

"Right," said the friar, "it is of that Order."

"You then," said Ortano, "cannot belong to that monastery, for your's is the dress of the Franciscan, and not of the Carmelite."

"You seem to be ignorant, my son," said the friar, "that the pilgrim Carmelite is seldom or never seen—he is forbidden, by the strictness of his Order, to travel the world, except in fulfilment of a vow to heaven; but matters connected with the affairs of our holy brotherhood, call us to Vienna, and therefore we assumed the Franciscan dress, as being of the mendicant order, and also the most suitable for our journey."

"Tarry you long in this quarter?" asked Ortano.

"We crave," answered one of the friars, "a lodging for the night—by day-break we intend to travel further."

"It shall be granted to you," said Ortano. "Jesus be with you, holy men."

"Our blessings attend you," said the friars.

Ortano left the friars, and he was now fully convinced of the truth of his suspicions. He knew it was the invariable custom of the monk or friar to cross himself when the name of Jesus

was pronounced, and he had purposely mentioned it to put the friars to the proof—but neither of them crossed himself, and Ortano hastened to communicate his suspicions to Leopold.

In the mean time, one scout after another arrived, and no tidings whatever could be procured of Adeline; every individual in the Castle was most minutely and rigorously examined, but no circumstance was elicited, which could lead to the detection of any accessory which Adeline might have had in the Castle towards assisting her in her flight. Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen and Deborah proved that they were together until a very late hour of the night, but for particular reasons, they carefully abstained from mentioning a single word of the regale in which they had been indulging, and attributed their late hours to the necessity of preparing many things for Miss Adeline on her bridal day. Leopold thus found himself involved in inextricable difficulties, but he resolved to assume the gayest air which the circumstances of the case would permit. He ordered the guests to be sumptuously entertained, and many of them thought no more of the cause for which they were assembled, but only on the good cheer, and the luscious wine, which sparkled in the goblets before them. All was joy and revelry, and happiness appeared to sit upon every countenance, with the exception of the two friars, who sat in an apparently sullen

mood, and seemed to disdain every expression of joy which broke from the assembly.

"You enter not into our mirth, holy men," said Leopold.

"It becomes us not," said one of the friars.

"Will you not partake of our good cheer?" said Leopold.

"Your road to heaven will not be a jot the less rugged," cried Ortano.

"Nor your's more smooth," said one of the friars, for partaking of it."

"Friars—I drink to you!" cried Ortano.

At this moment, a man entered the hall almost breathless, and informed Leopold that the retreat of Adeline was discovered. She had been seen entering the convent of St. Roch, just at the break of day, and no doubt existed of her being still there. This was indeed most joyous intelligence to Leopold, and it soon spread through the hall, with the rapidity of lightning. Goblet after goblet was drank to her health—and the name of Adeline Lindamore echoed through the hall.

"Will you not empty a goblet to the health of the Heiress of Lindamore," said Leopold, to the friars.

They both rose, and emptying their goblets, drank to Adeline, the Heiress of Lindamore.

"Now, my friends," said Leopold, addressing himself to the company, "the discovery of the retreat of my niece obliges me to absent myself,

in order that the most prompt measures may be devised of recovering her. My friend Ortano will see the rites of hospitality observed—I drink to your healths.” Leopold rose.

“Stop one moment, Signor,” said Ortano, “’ere you go, let us quaff a glass to the health of the Lord of the Castle. Will you not drink it?” he continued, addressing himself to the friars.

“To the very brim,” they answered.

“Fill then,” cried Ortano, “and let the cannon tell it from the battlements.”

“In a hundred glasses sparkled the generous wine, and the expectant assembly waited only the signal from Ortano, to make the hall echo with their vivats.

Proud as the hero at the head of his victorious band, Leopold stood, to receive the congratulations of his company. His firm and commanding attitude would have been a subject for the sculptor or the painter, and he shot his bold glances over the assembly with a dignity peculiar only to himself.

“Here!” exclaimed Ortano, lifting high his glass—“Here’s to the health of Leopold Lindamore, Lord of the Castle of Niolo!”

“We drink it not!” cried the friars, dashing their glasses to the ground, and throwing off their priestly habit, disclosed to the astonished gaze of Leopold and the assembly—Frederic Lindamore, and Count Villano. The glasses dropped from the grasp of Leopold and Ortano.

and confusion reigned in the assembly. The major part were so convinced that it could not be the real Frederic Lindamore, as his death had long been credited in the country, that they firmly believed the figure to be his ghost, and escape became the most prominent feature of the moment. Frederic and Villano attempted to reach the spot, where the almost petrified Leopold and his dissolute companion were standing, but the ground was literally covered with the prostrate bodies of the visitors, falling over each other, in their anxious attempts to gain the outside of the Castle. A sudden impulse of action appeared on a sudden to seize Ortano, and grasping Leopold firmly by the arm, he rushed with him out at a side door, and hurrying him towards the small portal which opened in the western wing, they escaped with all possible speed to the monastery of Arienheim. Villano, urged by the impetuosity of his nature, and in revenge for the persecution which he had suffered from the confederates, urged his way to the door with all possible despatch, but so great was the terror which the sudden appearance of Frederic had occasioned amongst the visitors, that his progress was literally barr'd up by the stumbling and fallen bodies, and he had the mortification to see the villains escape; when he anxiously congratulated himself that they were in his power. As to Frederic, he was restrained by a different object—it was old Deborah, who

hastened to throw herself at the feet of her restored master, and the heart of Frederic was not of that nature, on his return to its native home, not to be softened at the view of an old domestic, who had nursed him in his infancy, and who, though she believed him dead, had yet been faithful to the dead. The good woman, as it has already appeared, was in some degree tinctured with the belief of the spirits of another world now and then condescending to pay a visit to this; and certainly, had it not been for a particular circumstance, Deborah, perhaps, would have been the first to believe in the appearance of the ghost of Frederic, and from her infirmity, it is most probable, that she would have been the undermost layer of some of the piles of human bodies which presented themselves in the hall. But amongst the crowd of noble and ignoble personages who flocked to the Castle, an old man presented himself at the gate, who was no sooner admitted into the Castle, than instead of directing his steps immediately to the hall, he without any ceremony, hobbled away to the room generally occupied by Deborah, whom he found by no means disposed to admit a stranger into her apartment, and therefore very uncourteously desired him to betake himself off. The old man, however, appeared to pay no attention to the command which Deborah had issued; on the contrary, he had no sooner entered the room, than, without saying, by your leave—not

with your leave—he proceeded to lock the door, and then, what other thoughts could arise in the mind of Deborah, than that the old man was, perhaps, a vile murderer—or perhaps a thief—or for aught she knew, he was perhaps, come with a wicked design to seduce her. These were certainly three very unpleasant perhaps's to enter the mind of any female, and one of them she thought was very likely to be reduced to a certainty, for the rude fellow, without any ceremony, hobbled up straight to Deborah, and throwing his arms round her neck, in spite of her screams and struggles, gave her two or three hearty kisses. A broomstick was happily at hand, and she was about to apply it, if I may be allowed an Iricism, in a most manly manner, on the head of the offender, when throwing off his disguise, he exclaimed—"What, do you not know old Rupert? I have had a kiss of thee, old lass, when thou wert younger."

"Why, as I be a sinner," said Deborah, "it is my old fellow-servant. Come, I'll give thee back thy kisses—thou'rt right welcome to Niole—here, here—we have still some of the old stuff left. But heaven be merciful to thee—what has brought thee hither in these sad times?"

"Hush," said Rupert, "though I have locked the door, there may be listeners. Things are upon the change."

"God grant it," said Deborah.

"He now informed Deborah of their good mas-

ter Frederic being in the vicinity of the Castle, with his friend the Count Villano."

"But how can the dead come back?" asked Deborah.

"I must inform you of that another time," said Rupert, "but they are come to prevent the marriage of Miss Adeline, and I am sent first to look how things stand; and if I do not return to them in half an hour, they are then to enter the Castle as two mendicant friars."

"Here will be fine doings," said Deborah—"Niolo will be itself again very soon."

"Let us now creep to the western turret," said Rupert, "and we shall see them coming out of the wood."

This sudden intelligence which Rupert communicated to Deborah, confused the good woman in such a manner, that she scarcely knew what she did; but still her wish was so great to see her favorite master, even though at a distance, that she consented to accompany Rupert, and they had not been long at their post, when he pointed out the two friars, emerging from the wood, and having seen them cross the drawbridge of the Castle, the worthy souls returned to Deborah's room—and to Deborah's bottle. In a short time the tumult in the hall began, and the worthies hastened to enjoy the scene. It was long before Deborah could make her way to Frederic, for the cry of—a ghost! a ghost! was then sounding through the hall. Some impressed with terror

were stumbling over the chairs—some were tumbling over the tables—and the crash of broken bottles and glasses added to the uproar of the scene. But amongst the most pleasing feelings of the human heart, that one cannot be considered as the least acute, which arises from the view of an aged domestic, to whom we have been accustomed from the first hour of our infantine age, who has seen us “grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength,”—who has been the witness of our childish sports—of our youthful follies—and of our later sufferings; not more venerable is the oak which has braved the rude sweep of centuries—we love to take shelter under it, and feel ourselves doubly blessed in the shade which it affords. So felt Frederic as he saw the aged servant clasping his knees; it formed a prominent feature in the delight which he experienced, after having encountered so many perils, in once more treading the halls of his fathers. How widely different was here the situation of the Brothers; one, branded almost with the curse of Cain, was a fugitive upon the earth—the other, supported by a firm reliance on a superintending providence, and cheered by the hope, that from the heaven of heavens, a God of retribution views the sinner, and in his own good time, will hurl the lightnings of his vengeance upon him, “had fought the good fight,” and stood a proud example to an admiring world, of the advantages arising

from a course of virtue. Frederic was raising the aged Deborah from her knees, when Villano joined the interesting groupe, from his unsuccessful attempt to overtake the fugitives.

"He has escaped me once more," exclaimed the intrepid Count, "but we will have the country scoured, nor will we desist until we heap the severest retaliation upon his head, for the tortures which he has inflicted upon us."

"O! that I could forget he were my brother!" said Frederic.

"Brother!" exclaimed Villano; "I hold the tie of relationship as nothing—as a mere chain formed of brittle elements, which a pigmy's strength could snap in twain."

"A brother's sufferings," said Frederic, "should ever claim a brother's pity."

"Pity!" cried Villano, "'tis mockery to talk of it; the cannibal that tears his victim limb by limb, and glories in his sufferings, may claim our pity—for 'tis his nature; but think of the Castle of Stavelo—if providence had not guided me thither—if my hirelings had not conveyed to me the information of the dreadful plots which were in agitation against you—where would you now have been to ask compassion for the veriest villain who ever scourged the earth with his atrocities?"

"It is too true," said Frederic, "and although he meets not with forgiveness on earth—may he meet with it in heaven."

"The door of heaven's forgiveness," said

Villano, "is for ever closed against him—in thunder will his sentence be pronounced, and the sulphurous lightnings will so scath his forehead, that amongst the damned he will stand the foremost, and whilst the earth, amongst its most direful plagues, counts him of the number, may every malignant star which shoots its baneful fires across the firmament, meet and blast him in its course; may no consecrated sepulchre hold his bones—may his dust be scattered by all the winds which blow from heaven—may the babe in the first moment of its slumbers startle at the mention of his name—and until the last moment of revolving time, may his deeds be remembered, that before the throne of heaven may stand his accusers in thousands; but let my injuries be revenged by myself—and by myself alone; I feel, and have felt myself, an instrument in the hands of a superior power, to defeat the machinations of the villain; but this is no time for extraneous talk—action becomes the man—words are the province of the woman. Let me now speak a word to you, whose very sound should harrow up your soul—Where is your father?"

The blood rushed into the cheeks of Fredric, and on his placid brow, might be distinctly traced the dark frowns of indignation, mingled with revenge. Taking Villano's hand, he said, "Forgive my weakness, my noble friend—mercy to such a son, would be an insult to humanity."

"Come, then," said Villano, "every moment

is a gem, not to be thrown away. 'Let us examine the grave of your father—we have hitherto snatch'd the prey from the tyger's fangs—let it not again fall into them.' Turning to Rupert, he said, "Fetch the keys of the vaults, and you shall accompany us thither; you can point out to us the coffin of the Count."

The latter part of the intelligence was by no means of that pleasant nature to the ear of Rupert, as to induce him to make any extraordinary haste in executing the commission with which he was charged. The honest domestic had a particular aversion to all vaults, except those which were well stored with wine—but he had seen so much of the character of Count Villano, that to oppose him in any plan which he had formed, he was well convinced, were only tantamount to render him the more eager to accomplish it; and therefore, as he very wisely considered within himself, that no positive necessity existed, that he should take a very active part in the examination of the coffin, but on the contrary, that the most suitable situation for him would be close to the door, in order to prevent it being suddenly shut by some invisible hand, which would infallibly expose them all to the horrors of a lingering death, he assumed a degree of boldness by no means natural to him, and returning with the keys to Frederic and Villano, the trio set forward to the vaults,

CHAPTER XI.



It's no in titles, nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
It's no in making muckle mair,
It's no in books—it's no in leir,
 To make us truly blest.
If happiness hae not her seat,
 And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest.
Nae treasures, nae pleasures,
 Could make us happy long,
The heart's aye, the part's aye,
 That makes us right or wrong.



LIKE two maniacs, Leopold and Ortano rush'd into the dormitory of the abbot, who still lay very seriously indisposed from the merciless beating which Ortano had inflicted upon him ; but he was no sooner informed of the return of Frederic, and the consequent annihilation of all their hopes of aggrandizement, than he was seized with violent convulsions, and leaving him to the care of the holy fraternity, Leopold and his companion repaired to the refectory, to consult upon what steps were necessary

to be taken in the present dreadful posture of their affairs. If the collected graves of the earth had given up their dead, and corruption in its most hideous form, had presented itself to their view, the miscreants could not have been more appalled, than they were at the sudden appearance of Frederic and Villano in the hall. Leopold now discovered that treachery had been practised upon him throughout the whole of the tragedy, which he had been enacting, and whithersoever he directed his eye, he could not discover a nook of earth where he could now conceal himself from the fury of his enemies, or from the arm of justice which would be raised against him. His, indeed, was not a coward heart—he feared not death in itself; but notwithstanding all his endeavours to convince himself, that with the corruption of his frame was combined the annihilation of his being—yet at times, a secret and unwelcome monitor rose within him, which spoke to him of a God of retribution, who punishes the guilty, and rewards the virtuous; and then a solemn shivering came over him, when he thought of that unknown hereafter, which must one day be made manifest to him. But there is a pitch of human turpitude, which, if it be once attained, every wish or desire—every exertion to return to a course of virtue, appears so beset with difficulties, that every hope of accomplishing it, wears a sickening hue. And such is the condition of human nature, that to be positively

stationary in either vice or virtue, appears not to hang upon the will of the individual—he must either proceed in his career of vice, or he must make a retrograde motion into the paths of virtue; but how few attempt the latter—how many persevere in the former.

As to Ortano, his rage and disappointment knew no bounds. He had seen the luscious fruit snatched from him, at the moment when he fondly hoped he was on the point of enjoying it, and except by some desperate measures, he saw no prospect of recovering the treasure, of which he had been so unexpectedly deprived. It was true, the retreat of Adeline was discovered, but by what means could she be allured from the convent; as to any hopes of admission, they were all nugatory, for he was not a character who would be admitted even to the grate of a convent, much less into its interior. Her retreat was also known to her father. It had been openly announced at the table, and would he not take the most immediate steps of recovering his daughter, and perhaps removing her to a place of safety. Not a moment therefore was to be lost, and as stratagem alone could effect the purpose, the two miscreants sat consulting for a time, as to the most feasible one which could be adopted under the difficult circumstances which presented themselves. The passion which Ortano had imbibed for Adeline, would, in any other breast, have been called a noble one, but

in Ortano, it partook more of the nature of brutal instinct, than the generous ardor of disinterested love. It was the mere selfish feeling of the sensual egotist, who cares not how, nor by what means his own gratification be obtained, even if it be attended with the ruin and injury of others. In Ortano's breast flowed the full tide of the most inordinate passion; in that of Leopold, the blackest revenge towards those who had defeated him in his projects—and certainly, a combination of such materials was sufficient to carry one of the most hellish stratagems into execution which was ever engendered in the head of man.

"Darkness shall no sooner shroud the earth," said Ortano, "than we will sally forth, and we will light such a funeral pyre as shall set the world a wondering."

"Would I had Bonano here," said Leopold, "his treacherous body should crackle in the flames, and e'er it I would pour the boiling pitch to make the fire more fierce—he shall have on earth a foretaste of a hell."

"The sun, methinks, is long a setting to-night, and yet darkness is coming on apace."

"Let it come," said Leopold; "to us it now belongs to light the world with a fire of our own."

"But in case we succeed in our designs," said Ortano, "whither shall we carry our prize?"

"If the fruit be put into your hands," said

Leopold, "it is not for me to determine where you shall enjoy it. Take her whithersoever you please; but as we may lose each other in the confusion, let each make the best of his way to the Inn of the Pass of San Petro—be that our place of rendezvous."

"Agreed," said Ortano.

"Let us visit the abbot again before we set out upon our expedition," said Leopold, "he will perhaps give us his blessing to accompany us."

"A most valuable gift indeed," said Ortano, "the devil's friendship, and an abbot's blessing, may with great propriety, be put into opposite scales, and they will be found of equal value."

"Come," said Leopold, "the abbot must inform us where we are to procure the fuel for our bonfire—he knows well where to procure the sulphur wherewith to suffocate a hive of bees, if he knows there is any honey within."

The miscreants left the refectory, and proceeded to the apartment of the abbot.

It was nearly dark, when Frederic and Villano entered the passage which led to the cemetery of the Lindamore family. It was by no means a pleasing task which was imposed upon Frederic, to visit the mansions of the dead, and especially under the circumstances in which his visit was paid. Some dark and obscure hints had been thrown out by Rupert to Count Villano, respecting the death of the old Count, and some suspi-

cions immediately rose in his mind, which were generated by his intimate knowledge of the desperate character of Leopold and his associates, that some foul and damnable act had been committed, either to bring on a premature dissolution, or to impose upon the world by a counterfeit death. The decease of the old Count, and of Frederic, placed Leopold in undisputed enjoyment of the vast property of the Lindamore family ; and as Villano well knew that Leopold had contrived those measures by which his brother was to fall under the stiletto of the assassin, it was most probable, that the death of the old Count had been devised, to remove every obstacle to the possession of the estates. Villano had not studied in the school of man in vain—he gave him credit for numerous virtues, but he knew him also to be subject to the most flagrant vices ; and unfortunately, taking mankind on the average, he was convinced the latter had the predominancy. He considered the heart and mind of Leopold to have acquired a degree of depravity, which is the general concomitant of a continual adherence to a course of vice, and following that course in its most remote ramifications, he saw no act, though ever so deeply tinctured with vice and crime, which he would not commit, to gain the object of his desires. He considered him even capable of committing the crime of parricide, for he had certain proof, that Leopold had consigned his brother to the stiletto of Sazzano in the Castle

of Stavelo, and although he had been saved by the interposition of providence, yet Villano well knew—

That he who but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault.

With these impressions on the mind of Villano, respecting the degenerate character of Leopold, and goaded by the suspicions which were excited in his mind by Rupert's recital of the circumstances attending the decease of the old Count, he resolved that no time should be lost in investigating the matter; and should the guilt of the confederates be confirmed, to bring them immediately before the criminal tribunal of the country. With an anxious heart, Frederic saw Villano apply the key to the door, which opened into the depository of the mouldered and mouldering forms of his ancestors, and he knew not, but that in a few minutes, the dreadful reality might burst upon him—that a father had fallen a victim to the criminal passions of a son—and that father—his father—and that son—his brother.

“How foolish is the fear,” said Villano, as he turned the key in the lock, “which some persons entertain for the dead—’tis the living only which man should fear—the dead are harmless—and the silence which pervades their sanctuaries, speaks their impotency.”

“I could not, however, cherish the heart,”

said Frederic, "which could look with apathy upon the coffin which contains the earthly remains of a being once ardently beloved."

"The tear that is then shed," said Villano, "is a proof of human weakness."

"May that weakness, then," said Frederic, "be ever mine."

The door was unlocked—the bolts withdrawn—heavily it creaked on its hinges, and the unsteady flame of the taper, which was increased by the gust of air which rushed from the vault, would, to a distempered fancy, have pictured some hideous forms passing in the distant gloom.

"Did I not hear the bell at the gate?" asked Rupert, who wished very much for an excuse to absent himself from the examination.

"Let them ring again," said Villano; "hold the taper higher—the steps appear to be broken."

"I am afraid I shall fall," said Rupert.

"Have no fear," said Villano, "we will help you up again."

Frederic and Villano descended the steps, old Rupert following, holding the taper over them; but with every step that he descended, his trembling increased, until having nearly arrived at the bottom, he exclaimed—"O Lord, have mercy upon me—what do I see?" The taper fell from his hands, and the old man ascended the steps far quicker than he descended them.

"What dost thou see, thou timorous old fool?"

said Villano, raising the taper from the ground, which was fortunately not extinguished ; but Rupert feeling no disposition to stop to answer questions, hurried along the passage, as quick as if he had been actually pursued by a whole legion of ghosts, and stopped not, until he found himself nestling close to Deborah, to whom, in a trembling tone, he related, that he had seen his aged master standing upright in his coffin, and it must be confessed, that although the fears of Rupert had magnified the case, (and when does fear not do it ?) yet still that there were some grounds for the report which Rupert had conveyed to the wondering Deborah.

“ Well let him go,” said Villano, “ his age is some excuse for the honest fellow—his virtues amply compensate for his timidity : but it must be allowed, that it required the undaunted spirit of a Villano, to look upon the scene which now presented itself to their view, and not feel some emotions of fear and dread. The coffin on which that of the old Count had been placed, had given way with the superincumbent weight, and with his foot, Frederic kicked the skull which had rolled from it. The coffin of the Count had fallen from its place, and stood almost in an erect posture, supported by the undermost coffins, which had yet brav’d the destructive tooth of time. A horrid idea rushed into the mind of Frederic—it was possible that his father had been entomb’d alive, and in his struggles had

displaced his coffin. He imparted this idea to Villano. "It is possible," he answered, "that some devil from the deepest hell may have prompted the deed; as to that point, however, we can soon convince ourselves—let us open the coffin, and the posture in which we find your father will determine it." Frederic felt some repugnance at first, in disturbing the sainted remains of his father—but all his objections to opening the coffin were overruled by Villano, who considered it as a duty imperative upon Frederic, considering the rumours which were afloat, to investigate every circumstance which had the slightest reference to the decease of his father. This was an argument too cogent for Frederic to withstand—and Villano proceeded to try the lid of the coffin, but it was too strongly fastened to yield.

"We must have some instruments," said Villano; "take the taper—I fear neither darkness nor the dead: and should some spirit in your absence visit me, I'll welcome it—'twill afford me pleasant company until your return."

Frederic left the vault in search of the proper instruments; and on his way to the apartment of Rupert, looking through one of the windows, fronting the north, he perceived an unusual glow on the horizon, but having often witnessed the *Aurora Borealis*, he paid little or no attention to it, and having procured the instruments from Rupert, he returned to the vault. On passing the win-

dow on his return, he observed, that the glow had increased; but judging it of no particular moment, and his mind being too intent on the appalling task of opening the coffin of his father, he passed on, nor thought it even worthy of mention to Villano.

"Well," cried Villano, as he beheld Frederic at the top of the stairs, "I have been enjoying that company which is very disagreeable to certain people, and that is their own—not a spirit, either aerial or terrestrial, heavenly or earthly, has deigned to play his pranks before me."

Frederic delivered the instruments to Villano.

"Let us first place the coffin," said the latter, "in its proper position, our task will then not be so difficult, nor shall we incur the risk of the bones falling from the coffin.

It required, however, some manual exertion to place the coffin in an horizontal position, for the weight of it far exceeded their expectations, and as Villano applied the chisel to the lid, an inward shudder crept over the frame of Frederic—in a few moments he was to behold the only remains of his revered parent which were then to be found upon earth; he was to behold the socket which was once animated by an eye, which ever beamed upon him with paternal love; he was to behold the mouth from which he had often received a father's kiss; he was to behold the dreaded victory of corruption over a parent's frame, and to know, that the very reptiles who

had fattened on their prey, had in their turn, yielded to corruption also. Through the vault echoed the repeated strokes upon the coffin, and as the nails yielded their hold, the exertions of Villano appeared to increase.

“The dead will not,” he said, “accuse us of breaking their rest—nor will heaven I trust accuse us of sacrilege; for our’s is at best a righteous deed, leading to the detection of guilt; one nail more, and then ——

A violent trepidation came over the whole frame of Frederic, and the taper trembled in his hand.

Villano perceived his emotion, and in an animated voice, called upon him to summon all the fortitude of his nature, and not to let his spirit forsake him in this trying hour. “Now,” he continued, “ere I open the lid, cast away every depressing fear—the eye of heaven is upon us—the avenging hour is arrived—and we, by heaven, are chosen as the avengers. Hear me, Frederic—‘In the valley of Cambrera, I told you that a dreadful secret reigned in your father’s tomb; the hour is now come that it shall be explained to you’—and throwing off the lid, he exclaimed—‘Where is now your father?’”

Amazement chilled almost every power of Frederic, when instead of beholding the bones of his parent—he beheld a heap of stones.

“Now,” exclaimed Villano, “will you ever

plead for compassion or for mercy again for a villain like your brother?"

Frederic could not make any answer; he stood like one bereft of speech and motion, and his eyes were fixed upon the contents of the coffin, with an earnestness which seemed to absorb every other feeling.

"Were hell's denizens let loose upon the earth," continued Villano, "they could not have outdone this deed; now you stand convinced, it was not mere idle curiosity which prompted me to undertake this examination. But our work is but just begun—we are upon the right scent—let us follow the savages to their dens—and first let's draw that villain priest from his sanctuary, and expose his infamy to the world. Here I stand in the dread mansions of the dead, and may their embodied spirits hear my oath, and register it in the books of heaven—I swear this deed shall be revenged. Now, Frederic," he continued, taking him by the hand, "banish from your too feeling heart, every vestige of humanity towards the cursed perpetrators of this act—let them expiate their offence upon the rack, and let their bodies wither in the air for the ravens to revel over. In the mean time, be you cheer'd with the pleasing hope, that your father may still be living."

At these words, Frederic appeared to recover himself from the stupor into which this sudden discovery had thrown him—and lifting his eyes to heaven, in the most placid tone, he exclaimed—

"Mayest thou forgive him, heaven—for I cannot."

At this moment, some shrieks were heard in the Castle, and the voice of Rupert was distinctly ascertained at a distance, calling out, "fire, fire—help, help."

"What damnable work is now achieving," cried Villano, and rushed from the vault, followed by Frederic.

They soon met old Rupert, who was hastening towards them, almost breathless—and 'ere he joined them—"O Miss Adeline—Miss Adeline—she may, perhaps, perish in the flames."

"Speak!" cried Villano, as he came up to Rupert, "what fresh act of villainy has now been perpetrated?"

"The convent of St. Roch, exclaimed Rupert, "is on fire—and oh, my dear young lady may be, perhaps, within the walls."

Frederic now remembered the glow which he had seen on the horizon, and that it was in the exact quarter where the convent was situate.

"Infernal villains," cried Villano, "this is their work—but ring the alarm bell, we will hasten to the assistance of the females; and let me meet with the incendiaries, and their blood shall contribute towards the quenching of the flames."

Collecting as strong a party as the hurry of the moment would enable them, Frederic and Villano hastened to the convent.

CHAPTER XII.



Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt ;
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd ;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall, in the happy trial, prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness ; when at last,
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall in eternal restless change,
Self-fed and self-consum'd. If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

AMONGST the motley group which had assembled in the hall to celebrate the marriage of Adeline, were a few of Leopold's desperate followers, who now imagined that the time was come, when they were to be amply rewarded for all the eminent services which they had rendered to their notorious captain. Leopold also felt himself in that situation with many of them, that kindness and condescension towards them, became an actual case of policy on his part, for to rouse the displeasure or the revenge of the miscreants, was tantamount to a promulgation of certain actions, which, in the situation in which he then stood, as Lord of the Castle of Niolo,

were better kept a secret, than buzz'd about the country. These time serving gentlemen felt themselves very comfortably situated at Niolo; the cellars were well furnished—and as for good substantial viands, no lack whatever was observed in the Castle. They might be compared to so many greyhounds in the couples, ready to be slipp'd upon any prey which might present itself to the taste or fancy of their employer; but although in their countenances appeared the exterior signs of gaiety and contentment, yet within, a most troublesome something now and then raised its unwelcome voice, pronouncing the name of murderer or villain—and no art nor subterfuge, no coaxing nor flattering, could induce the impertinent speaker to hold his tongue. A copious libation of Leopold's wine now and then succeeded for a time in quelling its murmurs, but the effects of the liquor had no sooner evaporated, than it broke loose again. and, as if in revenge for the temporary restraint which had been put upon it, it became more voracious than ever, and the only remedy that presented itself was to apply to the wine again. The head table of the house of Leopold, the Lord of the Castle, was graced with the presence of a few of these worthies, and two or three of them had, but not without a due attention to their own interest, kindly lent their aid on that dreadful night, when Frederic and his party were attacked by the banditti; and as they well knew that it

was not the intention of the framer of the plot, that Frederic Lindamore should ever give them the trouble to take him a second time, they felt themselves utterly confounded, when they beheld that same Frederic Lindamore, whom they considered long since to be either at the bottom of the Adriatic, or rotting in one of the rooms of Stavelo, partaking of the same wine with them, and enjoying apparently in perfect health, their own respectable society. As to a ghost, they were men who would have grappled with all the ghosts which ever stalked upon the earth since the days of Adam, even with the 470 beautiful virgin-ghosts who appeared to St. Augustine in one night, on which occasion be it told, by way of a hint, there are many other persons, and amongst whom is the historian of the House of Nilo, who, like the companions of Leopold, would have experienced no squeamish objections, to have been of St. Augustine's party, in the desperate attack which was made by the said virgin-ghosts, upon the hitherto unconquered and unconquerable chastity of the said Augustine. The companions of Leopold being therefore convinced that the figure of Frederic Lindamore was pure flesh and blood, the same as the historian of the House of Nilo would wish to find in the virgin-ghosts of St. Augustine, and feeling a certain consciousness within, that they could not look him in the face, without experiencing some strong compunctions for the villainous part which they had

acted, they resolved to square their conduct by that of their leaders, and they no sooner saw him wisely, though dastardly betake himself to flight, than they followed so laudable an example, and pursued the steps of their flying leaders, until they reached the gates of the monastery. It cannot be doubted that the monastery of Arienheim was by far too holy, too virtuous, and too immaculate a place, to admit within its walls such a groupe as now presented themselves for admittance, and therefore, they were accommodated with a seat in the porch, which was by no means so pleasant as that which they had lately occupied in the Castle of Niolo; and although before them was spread an enchanting view of nature, yet there was something perfectly insipid in it, compared with a table spread with the choicest viands, and the most delicious wines. The change, to be sure, was indeed rather sudden, and very unexpected; added to which, it was unfortunately one of those changes, in which no prospect presented itself of their returning to their quondam comfortable situation, but that they would be ultimately obliged to exchange their late most pleasant and indolent life, for their former one of difficulty and danger. The worthy group were communing amongst themselves on the cheering prospects which presented themselves to their view, when Leopold and Ortano came out of the gates of the monastery, and the former seeing before him his wor-

thy associates, exclaim'd—"Welcome my brave fellows—though we have met with a slight interruption to our conviviality, we will soon remove the interlopers."

"True, Signor," said one of the fellows, "give us but your instructions, and we will put them in execution."

"It would be a pity," said Leopold, "if such an affair as this were to terminate without a grand finale. What say you to a splendid display of fireworks, and a jolly nun into the bargain?"

"As to the latter, Signor," said another, "you know us too well to suppose that we can have any objection."

"You remember, Signor," said a third, "the naked nuns of Margaretta—they ran about like rabbits out of their warrens."

"We will have just such another holiday," said Leopold; "but now, hear my instructions: you heard that it was ascertained, that my niece Adeline, the betrothed bride of my friend, had taken refuge in the convent of St. Roch; now, you know the best method of driving bees from their cells, is to give them a little smoke—and I know not a better method of driving a nun from her cell, than to give her a little fumigation."

"We have tried the experiment often," said one of the fellows; "a nun can stand neither fire nor smoke."

"A few blazing faggots," said Leopold, "will

make them dance most merrily—but it will be necessary for us to act with the greatest caution ; we shall be able to distinguish my niece from the nuns, by her dress—and that man who entraps her, and bears her off to the rendezvous which we will appoint, shall be most richly rewarded. But even the unsuccessful shall not go unrequited—you shall all be amply paid for your services. And now let no time be lost—our rendezvous is the Inn of the Pass of San Petro—there we will meet, and form the plans for our future operations. Come on—let us enjoy the merit of having rooted out one more den of iniquity ; and I know not that the world will think the worse of us, for having given a nun the opportunity of peopling the world.”

“ And I am certain, Signor,” said one of the fellows, “ that the nuns themselves will not think the worse of us.”

Discoursing in this manner, the miscreants departed on their nefarious undertaking, and it was not long before volumes of smoke were seen rising from the convent, and the shrieks of the nuns were distinctly heard. As there were several outlets to the convent, the incendiaries stationed themselves in their respective places—concealing themselves in the shrubberies which surrounded the tranquil abode of the unsuspecting victims, and waiting, like savage beasts in ambush, to dart upon their prey as soon as it presented itself. Higher and higher

ascended the flames, and louder and louder sounded the lamentations from within : at last the convent gates flew open, and the terrified nuns were obliged to seek for shelter on the outside of those walls which had hitherto formed the boundary of their world, and beyond which they never expected to set their foot again. But, if a death the most horrible awaited them within, a fate not much less dreadful awaited them without. The incendiaries almost forgot the purpose for which the damnable deed had been undertaken, so intent were they in appropriating to themselves the persons of the nuns as they rushed from the gates. Their maddened shrieks rent the air, but instead of appeasing the lustful passions of the wretches, they appeared to operate rather as a stimulus, and the triumphant shouts which broke at times from the obdurate miscreants were only the prelude to the destruction of female virtue. The people of the country now began to assemble, and warned the villains to retire. As yet, no signs of Adeline, or any other female, clad in a costume different from that of the convent, had presented themselves ; but on a sudden, a female was observed to rush from one of the gates, and to hurry, with all possible speed, on the road which led to Niolo. Like a pack of blood-hounds the villains pursued their prey, and the female no sooner saw the villains in pursuit, than she called upon Signor Ortano to save her. This exclamation was a thorough convic-

tion to the pursuers, that they had at last fallen in with the object of which they were in search, and the hopes of the promised reward spurred them on to the pursuit. The fugitive was soon overtaken, and her style of dress immediately declared that she belonged not to the holy sisterhood, and therefore, the conclusion was instantly drawn, that the captive was Adeline Lindamore, and no other person. So great, however, was the terror of the female, that she no sooner felt the rude grasp of her pursuers, than giving a loud shriek, she fainted away, and would have fallen to the ground had she not been upheld by her captors. So thoroughly convinced were the villains that the female which they then supported in their arms was Adeline Lindamore, that one of them was despatched in search of Leopold and Ortano, to apprize them of their success, and to bid them hasten to the place of rendezvous. The unfortunate female was conveyed in a senseless state to the first house, where a vehicle could be obtained, and in a short time she was hurried off to the Inn of the Pass of San Petro.

The miscreants had scarcely left the spot, now reduced nearly to ruins by their atrocious act, than Frederic and Villano, followed by a crowd of peasants, arrived to give their generous aid—but alas! it was too late. The mansion, which but a few hours before had resounded with the choral symphony of the religious enthusiasts, and the walls of which had heard only the sigh of the

contrite heart, or the faint whisper of the secret wish, was now a mass of indistinguishable ruins. The inmates of it, who had escaped the brutal ferocity of the incendiaries, had either perished in the flames, or were seeking shelter wherever they could find it; but not an individual could Frederic meet with, who could give him any intelligence of his daughter. No one had seen the abbess, and therefore, it was surmised that she was amongst the sufferers, and her extreme debility, arising from old age, was a strong confirmation of it. Perhaps Adeline herself had fallen a victim to the flames; this thought drove Frederic almost to madness, and after all the perils which he had encountered, and which he had overcome, was he now to endure the direful calamity of his daughter's death, and that by the most foul and damned machinations of a villain? To every inquiry which he made, if any female had been seen answering the description of his daughter, the most direct ignorance was pleaded; no one had seen a female clad in a costume differing from that of the convent, and the conviction now grew stronger upon the mind of Frederic, that his daughter had actually perished. In regard to Villano, his eyes seemed to be in search of persons very different from the fearful inhabitants of the convent; he kept his sword concealed under his cloak, and the whole bent of his haste appeared to be, to find an object on which he could try its sharpness. His appearance bespoke

rather the demon of revenge emancipated from its hell, and stalking the earth, to satiate its passion, than that of a human being, driven to deeds of blood by a sense of unmerited wrongs. He was not, however, more successful in his search than the afflicted Frederic, and as the flames had triumphed over their prey, consuming every thing which they could reach, Villano proposed that they should make all possible speed to the monastery of Arienheim, as it was most probable that the villains had taken shelter within its polluted precincts. "Besides," added Villano, "that hoary villain, the abbot, was present at the falsified death of your father—he shall be made to give an account of that hellish deed, and I know of no place more likely to discover the perpetrators of the burning of the convent, than within the walls of that den of infamy,"

"I do not like," said Frederic, "to leave this spot—some tidings may yet be received of my daughter."

"See you not," said Villano, "that the flames have no further food to feed upon? If she has effected her escape, this is no place for us—if she has not, those flames cannot tell us by what they have been nourished, nor will that burning mass yield us up again its victims. Revenge should be our watch-word, and every fibre of our hearts should feel its power."

Whilst they were thus conversing, a monk approached them, and drawing his cowl closely

over his face, thus addressed them :—" Who are you that thus mispend your time in useless talk, and suffer vice to prowl the earth unpunished ?"

" Who art thou," exclaimed Villano, " who thus with boldness unparalleled, dar'st to question us? Thy language ill suits thy garb, and if thou hast assumed it to work some damnable purpose with us, speak out—we are not men, who will cheaply sell our lives—the sword shall vindicate our cause—and fighting under the shield of innocence, we fight with heaven on our side, and victory must be our's."

The monk folded his arms. " Put up your sword," he said, " you will want it for a different purpose. I fear it not, nor have you cause of fear from me. I am a man—an outcast in the world; in the day, misery dogs my steps—and in the night, sleep is scar'd from my pillow by the dread spirit of an accusing conscience. Yet—on my brow sits not the murderer's mark; nor on my midnight path do I fear to meet the orphan whom I have permitted to starve—nor the widow, from whose eye I ever refused to wipe the tear. But I am a man of suffering—I have been accessory to a deed, which like some baneful demon, haunts me through my life. If in the moment of my grief, I venture to raise my look above, I view it there—when bending on my knees in prayer, it stands before me. I have told my sorrows to animated and inanimated nature—and then I have found what a blessed allevi-

ation it is to the human heart, to find an object, to whom our sufferings can be told; but 'ere this worn and harassed frame yields itself to corruption—'ere my unbodied spirit flies to meet its judge in heaven—be the few hours which remain for me on earth employed to make my peace with man."

"You have then injured him deeply?" said Villano.

"Deeply indeed," answered the monk, "and no one more than—Frederic Lindamore."

"How! me!" exclaimed Frederic, "what ——

"Ask me not at present," said the monk, interrupting him, "the hour is not yet come in which I can disclose myself. I know you well—and him also who stands beside you—on his left breast he bears a scar——

"Speak, mysterious man," exclaimed Villano, whose impatient spirit could not be controlled—

"Speak, who art thou—and what is thy purpose? Declare it at once, or this sword ——

"I have told you once," said the monk, "I fear it not. Villano cannot be a murderer—and it would be murder, for I offer him no violence, to justify the plea of self-defence. I have presented myself before you unarmed; I know your nature to be brave—to be daring in the extreme—and I know the brave man never will attack the defenceless. But dare you place the same confidence in me? Dare you meet me at an appointed place and hour—unarmed and unattended?"

"For what purpose?" asked Villano.

"That I will not tell you," said the monk. "I crave your confidence—nor have you observed aught in me now to give birth to your suspicions."

"What is your name and country?" asked Frederic.

"Neither will I disclose," said the monk. "Were I to whisper the former, it might be borne on the air to persons, who would set every engine in motion to destroy me; and as to the latter, there is a possibility of my not knowing it myself, and therefore I may deceive you; but here, danger threatens me wheresoever I tread, and caution only can insure me success. I ask you only for the return of that confidence which I have placed in you—will you give me the meeting unarmed and unattended?"

"Prudence forbids it," said Frederic, "in the present situation of the country. Look at those smoking ruins, and then declare, if with the knowledge of such villains being abroad, who could fire a convent, a stranger wrapt in mystery like yourself can have any claim upon our confidence."

"Be it so then," said the monk; "you refuse me your confidence—now I will shew you how great my confidence is in you. I ask you to give me the meeting in no lonely nor unhallowed place—let it be in the hall of Niolo, at twelve to-morrow night, and I promise to be there."

"What have you to communicate," asked Villano, "that renders this secrecy necessary?"

"That which I will not disclose at present," said the monk. "The dead have burst their cements, and I'm their keeper."

"We have to do with the living," said Villano, "not with the dead."

"The night grows on apace," said the monk; "I will give you liberty to arm yourselves with every weapon of defence and destruction, which the most inventive genius can supply—and I will appear before you, if you desire it, manacled and defenceless. Say, will you grant me the interview at twelve to-morrow night, in the hall of Niolo?"

"Although," said Frederic, "we cannot commend the mystery in which you have appeared before us—yet, we will grant you the interview to-morrow night."

"I'll be punctual," said the monk, and striking into a shady path, he was soon lost to the view of the astonished Frederic and his companion.

Villano was, however, not a man, on whom a circumstance of this nature, strange and mysterious as it might be constituted, made a lasting impression; he was acquainted with the juggles and the devices of the world, and he knew the basis on which the probity or virtue of the human character was founded, to be chiefly self-interest. He was well convinced that the per-

son who had thus perplexed him, was not a monk—but still there was an undaunted manner, an imposing exterior, and an apparent contempt of danger, which were well calculated to instil confidence, and to lull every rising suspicion, as to the integrity of his motives. “Let us think no more of this,” said Villano to Frederic—“let the mystery rest in the womb of time, until the appointed hour of its birth. Now let us hasten to the monastery—who can tell, but this monk was sent to beguile our time, until some desperate act was achieving? Perhaps, your daughter —

“Come on,” said Frederic, who stood as it were lost in thought, but who was suddenly roused at the name of daughter—“Come, let us lose no time;” and morning began to break as the noble friends appeared at the gate of the monastery.

CHAPTER XIII.



Good night to all, then :
And now, good friends, suppose me on my death-bed,
And take of me thy last short-living leave.
Nay, keep thy tears, till thou hast seen me dead ;
And when in tedious winter night, with good
Old folks thou sit'st up late,
To hear them tell the dismal tales
Of times long past, e'en now with woe remembered,
Before thou bid'st good night, to quiet their grief,
Tell them the lamentable fall of me,
And send thy hearers weeping to their beds.

FROM the chapel of the monastery sounded the matins of the holy brotherhood, as Villano rung vigorously at the portal bell.

"I fear," said he to Frederic, "we shall have some difficulty in making our way to the abbot. A man who has been guilty of a criminal act generally shuns the view of those whom he has injured ; but we may, perhaps, effect by stratagem, what we cannot achieve by open dealing. Do the monks know your person?"

"I fear they do," said Frederic.

"Then," said Villano, "throw this cloak

around you, and conceal yourself as much as possible."

Frederic followed the advice of Villano; but the monks seemed by no means disposed to admit either friends or foes into their holy sanctuary, for no one appeared to open the gates.

"Well," said Villano, "we will, at all events, amuse them with a peal of their own music; and applying his hand to the chain of the bell, he kept up such a continual ringing, that had the monks been in their last sleep, it would have roused them. At last, some steps were heard within, and a rough voice demanded—"what sacrilegious fellows disturbed the holy fraternity in their devotions?"

"Friends of Leopold Lindamore," answered Villano, "who come to impart some intelligence to your abbot."

The gate was instantly opened. "To our abbot said the monk. "I fear his hour is come; but I will announce your arrival, Signors."

"Do so," said Villano; "we bring him intelligence of a most satisfactory nature."

"Heaven be praised," said the monk, "that he has some comfort in his last hours; though great indeed is the merit which belongs to him, for the victory which he has gained; praise be to St. Benedictine, who ever watches over his righteous servants."

"Was it a victory of the flesh?" asked Villano.

"Grace be upon me," said the monk, "it was indeed a very different thing. It was but two nights ago that Beelzebub sent one of his arch devils to tempt our holy father. They met, Signors, and aided by our holy patron, St. Benedictine, our reverend abbot made such a stout resistance, that he sent the imp of Beelzebub howling back again to his hell. But, alas ! in the struggle, our beloved father received so many wounds and bruises, that unless St. Benedictine comes to his aid—he must die."

"This is a most marvellous story you tell, holy father," said Villano ; "is it customary for Beelzebub to take such liberties with your virtuous abbot?"

"Ah ! Signor," said the monk, as he conducted his visitors into the private apartment of the abbot, "you cannot even imagine to what we holy men are exposed."

"Had you ever a struggle yourself," asked Villano, "with one of Beelzebub's imps—or as I should call him, with one of his aid-de-camps?"

"Heaven forbid," said the monk, crossing himself ; "it is seldom that we brethren of low degree are so attacked."

"I give you joy then, of your humble station," said Villano, "and if an exalted one exposes you to be bedevil'd, as your reverend abbot has been, whenever it pleases his infernal majesty, if you follow my advice, you will remain for ever

in your present station; but to the abbot—our time is precious.”

The monk left the libertines as he conceived them to be, for who but libertines could speak so jocosely or so indifferently of the very lamentable attack which had been made upon the abbot by some unrighteous spirit, and he began to fear, that in revenge for holding converse with such reprobates, his holy patron, St. Benedictine would permit some sturdy imp to bruise and batter him in the same merciless manner which the abbot had experienced. But although the hoary villain had contrived to deceive some of the fraternity as to the real cause of the many huge blue and black spots which gave his body a piebald appearance; yet there were some who were not so inflated with the gas of superstition as to believe the rhodomontade story of his rencontre with Beelzebub's imp, and in secret they began to wonder by what means his holy body had assumed in so short a time, “the leopard's spots.” It would be ungenerous and illiberal to deny, that amongst the holy fraternity of Arienheim, there were not a few who highly condemned the line of conduct of the abbot, and his close connection with Leopold Lindamore, whose character was so notoriously vicious. The intelligence of Frederic's return to Niolo had been circulated in the monastery, and the convulsions with which the abbot was seized, on being acquainted with it, confirmed some of the inmates of the

house in their suspicions, that their abbot was not wholly exempt from participation in the intended death of Frederic. From one convulsion fit he fell into another, and at times, a positive degree of derangement appeared to effect his intellects. Often he lost all knowledge of the persons who surrounded him, and in the most incoherent manner talked of the old Count of Niolo—of Frederic—and his brother. Sometimes he pointed to forms which he saw gliding before him at a distance, and then, with a violent shudder, would cover his face with his hands, and fall into convulsions. He had just recovered from one of these fits, when the visit of Villano and Frederic was announced to him. A dreadful foreboding appeared to shoot across him: "Let them not come near me," he cried, "I fear they come to tell me that all my hopes are blasted; events of late have taken a strange and most unnatural turn, and I am made the dupe of them. There was a time—it is past—let me not think of it;—but these messengers from Leopold Lindamore—let me see them; and let our conversation be in private."

Stretched on his couch, the abbot awaited the arrival of these messengers, whose coming he feared—but why he feared them he could not tell. A presentiment of approaching evil preyed upon him—but although he had heard of a guardian spirit watching over the good, a secret internal feeling told him, he was not one for a

spirit of heaven to watch over. A trembling came over him as he heard the approach of his dreaded visitors; the door opened—and Villano, with a proud commanding step, followed by Frederic, closely wrapped in his cloak, entered the apartment. On his entrance, he greeted not the abbot with a friendly welcome, nor did he ask from him his blessing; but he cast on him a look, stern and forbidding, which seemed to penetrate to the very heart of the villain priest, and which, being unable to meet, he turned his head aside.

“Well may you avert your face from me,” said Villano, “though you know me not, nor the purport of my visit—but if on earth you are unable to bear a fellow mortal’s looks, how will you be able to bear the look of your Almighty Judge in heaven, when in the moment of his wrath, he consigns you to the torments of his hell. Priest! I appear before you as the earthly avenger of persecuted innocence.”

“Spare me! Spare me!” said the abbot.

“Had I the thunder’s voice,” said Villano, “I’d speak to you in it. The measure of your iniquity has run over—the cries of the injured have reached the throne of heaven—and in me you behold heaven’s instrument to avenge them. Hear me, thou outcast from heaven’s mercy—and if my words speak daggers to thy recreant soul, if thou feelest but half the agony, which thou in thy guilt hast inflicted upon others, my

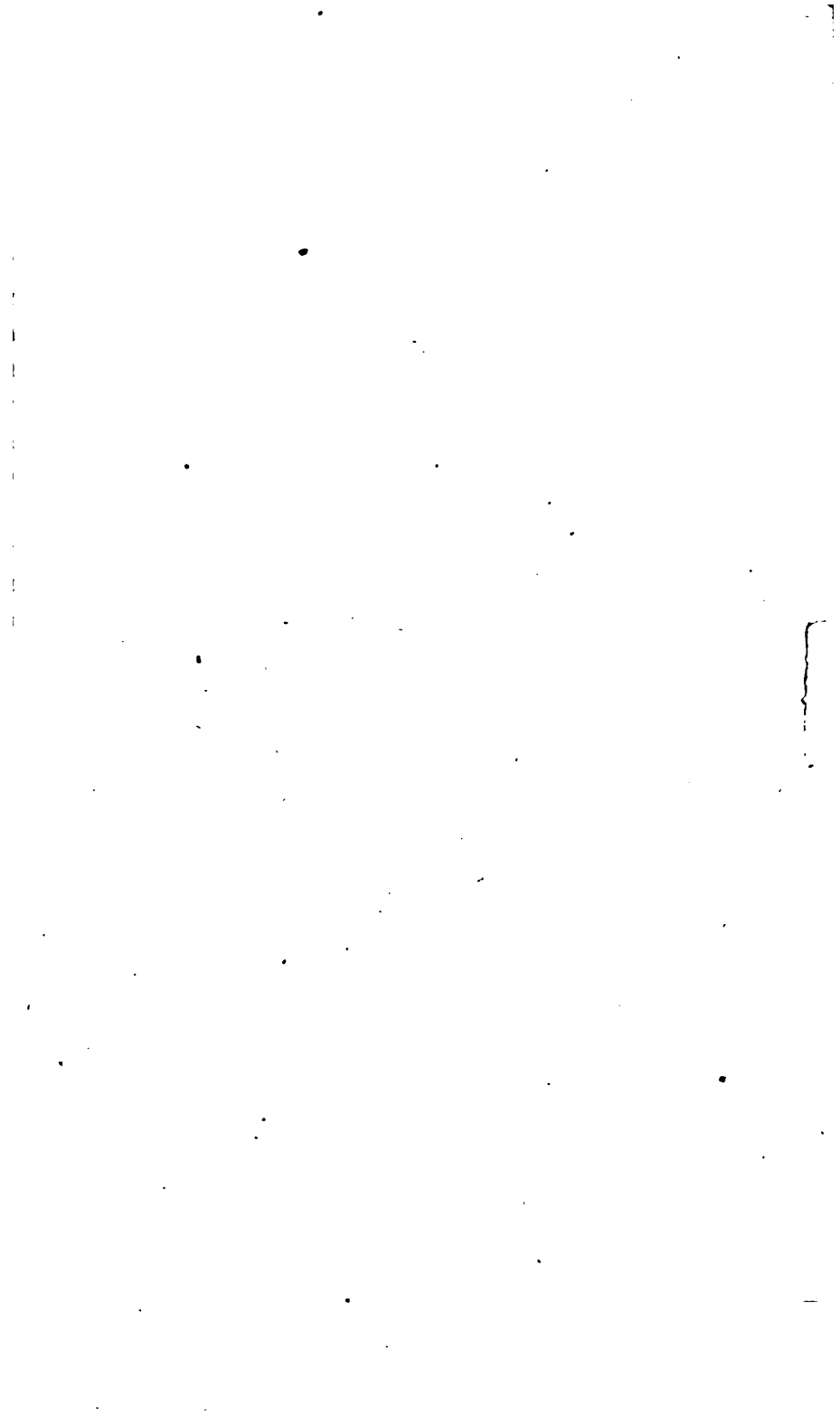
mission is fulfilled. Thou seest that sun just risen from behind the mountains, shining even in heaven's goodness upon thee—thee, of criminals the most damned. Dost thou wish to-morrow's dawn that thine eyes should behold it there ? Then thou'lt answer truly to the questions which I will put to thee—if thou refusest, or even hesitates, this sword shall pierce thy hated heart, and thy perturbed spirit shall be emancipated to receive its doom in heaven."

"Mercy! mercy!" stammered the abbot, over whose countenance came the paleness of death, and his fixed eye-balls told his internal agony ; his breast rose with tumultuous heavings—and, at times, with his clenched hands, he struck his forehead in all the madness of desperation.

"Here," said Villano, tearing off the cloak from Frederic, "you see before you the injured son of a much injured Sire."

"O God ! O God !" ejaculated the abbot.

"Call not upon your God," said Villano, "let not his righteous name come from your polluted lips—the angel of mercy will turn his ear away from it—nor will any ministering spirit bear it to the throne of forgiveness in heaven. On thy recreant soul damnation rests with a mountain's weight, beyond a mortal's puny power to remove ; but in the plenitude of thy crime, could it not satisfy thee and thy accomplices to tear the father from his child, and at a distance from his kindred and his home, to consign him





Leopold's banditti seizing the Lady who fled from the Convent

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to the assassin's dagger ; but even the decrepitude of age—the hoary locks grown grey in a life of virtue—the heart which never formed a deed against thee—nor the head a thought to injure thee—even these must fall a victim to thy degenerate nature. This night has thy treachery been discovered—in the vault of Niolo rests no bones of the Count Niolo—in what corner of the earth hast thou deposited them, or does he yet live to tell thy infamy to an indignant world ?”

The hand of death seemed to be creeping fast over the abbot—his lips quivered, and they appeared almost to have lost the power of articulation. In a faint tone, he muttered—“An—selm, An—selm.”

“ Was the Count of Niolo murdered,” asked Villano, “ or does he live ?”

“ He—he li—lives,” whispered the abbot.

“ Where can I look for my father ?” asked Frederic.

The angel of death had received its mandate—on the lips of the abbot seemed to hover the parting words of life ; but the power of articulation was gone. The dreaded rattlings in the throat declared the crisis to be at hand. For a minute, life struggled for victory, but mortality claimed its tribute ; and, with a convulsive pang, the abbot expired.

For a few minutes Villano and Frederic viewed the now senseless frame of the abbot.

“ He has finished his account on earth,” said

Villano, "but what a dreadful one opens upon him in another—we have no further business here." Taking a last look at the corpse, Villano and Frederic left the dormitory, and called the monks to sing their requiem for his soul.

Confusion now reigned in the monastery—and, as it was discovered that Villano had a sword concealed, some strong suspicions were promulgated that the death of the abbot had been expedited; but, although his body was examined, no appearance of a wound presented itself, and it was finally concluded that he had died in the regular course of nature—though, perhaps, his death had been hastened by the intelligence which his visitors had communicated to him.

Villano and Frederic having left the monastery, set forward to Niolo with all possible speed, where they arrived in time to receive a visit from the abbess of the convent, who, with some of the nuns, had escaped the perils of the fire, by taking refuge in a neighbouring cottage. The intelligence of the arrival of the abbess was heard by Frederic with particular delight, as he now hoped to gain some information of the fate of his daughter, and the venerable matron was immediately admitted into his private apartment.

During the time that these affairs were transacting in the vicinity of Niolo, the miscreants who had possessed themselves of the person of

the female who was flying from the burning convent, hurried with their victim to the Inn of the Pass of San Petro, whither Leopold and Ortano instantly repaired, elated with the prospect of having Adeline in their possession. The party, with their captive, had arrived several hours before their employers, and the lady had no sooner alighted, than she was immediately recognized by the host, as being one of the party who travelled with Count Frederic Lindamore, and this confirmed the villains that they had entrapped the proper person; but how great was their mortification and surprise, when, on Leopold and Ortano being introduced into the room in which the captive was sitting, to find that it was not Adeline Lindamore, but Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, who, when Frederic threw off his disguise in the hall, was, with the majority of the guests, so convinced that it was a ghost, that she had fled in the most precipitate manner to the convent, from which she had been driven by the flames. It was, however, rather a pantomimical scene, to observe the clouds of disappointment which hung upon the countenances of the confederates, and the comparative smile of satisfaction which adorned the features of Mademoiselle. As to any mistake in the person, that was an idea which never entered into her head, for she actually believed that she had been carried off by design; and as her black eyes had often spoken a most intelligible language to Or-

tano, which he must have been a blockhead indeed if he could not decypher; it was not at all improbable, that he had taken this very romantic step, in order to prove to her that he had understood all that her eyes had spoken, and as it was most probable that Adeline had escaped from him, he might perhaps feel no objection to heal the wound which her superlative charms had inflicted upon his heart, by the enjoyment of the less dazzling, but perhaps, not less solid beauties which belonged to herself. Some little time elapsed in dumb shew, before Leopold could collect himself sufficiently to address the captive lady; but he at last began, by declaring, that he was excessively sorry for the treatment which she had received. Mademoiselle interrupted him, by begging him on no account to mention it—for although she had experienced some inconvenience, she now forgot it all—she only regretted that harsh measures had been adopted, before her inclinations had been consulted.

“Indeed, Mademoiselle,” said Ortano, “it is not every female, who has been carried off like yourself, who would so easily forgive the act.”

“I can make every allowance,” said Mademoiselle, “for those acts which are committed under the impulse of affection.

“How considerate you are,” said Ortano; “this act, indeed, originated in my warm and ardent affection for —

“O! there is no occasion,” said Mademoiselle,

“for you to declare it now—the act speaks sufficiently for itself; but had you given me the slightest hint of your intentions, we might have managed the business with greater secrecy.”

“How were that possible?” said Ortano; “we lost all sight of you, during the confusion in the hall, and but for the burning of the convent, we should not now be enjoying the pleasure of your society.”

Mademoiselle acknowledged the compliment by a formal courtesy, and in the most endearing tone inquired, “whither they intended to convey her?”

“Perhaps you would wish,” said Leopold, “to return to Niolo?”

“It is immaterial to me,” said Mademoiselle; “I am perfectly at your disposal.”

“After the inconvenience to which we have exposed you,” said Ortano, “it becomes us to take the most speedy measures for providing for your comfort—you shall be safely conveyed whithersoever you please.”

“I do not wish by any means,” said Mademoiselle, “to offer any obstacle to the plans which you may have formed, nor do I wish you to change your route on my account.”

“Were you to follow my recommendation,” said Leopold, “you would return without delay to Niolo.”

“Be it so then,” said Mademoiselle; “shall we depart?”

“Our route lies in a different direction,” said

Ortano, "but you shall have safe convoy provided for you."

"And will you not accompany me?" asked Mademoiselle.

"Our affairs call us elsewhere," said Ortano.

"Then said Mademoiselle, "where was the sense or utility of bringing me all this way, merely to send me back again?"

Leopold and Ortano looked with surprise at each other, for they now began to see the mistake under which the infatuated woman was laboring, and they felt themselves in rather an awkward dilemma. It would not be policy nor prudence in them to own that she had been carried off by mistake for Adeline, as that would be giving a clue at once to the reason of setting the convent on fire—and also to the persons who actually plotted the deed. The mind of Leopold was, however, rich in invention, and knowing well as he did, that the resentment of a woman if once excited is of a boundless nature, and especially if that resentment be roused, by a neglect of, or indifference to her personal charms, he judged it most discreet, rather to soften the business with her, than to underceive her all at once, and thereby send her back to Niolo, with the flame of resentment burning like a Vesuvius within her.

"You are well aware," said Leopold to Mademoiselle, "that affairs of late have taken a most extraordinary change at Niolo, and you will

confess, that until matters take a more favorable turn, our presence there cannot be very acceptable; in our present unsettled state, therefore, it is impossible for us to provide for you according to our wishes—but though defeated at present, I will yet be Lord of Niolo, and we must all look forward to brighter days.”

“But,” asked Mademoiselle, “what has that to do with my being brought hither? Consider how roughly I have been handled, and is it all to end in my being sent back again, like a returned bale of goods, damaged and unsound? The treatment was so shocking; and if, Signor Ortano, as you have just now told me, it was your affection for me, which prompted you to employ your agents to carry me off, can I attach any belief to your assertions, or consider your affection to be true, when the first proof of it I receive, is to send me back whence I came.”

Ortano could scarcely refrain from smiling at the vanity of the woman, in even supposing that she could be the object of his affections, or that she was an object worthy of a dozen sturdy reprobates being employed, to carry her off. But notwithstanding the ridiculous light in which she appeared, it yet became a very nice point with him in what manner he was to extricate himself from the dilemma in which he was thrown by this unexpected claim upon his affections? And he attempted to turn the course of conversation, by inquiring, if his betrothed bride were in the convent at the time

of the fire. The word bride sounded rather dissonant in the ears of Mademoiselle, considering the situation in which she then supposed herself to be, and bridling up with a high degree of consequence, she exclaim'd—"Bride here, or bride there, she's lost to you for ever; and as you have shewn a disposition, by the step which you have now taken, to accept of me as her substitute, why am I to be thus treated?"

"You cannot be surprised," said Leopold, "at any anxiety which my friend Ortano, or myself may testify, regarding the fate of my niece, and therefore, as you were for a few hours a resident in the convent, it is most probable that her fate is known to you; I request a categorical answer from you—did she or did she not perish in the flames?"

"Before I answer that question," said Mademoiselle, "I demand a categorical answer from you—did you or did you not bring me hither to make a fool of me?"

"I will answer that question directly," said Ortano; "it was never intended to bring you hither at all—it was an act of stupidity—a mere mistake on the part of a set of reprobates."

"An act of stupidity," repeated Mademoiselle—"a mere mistake! O that I should have this insult passed upon me. It was not then your affection, nor your love for me?"

"Neither, I do assure you," said Ortano.

"O that I should live to see such villainous

doings, exclaimed Mademoiselle—"but you shall know what it is to maltreat a lady like myself."

"You are now in our power," said Leopold, "and I give you the option, either to remain a prisoner here, and be fed upon bread and water, or to have a safe convoy given you to Nilo—and the conditions are, that you immediately disclose all you know respecting the fate of Adeline; and if it be afterwards discovered that you have given a false report, then we'll consign you over as a marketable commodity to your companions, who brought you hither, and they may make the best bargain they can of you."

O heavens!" exclaimed Mademoiselle—"what treachery there is in this world."

"I ask you now," said Leopold, "for a peremptory answer—was my niece in the convent at the time of the fire?"

"She was not," answered Mademoiselle.

"Did you ever hear it mentioned," asked Ortano, "whither her flight was directed?"

"Never," answered Mademoiselle; I know she was conducted from the convent by Adolphus Rosenheim, in company with his sister."

"Adolphus Rosenheim?" exclaimed Ortano. "Damnation! then I am afraid she is beyond our power."

"As you hope to meet with forgiveness in heaven," said Leopold, "will you swear you know not the route they took?"

"Yes, I do know the route they took," answered Mademoiselle.

"Well, declare it," said Ortano, in the most eager manner, "and deceive us not."

"They took the right one," said Mademoiselle, "which led them from their enemies. I should consider them fools if they took any other."

"But we mean," said Ortano, "the road on which they travelled?"

"Yes," said Mademoiselle, archly, "I mean also the road on which they travelled—they certainly did not travel on that which led them to their enemies."

"Away with this taunting foolery," said Leopold, "I am convinced you know the place of Adeline's concealment. I'll give you an hour to disclose it—if within that time you refuse to tell it the consequences be upon your head."

"I will take them," said Mademoiselle.

"We will leave you to your own reflections for a time," said Leopold.

"I thank you," said Mademoiselle; and vexed with disappointment, and highly chagrined at the unlucky mistake which had been committed, they hastily left the room.

With all the foibles which nature had mixed together in the constitution of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, and let those, who are exempt from foibles, throw the first stone at her, she certainly could not be classed in the number of those A. B. C. characters, who vegetate upon the earth,

and who, like the horse in the mill, follow hood-wink'd, one beaten track, nor even testify a desire to digress from it. In some instances she could read the human character very distinctly, and in others she made the most egregious mistakes, and in this point of view, abstractedly considered, a positive degree of merit was due to her; for where lives the individual, and where he an Aristotle, or a Diogenes, who can at all times open the separate book of an individual's character, and read it leaf by leaf, and, after all, make no error in his conclusions? At the former time, when Mademoiselle was an inmate in her present abode, some opportunity was given to her of ascertaining the character of the host, and although she had not read it deeply, yet she was convinced that it was attended with one foible—or, perhaps, it was something more than a foible, which was, that he would take a bribe from one person to perform an act, and he would take a bribe of another not to perform it; therefore, the last that came to him was generally the best served. I do not know that this is a character by any means uncommon in the world, or that it be peculiar to the country in the vicinity of the Castle of Niolo. Some travellers have pretended to discover it in high perfection in a certain island, but these travellers must have been of the family of Munchausen, of Gulliver, or of Damberger, for who will be bold enough to say, that the system of bribery exists in that same

island at the present day—or, that any one can be found in it, who will take a bribe with the right hand and another with the left, and yet effect the air of probity or honour:

But that a rook by wearing a pied feather,
The cable hat-band, and the three pil'd ruff,
A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garter, should affect a humour;
O! it is more than most ridiculous.

With the knowledge, however, which Made-moiselle possessed of the character of the host, she made no doubt she could, by means of a bribe, win him to her side, and by making her escape from the house, reduce the alternative of living upon bread and water, or becoming the *chere amie* of a gang of desperados into a mere nullity. It was a wise thought and worthy of the head that engendered it. Calling, therefore, for the host, and displaying before his eyes that

———— Which would melt the snow
That lies in Dian's lap—

she communicated to him the plan which she had formed, and which by his aid, she hoped to put in execution. The obsequious host was immediately her most faithful servant, and he assured her she might command his services to any extent. But he added, shaking his head, I fear an escape from this house is at present im-

practicable, it is so beset by the emissaries of Signor Leopold, that even a dog cannot leave it without being pelted at; yet, as I sincerely pity your case, I have a place contiguous to my house, in which you can be concealed, until those whom you fear so much, have taken their leave."

"That will do equally as well," said Mademoiselle; "you can pretend ignorance of the manner in which I have effected my escape, and as they will not be able to discover me, it will pass over as the wonder of the moment."

"Follow me, then," said the host, "and be sure you speak not."

This was certainly a very severe injunction upon a female, and especially upon one, whose tongue was gifted with such an extraordinary degree of volubility as that of Mademoiselle. She, however, preserved the injunction, and followed the host upon tip-toe, until he conducted her into a granary, in one corner of which lay a large heap of straw, and the remainder of the place appeared to be amply stored with various kinds of provender for the asinine and mulish tribes.

"Now, Madam," said the host in a whisper, "no one will ever think of looking for you under that heap of straw, as being a very unlikely place to find a lady of your condition."

"I grant it," said Mademoiselle; "and you are certain then that there is no chance of detection?"

"Not in the least, Madam," said the host; "I

will so cover you with it, that you will feel as warm as if you were in your bed, and it is a bed which many a muleteer would be glad of."

Mademoiselle followed implicitly the instructions of the host, and in a short time her body was so covered with the straw, that no person coming accidentally into the granary, could possibly have conceived, that a form like that of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, was then reposing under it.

"When all is safe," said the host, "I will return to liberate you from your confinement;" and, bidding her be of good cheer, he, in the most cautious manner, left the granary.

For a time, every thing appeared to be quiet in the Inn, and Mademoiselle was in high expectation that this adventure of her's would pass off according to her most sanguine wishes, and that Leopold and Ortano would give themselves no further trouble about her. It was not long, however, before she heard the voice of Leopold thundering in the house; and she distinctly caught the epithets of traitor, villain, and scoundrel, which were most lavishly bestowed upon the host.

Mademoiselle was now convinced that her escape had been discovered, and she trembled at every sound which appeared to approach her place of refuge. With the most delightful feelings, she heard the trampling of horses before the Inn, and she was not wrong in her conjecture, when she supposed that it was Leopold and Ortano taking their departure. Mademoiselle Schlaffen-

hausen was, however, one of those unfortunate creatures, of whom there are by far too many in this scurvy world, who let them place themselves in whatever situation they will—or even, like herself, be placed in it by others, but they are sure to have some disaster or another befall them. It appears that the toothless granny, who had formerly administered to the necessities of the piggeries, had paid the debt of nature, and her important situation was fill'd by a stout buxom jolly lass, who had no objection to pay a debt of nature also, but in a manner very different from that which had been paid by the granny. Now, on the very night, on which the hospitable straw covered the trembling frame of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, this jolly lass, had a particular secret to disclose to one of the emissaries of Leopold, and nothing certainly could be more unfortunate for Mademoiselle, than, that there was not any corner—nor lonely place, in which this important secret could be told, but, on the very straw in which Mademoiselle lay concealed. It was one of the most malicious tricks, which the imps of mischief ever played her—not even excepting the fallen arras, nor the bloody nose. With a palpitating heart, and her whole frame trembling with affright, she heard some person enter the granary, and bend their steps to the ill-fated spot of her concealment. That they were come to entrap her, she made no doubt, for it was by no means unlikely, that the host had taken a bribe to betray her. She heard some

faint whispers, but immersed in the straw, she could not catch the import of the words. Nearer and nearer came the steps, and on a sudden, a tremendous weight, such as she had never borne before, fell upon her, and all that she could do was to utter one of those piercing shrieks, at which certain ladies are great adepts, and which are now reduced almost to a science, every occasion having its distinct altitude of shriek, running through all the gamut, from the bass to the treble, and ending at last in that sort of unearthly yell, which few human beings can hear without falling down with affright. But in this case, the parties, whose ears were assailed by the shrilly shriek which burst from Mademoiselle, happened to be down already, and therefore, as honest Sancho said, when he fell from Dapple, they could not fall much lower—and happy are they who know the lowest degree to which they can fall. But if the weight fell suddenly upon Mademoiselle, the motion was still quicker with which it was removed; for, as a desperado is generally a coward at heart, he left his dulcinea to take care of herself—and she not wishing to remain in a place where her ears had been assailed so powerfully, and where she was conscious to herself, that she had no business to have been at all, grop'd her way out, as well as her terrified senses would allow her, leaving Mademoiselle once more in undisturbed possession and enjoyment of her straw. But the greatest dread which now stole over her mind was, that the individual,

whoever they might be, would give the alarm, and she might be removed from her present station by the aid of pitchforks or of dungforks; but had she been aware of the actual state of things, she would have banished from her mind, all idea of fear or dread, for on raising the alarm, the individuals would commit themselves—and some questions might be asked, as to the purport of their visit to the straw at that particular time, which certainly could not be answered in a very satisfactory manner, neither to themselves nor to the inquirers. Therefore, as far as they were concerned, no fear of a discovery existed; and indeed, no great length of time had elapsed before she was released from the situation by the host himself, who brought to her the welcome intelligence that the coast was clear; and being informed that Leopold and his friend had taken a route different from that leading to Niolo, she determined to repair to the latter place immediately, where she made no doubt that she would be welcomed, on account of the information which she had it in her power to give, relative to the affairs of the family. With the assistance of the host, she was enabled to put her resolution into execution; and although a lady of her standing and character would not like to have it told that she had been in the straw, yet, like many other ladies, she felt no objection to be in the straw again, if the same fortunate escape would be the result of it.

CHAPTER XIV.



His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name,
Is at last gasp, and what shalt thou expect,
To be dependent on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as least to prop him?

If there be a feeling which elevates an individual above his fellows, it is that of conscious innocence; it is the brightest property of an unspotted soul—it defies all circumstances—it elevates his joys—it beautifies his happiness. But it is in the hour of adversity that it shows wholly, how proud—how cheering—how incorruptible it is. It develops the noblest traits of its spiritual nature, when it accompanies the honest man to the bar of his accusers—when it is his companion in his cell—and when it goes along with him, to the moment when he receives the punishment awarded to him by an unjust sentence. All other human feelings may be weakened—suffocated in pain—they may all be annihilated—but the feeling of innocence is beyond the power of man to destroy. The villain, by

his fawning turpitude—by the blackness of his revenge, can lie in wait for the innocent—he can chain and torture him—but to make him worthy of the punishment—that is beyond his power, The comfort of his justification goes along with him, not only beyond the limits of this life, but he leaves it behind him in unextinguishable traits in the hearts of those—who conceived, with his mortal covering, that they should also be able to obliterate for ever, the mighty claims of persecuted innocence.

Proud and firmly established in their innocence, Frederic and Villano awaited the midnight hour, which was to bring the mysterious monk into their presence. They looked not upon the setting sun with fear, for although it set in the midst of stormy clouds, they looked not upon it as an omen that the wrath of heaven was about to be poured out against them; for they could look above, and, making allowance for human frailty, they dreaded not the bar at which an accusing spirit will open the book, and point to the deeds which they had done on earth.

“Let us repair to the hall,” said Villano, “the hour of our appointment draws near.”

“We will go unarmed,” said Frederic.

“Let us shew ourselves above all suspicion,” said Villano; “the man who throws himself into the power of another, should never have his confidence abused. The heart that is conscious

of its own rectitude will never yield to human power."

The Castle clock had struck twelve, and the last stroke had scarcely sounded, when the bell at the gate was heard.

"He is at all events punctual," said Villano.

"It speaks well for him," said Frederic.

There was something sublimely great in the appearance of Villano at this moment. He stood with his arms folded, whilst the most undaunted spirits shone on his countenance, and his bold piercing eye was directed to the door by which the monk was to enter; it opened, and the monk presented himself to their view. With a bold and dignified step he approached the spot where Frederic and Villano were standing.

"You see me at the appointed hour, he said; are you arm'd?"

"We are not," said Villano.

"It is worthy of you," said the monk; "nor need you fear the secret dagger of the assassin."

"Declare the purport of your visit," said Villano; "we have not betrayed the confidence reposed in you—do you not betray the confidence reposed in us."

The monk eyed the apartment with an inquisitive look—"Are we alone?" he asked.

"We are," answered Frederic.

"Be seated," said the monk; "I am myself weary with travel."

Frederic repaired to the table, and returning with a goblet of wine, tendered it to the monk.

"I am not worthy," said the monk, "to take it from your hand—set it down."

"There is no poisonous drug in it," said Villano.

The monk took the goblet from the table—"I drink to you," he said. "Frederic Lindamore and Count Villano are above suspicion. Listen to me—I will not disclose my country nor my name---but you see before you the monk known in the monastery of Arienheim by the name of Anselm-----"

"Anselm!" repeated Frederick, "it was the name mentioned by the abbot in his dying moments."

"And he has reason to mention it," said the monk. "Listen to me. I stand before you as one of his guilty instruments, in effecting as damned a deed as ever the angels of heaven blushed at, or man in his rankest turpitude ever witnessed. In peace with heaven---in amity with the whole world, lived an aged man; large were his possessions, and great his wealth. The former he had bequeathed to their legitimate heir---the latter, with the exception of his charity to the poor, was bequeathed to younger children. But, scourged by all the demons of guilt, the younger son rebelled against his father and, in the guilty abbot of our monastery, he found a willing and an able coadjutor, in the fulfilment of his diabolical plans. The elder brother had

been removed by the assassin's dagger ; and poison---poison of the most deadly nature, was to cut short the fragile tenure which yet held the father to the world. In the cursed cells of the monastery the fatal potion was prepared---and I was selected to administer it in the wine of our holy sacrament. Compunction seized me---I was not yet villain enough to injure harmless age---I remonstrated with our abbot upon the consequences which the discovery of the death of the old man, by poison, would draw upon our monastery. My arguments prevailed, and his fate was changed to imprisonment for life in the cells of our monastery. In that hateful place, the virtue of every herb is known ; we formed a hellish potion, which lays every human faculty asleep, and gives its victim the image of a tranquil death. In the fulness of our guilt it was administered to him, and, on a night, when heaven would not suffer a single star to shine upon our deeds, we removed the body---stones were put into his coffin, and the funeral rites were paid."

The monk had scarcely finished this sentence, when Frederic and Villano eyed each other in the most expressive manner. The straining look of the former told the intense anxiety which then possessed his mind ; and, on the manly brow of the latter, was gathered the deep frown of indignation at the villainous acts in which the monk had been an accomplice.

"I can read the feelings," said the monk "which

now agitate your breasts ; but suspend your opinion of me until my recital is completed."

"Proceed," said Villano.

"In one of the subterraneous cells of our monastery," continued the monk, "we deposited the body of the old man ; and, although I had sworn eternal enmity to my race for the injuries which had been heaped upon me, yet the voice of humanity was not wholly stifled within me. I believed myself a savage, and once rejoiced in the opportunity of doing my fellows an injury ; but on me it devolved to be the bearer of the scanty meal to our captive. No reproach ever came from his lips--he thanked and blessed me. Once he fell on his knees, and, with uplifted hands, asked me of his family ; down his furrowed cheek his tears rolled slowly ; " he thought, he said, their source was dried on earth---but he was willing to shed his last to the memory of those he loved."

"His last?" asked Frederic, in a trembling tone.

"He has, I hope, shed his last on earth," said the monk ; "but their force was all powerful---there were heaven's messengers, sent for his salvation--they penetrated to my heart--the savage impulse of my nature was softened---and I once more felt myself a man."

The monk paused, and his head dropped upon his breast---he drew his hand across his eyes---"Forgive this temporary weakness," he said, "it

shows itself in gratitude to heaven, that it has saved me from perdition, and that it selected me as the instrument to save persecuted and aged innocence from the grasp of villainy."

"The repentant sinner is received in heaven," said Frederic.

"And I have sinned," said the monk, "against heaven and against man."

"The former will pardon thee," said Villano, "when the latter will not."

"My claims upon the latter are few," said the monk—"I have received forgiveness from one, and his voice, when it pleads for me, will be heard in heaven. But let me finish—and then I'll retire to a hermit's cell, where, separate from the world and its temptations, I may make my peace with God :—We succeeded one night in entrapping a stranger, whose boldness or curiosity had led him to descend from the ruined hermitage into the subterraneous passages of the monastery, and we secured him as he was standing close to the door of the cell in which the old man was confined. Being thus in possession of our most important secret, his death was determined upon—for his escape would declare our infamy, and bring down the vengeance of the country upon our heads. In secret, the abbot and myself composed the fatal mixture, and I descended to the dungeon in which he was confined, to administer it to him. But, O horror ! what damnable deed might I have committed—instead of a stranger, I saw before

me my——. But I will not speak it, it would declare to you my name and country. I gave him his liberty—I saw him safe from the precincts of his hateful prison—and, in the affectionate embrace which I received from him, I felt how inexpressibly sweet are the feelings arising from the commission of a virtuous act. I returned to the abbot. I buoy'd him up with the hope that the fatal draught had been administered—and that his victim was then stiffened in the agonies of death. Leaving him to enjoy his rest, if rest could visit such a guilty couch, I returned to the cell in which the aged man was confined. I had tasted the blissful feelings of virtue—I had become enamoured with it—and heaven lent its kindly aid to strengthen me in my resolution. I opened the door of the captive's cell—he was asleep—he was resting in his innocence—the spirit of consciousness was disengaged—and, by the smile which seemed to play upon his features, he was dreaming, perhaps, of those he lov'd. I took his hand, and a warm tear for his sufferings fell upon it. Time was precious—I roused him—he thought his murderer was before him—and begged for mercy. “Yes,” I exclaimed, “thou shalt have mercy—it may, perhaps, be granted to me in return—come, thy sufferings are at an end—liberty awaits you. With the most rapturous feelings I conducted him from his prison. I knew his enemies were abroad, and I led him to a place of safety. I

have since then watched over him—I have administered to his wants ; from the moment of his liberation his eye has never been dimmed by a tear—and the moment is now come in which I can restore him to his family. I have received his forgiveness—grant me yours, and the hour of my death will be soothing. Joy which comes suddenly, has, 'ere now, broken the finest ligaments of human reason, and madness has rioted on the ruins."

The monk rose from his seat. "Frederic Lindamore," he cried, "a few moments more and I shall know myself a houseless wanderer upon the earth ; where I shall rest my head I know not ; nor will there be one who is dear to me, by my side, to close my eyes in death. I must seek the squirrels' hoard to give me food, the damp earth must be my resting place, and heaven's spangled firmament my canopy. The winds of winter may, perhaps, bleach my corse, and the she-wolf may bear my limbs to its famished cubs—but 'ere I go to expiate my crimes by suffering, give me your forgiveness—on my knees I beg it ; it will cheer me on my desolate way, and soften the agony of my death."

"My forgiveness," exclaimed Frederic, as he raised the monk from his knees, "I require it myself from heaven, and will not refuse it to those who have sinned against me ; but in what have you injured me, or for what do you require my forgiveness ?"

"Great has been my enormity," said the monk, "but the reparation which I have made for it is not small. Summon your fortitude, for you will need it, when I tell you that the aged man, whom we carried to the monastery, was—your father!"

"My father?" exclaimed Frederic.

"Yes," answered the monk, "I—I was one of the accomplices in that damned deed; but the reparation which I make for it is, by restoring that same father to a virtuous son."

The door of the hall opened, and, supported by his two old faithful domestics, Rupert and Deborah, the good old Count tottered into the arms of his transported son. Neither could speak for a time—words were lost in the fulness of their feelings. Villano stood—his noble countenance brightened with joy, and he cast on the monk a look fraught with the purest admiration. Deborah fell on her knees before the monk, and blessed him for having saved her master.

"Rise, I beg of you," said the monk, "my merit is small—my part is fulfilled;" and, addressing himself to the interesting groupe which presented itself before him, he said—"Farewell! may the blessings of the contrite heart follow you through life."

The monk was preparing to depart. Frederic tore himself away from the embraces of his father. "Not so," he said to the monk, "you must not—shall not leave us. I am indebted to

you for a treasure, for which no earthly recompense can remunerate you. Be it the study of my life to make your latter days peaceful and happy."

"My deliverer," said the old Count, "Niolo is your home."

"O speak it not," said the monk, "my destiny impels me elsewhere. I carry with me your forgiveness. I leave you my tears for the sufferings you have endured, and I, myself, a party to them. This act, however, will, I hope, plead for a mitigation of my sentence, when I am standing at a more awful bar than that of man."

"Refuse not, however," said Frederic, "to inform us to whom we are indebted for this noble act."

"The time is not yet come," said the monk; "my destiny is not yet accomplished; but I trust, before the hour of my dissolution arrives, I shall have advanced another claim to the forgiveness of heaven. Let me now depart with your blessing," and, proffering his hand to the aged Count, "I trust, with your forgiveness."

"You carry with you my gratitude," said the Count; "to forgive you, implies a sense of injury sustained—how can that apply to me?"

"I never injured you," said the monk.

"And you have made more than ample reparation for it," said the old Count.

"Then heaven be thanked that it has given me the opportunity," said the monk; "but now

farewell ; the time is not far distant, when you will see me again, and bearing with me, I hope, a double claim to your forgiveness.

" May success attend your undertakings," said the old Count.

" We shall meet elsewhere," said Villano, who had cast the most penetrating glances upon the monk, as if anxious to recall to his memory, when and where he had seen him.

" If not in this world," said the monk, " we may, perhaps, in the next—farewell."

" Heaven be with you," said the Count.

In a precipitate manner the monk prepared to leave the hall ; and, as he stood at the door, he made a secret motion to Villano to follow him.

Villano understood the sign ; and, addressing himself to the old Count, he said—" Much have you to relate to each other of the sufferings you have endured, of the dangers you have escaped, and of the enemies against whom you have had to contend : allow me to retire for a short time ; I will shortly return, and share the joy which your restoration to each other must necessarily excite." Thus saying, he left the hall, and joined the monk as he was crossing the bridge which led from the western gate.

CHAPTER XV.

~~Some strange commotion~~

Leaves his train. His brow lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple: straight
Springs out into fast gait, he stops again;
Strikes his breast hard; and, anon, he casts
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures
We see him set himself.

MURPHY as the worthy abbess of St. Roch de-
plored the burning of her convent, and herself,
with her religious retarries exposed to the most
mortifying humiliations; yet there was one object
which, in the midst of the heavy clouds which
spread their disheartening gloom around her
threw one bright gleam of sunshine upon her
life. She was by far too wise and prudent a wo-
man to take an open or a decided part in the va-
rious transactions which had lately taken place
at Niolo, and its vicinity, being firmly assured,
that she had only to exhibit her particular predi-
lection in favour of certain individuals, or to ex-
press her sentiments on the actions of the seve-
ral characters, who had lately conspired to bring

ruin upon the family of Niolo, to draw down
 upon herself the most rancorous vengeance of
 the miscreant horde. She had also heard, and be-
 lieved in the efficacy of priestly anathemas, de-
 nunciations, excommunications, and everlasting
 banishment from the kingdom of St. Peter; and
 although this was evidently a great proof of her
 weakness, yet some allowance must be made for
 her on account of the time in which she lived,
 when superstition shed its mephitic blast over
 the human mind, and thousands of rational beings
 knew no other way to heaven than by muttering
 Ave-Marias and Pater-nosters, or by the absolution
 of monks, or the particular grace and favor of St.
 Peter, who had received the appointment from
 man, as guardian of the gates of heaven; and who
 therefore admits or rejects whomsoever he pleases,
 particularly if he does not bring a certificate with
 him, that he has been white-washed from his sins
 by the said St. Peter's deputy upon earth. Now the
 worthy abbess had not tasted of so many of the
 good things of this world; as not to be intem-
 perate, and a very meritorious desire, to
 taste some of the good things of the next; and
 therefore, as it was then in the power of the
 righteous abbot of Arienheim, to transmit through
 St. Peter's deputy on earth, a positive affidavit,
 under his sign manual; that the abbess of St. Roth-
 was not a fit person to be admitted amongst the
 pure and undefiled in heaven, although by way of
 atonement, she might be induced to give to the said

St. Peter, two pence instead of a penny for the trouble of opening the gates, and registering her name in the book of the elect, it positively behoved her, in this very critical situation of affairs, to throw a cloak over her actions and to appear rather as a silent witness of the actions which were then perpetrating in the vicinity of Niolo, than as a participator or accessory in them. The abbess had therefore, recourse to stratagem, and a needle's toe and a woman's head, when stratagem is the question, are the most prolific things in nature. By means of Rosenheim, the abbess became intimately acquainted with some of the leading features of the tragic drama, which had been enacting in her neighbourhood ; but when, from the arrival of Leopold, it became impossible for Rosenheim to obtain correct information of the course which things were taking in the Castle, it was her regular custom, to dispatch an old wrinkled woman every day to the Castle with pins, and needles, and bodkins, and laces, (for ladies wore those hideous things, called stays, in those days as well as these) and as old Deborah was one of the ladies of the Castle, who often stood in need of a bodkin, or other such female instrument, the venerable *marchande des modes* was always admitted to the private room of Deborah, and the door was no sooner shut, and a glass of the strongest cordial set upon the table, which it may be rationally supposed, did not long remain there, than the old woman displayed her

stock of marketable commodities, and Deborah in return, opened her budget of Castle news, which same budget was received by the old woman with more complacency and satisfaction, than we, in our days, are apt to testify at the budget, which is often displayed to us by the financiers of St. Stephen's. The old woman having received all the information and intelligence—all the doubts and suspicions—the fears and surmises, which kept the mind of Deborah in a constant state of hurly-burly, toddled away with her basket upon her arm, along the passages of the Castle, and if perchance she met one of the roving signors, who at that time honored the castle with their presence, she dropped her courtesy and was suffered to pass, without any of those lets, hindrances, or molestations, which had she been forty or fifty years younger, she would undoubtedly have experienced. It is a master stroke of policy in a pastry-cook, to keep a pretty girl behind his counter, for the purpose of enabling the effeminate coxcombs of the age, as they affectedly sip their jellies, to enjoy two senses at once; and it is not a master stroke of policy in a mother to choose a pretty nursery-maid, unless it be her particular wish, that her children should be neglected. But notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, I will be bold enough to transmit my opinion to posterity, that it was a most excellent piece of female generalship of the abbess, to select the ancient lady as a

spy upon the inhabitants of the Castle ; it was a direct proof of her profound knowledge of woman, though, if report be to be credited, she was most lamentably deficient in her knowledge of men—but let that pass—we should only be censured for wilful ignorance, and not for that, which is imputed upon us by necessity. The abbess knew that there are moments in life, in which a young woman will tell all she knows ; and that had she sent a merry girl of twenty, with pins, and needles, and bodkins, and lace, to the Castle, the probability was great, that her whole stock would have been sold, and that she would have left the Castle much wiser than she entered it—but at the same time, it would have been with that sort of knowledge of which the abbess could not make any possible use in the critical situation in which she then stood ; but it was very differently constituted with the antiquated dame—her wares would remain unsold—but then she was certain of obtaining such information, and especially respecting her favorite Adeline, as would lead eventually to some positive good. It was to this trusty confidant, that Deborah confided the information of Adeline's intended marriage, to be conveyed to the abbess, and that some decisive steps should be instantly taken to frustrate the designs of her enemies ; Deborah undertaking, at the same time, to manage whatever was requisite towards effecting the escape of Adeline, as far as her powers extended in the

interior of the Castle. The manner in which Deborah succeeded, by a little laudanum, in throwing Mademoiselle Schaffhausen into a sound sleep, has been already described ; for she was the only person, whom Deborah had any reason to fear, and that fear arose from a disposition with which Deborah knew the lady was afflicted, of perambulating the passages of the Castle, at midnight, which was declared, on her part, to originate decidedly in a propensity to somnambulism, and, consequently, that it was wholly an involuntary act, for which she should not be condemned. The best way therefore, to cure Mademoiselle of her somnabulistical propensity was, to give her such a narcotic dose, as would at once, destroy all her locomotive powers ; and, in this respect, Deborah succeeded to the full extent of her wishes. Adeline, in the mean time, with a palpitating heart, left her apartment, and, with the light tread of a fairy, bent her steps towards the portal, in the western wing, by which Rosenheim had, by her means, a short time before effected his escape from the Castle. At a short distance from the Castle, Rosenheim and his sister were to be in readiness to receive her ; and having a carriage in waiting, the utmost expedition was to be used in conveying her to the convent of the Grey Sisters, in the valley of Cambrera, the superior of which being a sister of the abbess of St. Roch, would receive her with the greatest kindness, and where she could

be sheltered from her enemies until more fortunate times presented themselves.

Rosenheim had related to his sister the circumstance of the discovery of their long-lost brother in the person of Anselm, the monk ; and it was no sooner known that he had taken his leave of the monastery, than she resolved to visit her native home, in hopes of meeting with him there. Her affectionate heart took also an almost enthusiastic interest in the escape of Adeline, and she felt that her presence would naturally relieve Adeline from that embarrassment and restraint which would be imposed upon her, were she to travel with her brother alone. This was certainly a thought which would enter into every delicate mind ; but the question is, whether either Adeline or Rosenheim wished for her society, and, as far as any solution can be obtained by an examination of comparative cases, it must be confessed, that we should be obliged to give a negative to the question ; a third person is often very like an over-driven ox, who, in a most unceremonious manner, makes his sudden appearance in a china-shop—his presence is by no means required, and the sooner he betakes himself off the more satisfaction he will give to all the parties interested. Besides, the carriage which had been provided for the escape of Adeline, was so particularly constructed, that only three persons could sit with ease, and I know not in the whole catalogue of accidents, mistakes, mishaps, or

mischances which generally fall to the lot of lovers, any one of a more provoking or tantalising nature, than when two lovers have quietly seated themselves in a carriage, (except it be in an english mail-coach, in which you must either sit close to your beloved, or opposite to her, in which case an electrical fire is often imparted to you by the friendly contact of your knees) and a third person wedges herself between them, which proves a direct impediment to all those endearing motions—those tender squeezings of the hand—those gentle pressures—and, often those sweet and sily stolen kisses, one of which is more exquisitely relished, and conveys a more thrilling rapture to the heart, than all the cold and formal kisses which human lips ever manufactured, from even that most celebrated kiss which the Queen of Sheba gave to the King of Israel, to those which Solomon received from all the concubines which ever thronged his palace. O! there is something marvellously sweet in a secret kiss ;

O 'tis.

The humid seal of soft affections,
 The kindest pledge of future bliss,
 The dearest tie of young connections,
 'Tis love's first snow-drop—a virgin's kiss.
 'Tis speaking silence, dumb confession :
 'Tis passion's birth, and infant's play ;
 'Tis dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
 A glowing dawn of brighter day.

It has, however, been no where stated in this

history, that Ellen Rosenheim did actually wedge herself between her brother and Adeline ; on the contrary, as we have hitherto had no reason to doubt the politeness nor the gallantry of Rosenheim, we are fully entitled to believe that Rosenheim allowed the two ladies to occupy the corners, and that he formed the middle wedge, which was very necessary on the Alpine roads, to prevent the objects on each side of him from experiencing those jolts and jumbles, those blows and bruises, and those shocks and starts, which must be the inevitable result of a crazy vehicle, falling at one time into a deep rut, and at another, rolling over fragments of rocks, which chance had thrown on the road, to be pulverized in the lapse of centuries, by the action of the weather.

The joy, however, which Rosenheim experienced when he saw his beloved Adeline emerging from the western gate, and running towards the spot on which they had appointed to meet, was, in itself, too great to allow him to think, at the moment, of any other circumstance than her immediate safety ; and although prudence forbade him to hasten to meet her, yet, where is the lover whose heart being filled with the noblest passion of its nature, who could, in the zenith of its power, listen to the cold dictates of prudence ? The heart of that man is under the influence of a false affection, who stands hesitating about the prudence or the folly of his actions, at the moment when a positive or apparent danger presents itself, hanging over the head of his inamorata,

and had the heart of Rosenheim been filled with that spurious love, which too often passes for genuine in this world, he would have remained stationary with his sister, and have suffered Adeline to have made her own way to them in the best manner she could ; but although a strong possibility existed that Adeline might be pursued from the Castle, and, consequently, that were she overtaken, he might also again fall into the net of his enemies, yet, impelled by the ardor of his affection, he hastened to meet her, and it would be a very knotty point to solve, whether Rosenheim experienced the greater joy in beholding his Adeline saved from the terrible fate which impended over her, or Adeline in finding herself safe, and in the society of two beings for whom she felt the sincerest love, though differing in its nature for each of them. It was with no feeling of regret that Adeline took a parting look at her native home—it had been to her lately the abode of misery, and was near being the grave of her earthly happiness. Through the gloom of the night she saw the well-known scenes of her youth receding from her view, nor did a single tear drop from her eyes, as she bade them adieu—perhaps for ever. With a joyous heart the happy trio began their journey ; but the space at which they were obliged to travel, resembled that of an English stage-waggon, more than that at which lovers generally travel, whether it be to the convent of

the Grey Sisters, or to the accommodating Blacksmith of Gretna green.

A lover travelling with his beloved, except it be on a visit to the aforesaid Blacksmith, and then, were Phaeton to drive them with the horses of the Sun, they would not think he drove them quick enough, and a criminal going to be hanged, resemble each other in one respect particularly—and perhaps, other respects could be mentioned, in which a resemblance could be found ; but neither the lover nor the criminal wishes to arrive at the place of his destination—the former cares not how slow the vehicle travels, as it thence follows, that he is longer in the society of his beloved, and I believe, no criminal ever yet wished to go at even a trot to the gallows, not that he entertains any great predilection for the company in which he then finds himself, but he feels a certain dread for the society to which he may be condemned in another world. It was also a great source of satisfaction to the travellers, to reflect that, if the badness of the roads prevented them from travelling at a quick rate, there were no sorcerers nor magicians residing at that time in the country, who, by the power of their wand could, in an instant, level the roads, by which their pursuers would be enabled to overtake them, and that unless some such magical powers were used, the same obstacles to a quick pursuit would present themselves, which they had met with to a quick advancement ; therefore,

in this as in most other cases in life, the evil was attended with some degree of good, and they must know little of the world, who consider the existence of evil as positive, and wholly bereft of its attendant good. At times, Rosenheim ordered the driver to stop, to ascertain if their pursuers could be heard at a distance, but no noise was heard; and the driver informed them that in about two hours they would reach the village of Largo, where every refreshment could be obtained. Adeline was, however, worn out with fatigue and anxiety; the last few days had been spent in the most dreadful state of suspense—sleep had seldom visited her eyes, and the morning broke upon her, but to renew the misery of the former day. Even now she was in some respects a fugitive upon the earth, receiving protection from strangers, and going to others from whom she knew not what treatment she might receive. In her present society, however, a consciousness of security dwelt upon her mind, and her only regret was, that circumstances would soon compel her to separate herself from her companions. As to Ellen Rosenheim, her heart was buoyed by the jocund spirit of youth; accustomed to the tranquillity of a cloister, in which every heart is tried to deaden the sweetest feelings of our nature, she now felt herself like the liberated prisoner—the very air she breathed appeared more sweet to her—the stars of heaven more splendid—the noise of the waterfall more musical—and an early matin

song of the birds was melody to her ; the world had opened itself to her view, and she felt that a cloistered life is against nature's principles, and that although the broken or suffering heart may find temporary consolation in it, yet, that it is only in society that the human faculties and dispositions develop themselves, and that in that very developement consists the happiness of man.

These were the thoughts of Ellen, as the carriage slowly ascended a long and steep hill. Adeline and Rosenheim had not spoken for some time, and it may be set down as a positive truth, that that person who would have uttered a single word in the situation in which Rosenheim then found himself, must either not have been a lover, or a most confirmed cold-blooded simpleton. The frame of Adeline was harrassed with fatigue, the powers of nature were almost exhausted, and a short, but broken slumber closed her eyes. It is well for us that we are unconscious of our actions in the blessed state of sleep, or a blush, would, perhaps, have suffused the lovely cheek of Adeline, if she had known the position in which she then was sleeping. One of her hands had, by the influence of some attractive power, crept into one of Rosenheim's, and never a hand was ever more warmly pressed ; as to the other hand of Adeline, it might, perhaps, have been resting on her bosom, or in any other position which nature may have dictated ; but, her head—had I been Rosenheim, I would have cursed every stone

over which the carriage passed, by which that head could have been displaced—I would not have uttered a whisper which could have broken her slumbers, nor given any other motion than, perhaps, a bend of my own head, to kiss the cheek so near me. From immemorial time, Cupid has been fam'd for a love of mischief, and, O! it is a mischief, which they who have never experienced, wish to experience, and they who have experienced it, wish to experience again. It must have been one of those mischievous freaks of the god of love, for design it could not be on the part of Adeline—that sleep had no sooner closed her eyes, than Cupid placed a huge stone on the road, which giving the carriage a particular inclination, very naturally gave a corresponding inclination to the head of Adeline; and in order that it might not give one of those sudden nods which often disturb the sleeper from an instinctive sense that he is falling—the god of love most kindly placed the shoulder of Rosenheim in the way, nor did the head of Adeline seem to dislike its resting place. The inclination of the carriage in a contrary direction might, perhaps, have removed it; but no such inclination of the carriage did take place, and it is certain, that it was not the inclination of Rosenheim that any such motion should occur at that particular juncture: it is also an undoubted truth, that when Rosenheim saw the village of Largo before him, he wished it a hun-

dred miles off; and who would, not have entertained the same wish, had they been in the situation of Rosenheim? But, whether it were reality or fancy on his part, cannot now be determined, but it appeared to him, that the mules actually quickened their pace; and when it is considered that the driver was not a lover, nor had the head of an Adeline resting upon his shoulder, it is most probable that the thoughts of a good breakfast operated upon his muscular powers in an extraordinary manner, and enabled him to exercise his flagellating faculty with greater effect:—it was, therefore, by no means with pleasant feelings, that Rosenheim experienced the sudden stoppage of the carriage at a neat house, in the village of Largo; and let those analyse the feelings of Adeline, who will, whether in the alembic of propriety and decorum, or in that of innocence and virtue, and then declare how she felt when suddenly awakened from her sleep, she found her head—not in that posture in which she had placed it, but reposing on the shoulder of Rosenheim. If she blushed, the morning beam alone beheld it—if she did not blush, the spirit of innocence was watching over her, and would not allow the hue of shame to tinge a cheek so pure.

To those who have experienced the pleasure and the misery of travelling on the Alpine roads, the various disasters which are continually occurring, must be well known—some of which are, no doubt, made to occur purposely, to satisfy the

cupidity of the obsequious landlords, who, whether you find their house comfortable or not, are determined that you shall continue their guest whether you will or not. Thus, it is a very common case, when you have just seated yourself, to partake of the homely fare of an Alpine Inn, and you are congratulating yourself that you will certainly be able that night to reach such a town, or such a city, before the gates are closed, to see your mountebank-sort of a driver enter your room with his jack-boots, and a most doleful countenance, which he can assume at pleasure, to inform you that the wheel of the carriage is broken, or that one of the springs has snapped, or that the mules have been suddenly seized with the gripes, and cannot move out of the stable. To expostulate with the interested knave, or to fly into a passion with him, or to bid him send for the blacksmith or the farrier, supposing that such gentlemen were to be found in the village, would be just of as much use as if an Englishman were to tell one of the honourable tribe of attornies to refund the money which he had recovered for him. The one has an interest in keeping you at the inn—and the other has an interest in keeping your money. Rosenheim and his two female companions had scarcely seated themselves at the breakfast table, and were discoursing on the distance which they should be from Niolo by the time the night set in, when, with a long Quixotic countenance, the

driver entered the room to inform them that one of his mules was suddenly seized with the staggers, and that it would be some hours, at least, before he could proceed on the journey.

"Then hire another mule," said Rosenheim.

"There is not another to be had in the whole village," said the driver.

"Send for a farrier, and bleed your mule," said Rosenheim,

"The farrier is confined to his bed, Signor," said the driver.

"Then we will proceed with only one mule," said Rosenheim.

"It is impossible, Signor," said the driver.

"I'll purchase a fresh pair of mules directly," said Rosenheim.

"That will not help us on," said the driver, "for the tire of one of the wheels is loose, and it must be fastened before we can proceed."

"Then let it be fastened immediately," said Rosenheim.

"The blacksmith," said the driver, "is gone to the next town for the midwife."

"Get about your business," said Rosenheim, who evidently saw that there was a determination that they should not proceed on their journey; and the driver had no sooner left the room, than he began seriously to reflect on the danger which they incurred by remaining much longer in the village, within so short a distance of Niolo, as Adeline's escape had, perhaps, by that

time been discovered; and Rosenheim well knew that Leopold and Ortano would send messengers in every direction to ascertain the route of her flight. Every moment was, therefore, precious—but Rosenheim was wholly at a loss how to extricate himself from the embarrassment which beset him; his progress was stopped by the chicanery and the cupidity of the driver and the host, but still he was aware, that the power of gold could cure the mule of the staggers, and mend the tire of the coach-wheel with greater expedition and efficacy than all the farriers and blacksmiths from Geneva to Vienna. He therefore determined to try the experiment—and leaving the ladies to enjoy the beautiful prospect which was visible from the windows of the inn, he repaired to the court-yard in which the carriage stood, and desired the driver to point out to him the defect in the wheel, that he himself might be a judge, whether it were safe to proceed with it or not.

The driver turned the wheel round and round, and espying at last a small crack in the iron, he exclaimed—"Here it is, Signor—only think, if this were to break on the road, what a sad plight we should be in."

"Why, you knave," said Rosenheim, "this wheel will carry us to the end of our journey."

"True, Signor," said the driver, "but there is a chance that it will not—and my mother always told me never to trust to chance."

Whilst they were thus conversing, a man ran, almost breathless, into the yard, and accosted Rosenheim immediately—"I charge you with having decoyed Adeline Lindamore, the niece of Leopold Lindamore, Lord of the Castle of Niolo, from her lawful home, and from her destined husband."

"Indeed," said Rosenheim, measuring the fellow from head to foot, "and pray who are you, who are invested with so great an authority?"

"I am a servant of the Count of Niolo," answered the fellow.

"Of him, who calls himself so," said Rosenheim—"Leopold Lindamore."

"The same," said the man.

"Then I tell you," said Rosenheim, "that you are the servant of as rank a villain as ever disgraced the earth."

"The money from the hand of the villain is as welcome to me," said the fellow, "as that, which comes from the hand of an honest man—and I shall now obtain the great reward which is offered to him who can detect your route."

"But does it follow," asked Rosenheim, "that because you have discovered my route, that you have discovered also that of Miss Adeline Lindamore?"

"I was told," said the fellow, "that if I found the one, I was sure to find the other—wherever the hen is, the cock is sure not to be far off."

Halloa, host, a flaggon of your best wine—I am thirsty after my mornings' run.

A happy thought struck Rosenheim, and leaving the driver and Leopold's scout together, he entered the inn, and hastening to the apartment in which Adeline and his sister was sitting, he informed them of the detection of their route, and conjured them to leave the house immediately, and to proceed on the road as fast as they could, until he overtook them with the carriage, by which means he hoped to mislead the messenger of Leopold, by seeing him depart alone. Adeline was not long in following the advice of Rosenheim, and having seen her, with his sister, safely on the road, he went in search of the landlord, who by means of a heavy bribe he won completely to his interest.

In the mean time, the fellow in the yard had been assailing the driver with promises of reward if he would disclose to him whatever he knew of Adeline ; but although the driver loved money, when it could be obtained without a complete compromise of his honour, and felt no internal qualm of conscience in his mules having the staggers, or in a wheel being broken whenever a little bribe was offered to him by an interested landlord—yet, when the happiness or safety of a fellow-being depended upon him, he scorned to be a traitor.

“ I must own,” said the driver, “ that money is acceptable to me at all times ; but were I to tell

you all I know about Miss Adeline, I might perhaps suffer in the end by it."

"That is impossible," said the fellow, "the reward which Count Lepold will give you, will place you above want all your life."

"That, indeed, alters the case," said the driver; "but what certainty have I that I shall receive it? you may perhaps use me as the squirrel does the nut—after he has got the kernel out of it he throws the shells away; and after you have got out of me all you can, you may, perhaps, send me about my business, and my only reward may be a sound kick on the breech."

"Away with such suspicions," said the fellow—"there—you have a small purse as an earnest, and you shall receive a hundred times that sum if you give me correct information."

"Why it was wrong in me to entertain any suspicion," said the driver—"but the world abounds with so many bad characters, that we know not whom to trust."

At this moment Rosenheim appeared at the door of the inn, and beckoned the driver to him. The host appeared also almost at the same time; and the driver having received some instructions, returned to his companion in the yard exclaiming—"I will harness the mules instantly, Signor."

"My master is anxious to get forward," he said to the fellow, on joining him.

"I am not surprised at that," said the fellow,

"for I would not give a kreutzer for his life, if Leopold Lindamore were to catch him; he little thinks I know him—we had once a bout together in the mountains. But to Adeline."

"My time is indeed short," said the driver, "but you will swear never to betray me to my master here, for having told you where he has secreted his sweetheart?"

"Never—I swear it. But has he not Adeline with him?"

"Of that you shall be convinced," said the driver, "for if you wait, you will see him depart all alone."

"Come," said the fellow, "take another draught of wine, it will cheer you on your journey; but now, where is Miss Adeline?"

"I do not like to betray her," said the driver, "she is indeed a sweet creature; but come, help me to harness my mules, and I will tell you in the stable. I think, however," continued the driver, "that you will have hard work to get at her, but she is not at a great distance from Nilo at this moment."

"So much the better," said the fellow, "we shall have less trouble about her."

"I suppose you were all drunk when you suffered her to escape from the Castle?" said the driver.

"More likely asleep," said the fellow; "but where is she now?"

"Swear you will never betray me," said the driver.

"I do swear it," said the fellow.

"Then," said the driver, in a low, but apparently confidential tone, "you will find her in the convent of St. Roch."

"Indeed," said the fellow.

"I saw her enter it myself," said the driver.

Well, this is great news for me," said the fellow.

"And I hope," said the driver, "you will remember my reward."

"It shall not be forgotten," said the fellow; "and now I'll hasten back to Niolo."

"Do so," said the driver, "and I'll hasten with my master. But had you not better place yourself in some secret place, where you will be convinced with your own eyes, that he is travelling alone; and then you may be certain that I have not deceived you?"

"Right," said the fellow, "the knowledge of his rout will not be unwelcome to my employer."

In a short time the carriage was at the inn door. Rosenheim entered it, and it drove off as quick as the mules could travel; and the emissary of Leopold hastened back to Niolo, with the valuable information he had received.

CHAPTER XVI.

What is the sound, whose piercing call,
 Can bid the hero's tear-drops fall?
 'Tis the name which dwelleth in the heart,
 Unbreath'd, unheard, unspoken:
 'Tis the vision, which with sudden start,
 All other thought hath broken;
 'Tis the cherish'd pang, which memory hoards,
 Too sacred and too sad for words,
 ————— It is—farewell.

REJOICING in the stratagem which he had employed to mislead the emissary of Leopold, Resenheim urged the driver to use all possible expedition, that he might overtake Adeline and her companion, and relieve their minds from that anxiety, which must naturally depress them, regarding the issue of his endeavours to protect them from discovery. Forward and forward drove the carriage, until at last it entered a thick forest, the gloom and darkness of which he thought were sufficient to deter Adeline and his sister from entering; besides, it appeared to him that they could not have reached the wood on foot, from the time that they had left the inn, and some very unpleasant fears began to rise in his mind. He inquired of the driver, if there were

any other road, which they could have taken—but he was answered, that it was not possible, as in that part of the country there were no bye-roads, though at the other end of the wood there was a road which branched off towards the mountains. The forest, however, was of great extent, and the driver assured Rosenheim that it would take at least three hours to travel through it. It however occurred to Rosenheim, that they might have entered the wood under the impression that they might conceal themselves, should he not have succeeded in diverting the messenger of Leopold from the pursuit. Flattered by this hope, Rosenheim ordered the driver to proceed ; but thicker and thicker grew the forest, and a solitary bird which crossed the road at times, was the only living object which presented itself to the alarmed imagination of Rosenheim. He now began to calculate on the possibility of an accident which might have befallen them, but he could not find any ground-work on which to erect even a conjecture, as to the particular casualty which could have happened to them, for he had not met with one individual of whom he could make any enquiry, nor did any signs present themselves which could lead to an elucidation of their mysterious absence. Rosenheim determined to alight, and to examine the ground if any fresh marks of footsteps could be discovered, which would at once decide if his companions were in advance of him, or whether

they had even entered the forest at all. He had, however, scarcely began his examination, when he saw something fluttering on a bush at a small distance before him; and hastening towards it, he discovered it to be a shawl, which he knew belonged to Adeline, and which like the friendly beacon to the mariner, he hail'd as a guide to the object of which he was in search. On examining the ground, however, his delight at the discovery of Adeline's shawl, was converted into alarm, for it was evidently indented with the footsteps of men, although those of the female were also visible.

"Is the forest infested with banditti?" asked Rosenheim.

"O Santa Maria!" exclaimed the driver, "do not mention them."

"That is not an answer to my question," said Rosenheim; "Did you ever hear of banditti hereabouts?"

"It appears a very likely place for them," said the driver, and he looked round him as if he expected to see them every moment burst upon him.

"Are not these the footsteps of men?" said Rosenheim, pointing to the ground, and telling the driver to alight from the mule.

"I can see where I now am," said the driver. "O Signor, we had better return, for we are, perhaps, only running our heads into danger. Santa

Maria? if I should be murdered, what will my wife say to it?"

"There will, at all events, be then one coward less in the world," said Rosenheim. "Mount your mules, and let us hasten in pursuit of the villains—we may, perhaps overtake them."

"And if we should overtake them," said the driver, as he put his foot in the stirrup to mount his mules, "I think it is a very probable case that we shall both require the undertaker. O! I wish my mules had been almost dead with the staggers, rather than I should have been brought into this abominable scrape. See, Signot, do you not see something moving amongst the trees? O! I dare say the whole wood swarms with robbers. Heaven grant I was safely out of it!"

"Come on you prating fool," said Rosenheim, "while you are there spending your time in chattering, the villains may get beyond our reach."

"O! Signot," said the driver, "all the teeth in my head are chattering."

"Follow me as quick as possible," said Rosenheim; "I shall be better able to trace the steps on foot, than in the carriage."

"O! Signot," said the driver, "do not leave me in this lonely place by myself; my very nerves are all in a tremble."

"Follow me," said Rosenheim, in an angry tone, who was vexed at the cowardly disposition

of the driver, and he proceeded as fast as possible on the road, carefully keeping the track of the footsteps in his eye. He had travelled for some distance, when he observed, by their steps, that the villains had struck into a small path which appeared to lead into the very heart of the forest. All idea of personal safety had vanished from his mind, and impelled by the ardour of his affection for Adeline, and the dreadful uncertainty of her fate, he hastened forward on the path, and he thought he perceived that the marks of the steps were fresher than they were on the high road. He heard the driver at a distance roaring out most lustily, and indeed, it was the only noise which disturbed the solemn silence of the scene. Rosenheim at first conceived that the driver might have discovered some circumstance indicative of the route which the villains had taken; but, on mature consideration, he attributed his vociferations to the effect of his fears, and therefore determined to follow the track of the footsteps. In a short time, he had reason to congratulate himself on the resolution which he had taken, for he perceived something white lying on the ground at a short distance before him, and hastening towards it, he discovered it to be a handkerchief, on which was the name of Adeline Lindamore. He had no doubt of his now being on the right road in pursuit of the villains who had carried her off, and it struck him as very probable that

Adeline had adopted the plan of dropping first her shawl; and then her handkerchief, in order that her route might be discovered. In breathless anxiety he hurried on the path, and the forest appeared to increase in gloominess as he advanced. The path was also, at several places, almost choked with the underwood; but the hope that animated his breast that in a short time he might overtake the villains, made him regard every obstacle as of a trifling import, and brushing over every impediment, he followed the path in all its windings through the forest. On a sudden, the sound of distant voices reached his ears, and he fondly hoped that he had now overtaken the fugitives. Love gave additional speed to his steps, and as he proceeded, the sound of the voices became more distinct. A shot was now heard at a very short distance before him, and he feared that some murder might be committing. The loud coarse laugh of the uncivilized freebooters followed the report of the gun, and in a few minutes, on Rosenheim turning an angle in the path, he saw six men stretched upon the ground, resting themselves as it appeared, from their fatigue; and at a short distance from them sat Adeline and Ellen Rosenheim, whose countenances bespoke excess of anxiety and fatigue. The villains were regaling themselves with some food, with which they appeared to have a wallet well stored, and often one of them turned to the females

and requested them to partake of it. The offer was, however, always refused by Adeline, with a sorrowful shake of her head; and although at times the boisterous mirth of the crew sounded through the wood, and their shouts echoed at a distance, as they drank the health of Leopold Lindamore, yet, even in their savage ferocity they appeared to treat the females with all becoming respect.

Rosenheim was, however, at a loss how to act in the present emergency; his joy was unbounded that he had discovered the object of his affections, but it would have been madness in him to have attempted her rescue, single handed as he was, and when he knew he should have to contend against six lawless desperadoes. Not the slightest chance of his conquering them presented itself, and were he to burst in amongst them unarmed as he was, his defeat would not only be certain, but perhaps every hope would be destroyed of his ultimately delivering the females from their power. It became, therefore, a matter of prudence with him to keep himself concealed, and by following their route at some little distance, the place whither they were conveying her would be ascertained, and then some measures might be immediately adopted to insure her rescue; still he thought if he could by any means make it known to Adeline, or her sister, that he had discovered them, it would be the means of alleviating the grief which at that time must ne-

casualty prey upon their minds, as they would immediately know that their deliverance was not far distant. But how to effect that discovery to them, without at the same time alarming the miscreants in whose custody they were, appeared to be a thing of no easy achievement. Under the concealment of the bushes he crept nearer to the spot, where the party were regaling, and placed himself in that situation, that he was exactly opposite to where Adeline was sitting. Taking the opportunity of the attention of the crew to a fresh bottle of wine, which they were then uncorking, he took the handkerchief of Adeline's, from his pocket, and waving it two or three times in the air, it caught the attention of Adeline, who immediately recognized her lover, and an involuntary shriek escaped her. The fellows started from the ground, under the positive idea that they were discovered, and inquired of Adeline the cause of her shriek. She had, however, not sufficiently recovered herself to answer them; and Ellen, who had also seen her brother, but who possessed a greater command over her feelings, answered—"O! I was near shrieking also—what an ugly creature it was."

"What creature?" asked one of the men, in a surly tone.

"O!" exclaimed Ellen, "it must have been a wolf—it was so big."

"A wolf," exclaimed another, "why it is possible—wolves do sometimes frequent these woods."

"I dare say it was a fox the lady saw," said another. "I shot at one a little time ago, and we may, perhaps, have roused a few more of the cunning dogs."

"Right," said another, but that need not disturb us in our wine."

"Miss," said the fellow who had spoken first, "when you see another fox, don't disturb us with your shrieks."

Adeline made no reply to this injunction, nor did she dare to cast her look towards the spot where she had espied Rosenheim, for fear of drawing the attention of the gang to that quarter. If she felt acutely the distress of her own situation, she felt also for the danger which hung suspended over the head of Rosenheim, should he at this time be discovered by the gang, for no doubt whatever existed in her mind, that were he taken, he would be immediately delivered to Leopold Lindamore, and then the extent of his fate was not very difficult to be decided. She was, however, well convinced that Rosenheim would act with the greatest caution and prudence, and in the end, that the rescue of herself, and her associate Ellen, would be effected.

"It is time we were thinking of proceeding," said one of the gang.

"Aye, aye," said another, "we have no time to lose, considering the rich prize we have obtained."

"And the rich reward which we shall reap," said a third.

"Come, my brave fellows," said the man, who appeared to exercise a certain degree of controul over his associates, "Come, let us sing our matin song, and then for the Pass of San Petro."

"And a jovial carouse," said a third, "over our share of the reward."

"Let us, before our song," said a third, "drink a glass to the health of Signor Ortano, and may he be happy with his beautiful bride."

The fellows filled their glasses, and drank to the health of Ortano—casting at the same time a most significant look upon Adeline, who turned her head aside, to escape from the rude and licentious glances of the degenerate crew. Having emptied their glasses, one of them sung the following song, the whole gang joining in the chorus :

See o'er the distant hills, the day begins to dawn,
Haste away, haste away, comrades bold ;
Merrily we'll speed our way, o'er the dewy lawn,
Nor fear the Summer's heat, nor the Winter's cold,
Haste away, haste away, comrades bold.

Where the tir'd traveller rests, there let us hie,
Haste away, haste away, comrades brave ;
And careless where he strays, in ambush we will lie,
His treasure we will take, but his life we will save,
Haste away, haste away, comrades brave.

Come, let us chase the deer, thro' forest and o'er mead,
Haste away haste away, comrades gay ;
Robbers will not live a life of hunger, or of need,
They care not for to-morrow, if they live but to day,
Haste away, haste away, comrades gay.

"Come," cried the leader, "pack up your things, and you may leave the empty bottles for the wolves to gnaw at—they may prove rather hard of digestion, but so long as we have enjoyed the contents of them, the devil may take the bottles."

"True," said one of the fellows, "that is the general way of the world, and it is the way I serve my friends; I make whatever use I can of them, and when they can be of no further service to me, I never give myself the trouble to look after them."

"Are you ready ladies?" asked the leader.

Neither Adeline nor Ellen made any reply, but rose from the ground, as if willing to prosecute their journey, and in a short time the whole party were on the march. It was fortunate for Adeline that the villains were obliged to precede her for the purpose of clearing the path from the briars and thorns which threatened wholly to impede their progress, as an opportunity was thereby given to her, of now and then casting a look behind her to observe if Rosenheim was following them. It was necessary, however, that this should be done with the greatest caution, as the fellows kept a strict watch upon all her motions, under the fear that she might meditate an escape, and then farewell to all their hopes of reward. It was, however, some satisfaction to her, not only to observe Rosenheim cautiously following their steps,

but also to hear from Ellen that she could discern him at a distance.

"How long shall we have to travel yet," Ellen enquired of one of the fellows, "before we get through the wood?"

"Until we are out of it," he answered.

"And how long will that be?" asked Ellen, who had a particular reason for putting the question.

"Time enough for you to go to bed," he answered.

These certainly were not answers which could induce Ellen to repeat her question, and indeed, she began think that it was degrading to her at best, to hold any conversation with any of the gang, but a strong fear rested upon her mind, that when they came into the open country, her brother would not be able to pursue their route with that facility which now presented itself, concealed as he now was by the foliage of the trees. It was not, however, long before they arrived at an open part of the wood, and at a distance the travellers saw the blue mountains skirting the horizon, and the sun just sinking behind them.

"This is a pleasant spot," said the leader, "we will rest here, until it be dark—we should alarm the village were we to enter it now."

"Right," said one of gang, "a little rest will do us no harm, and I should think the ladies require it as well as we."

"We have a few bottles still left," said another, "and we had better empty them than be at the trouble of carrying them any further."

In a few minutes the whole gang were seated on the ground, and began to regale themselves with their wine. The fears of the females began, however, to be excited, for the fellows appeared to be in deep consultation, and by their gestures it was evident, that a diversity of opinion existed amongst them. Some of them broke out into the most bitter exclamations, and throwing aside all restraint, they at last began to talk aloud. "I declare," said one, "it will not be safe for us to enter the village in a body."

"It is my opinion," said another, "that we should not enter it at all—the business we are upon may get wind, and then, who knows, but a rescue may take place by the villagers."

"What right," said a third, "have the villagers to interfere with us—if we pay for what refreshment we take, we surely have as great a right to travel on the road, and to put up at what inn we please, as the greatest lord in the country."

"Right," said the second, "but a Lord does not travel upon the same business, as we are travelling upon."

"Every man to his own business, say I," exclaimed another—"we are escorting a lady to her destined husband, and where is the harm of that? and shew me the girl that will not envy

her. I want some rest," said he. " We should have some mercy with the ladies—we should not treat them like two sheep that we are driving to the block."

" True," said the leader, " that's well said—but to settle the difference, let two of you set forward for the village, it will be dark before you reach it—bespeak good accommodations for the ladies—and, Roderic, as you are an excellent hand at inventing a story, make the best you can, so as to allay all suspicion about us—and then I and another will follow you with the ladies, and the remaining two can form our rear-guard.

This plan was considered by the whole gang to be the most prudent, which could be adopted under their present circumstances—but to Adeline it was a death-blow to all her hopes. According to this plan, Rosenheim would be prevented from following the route, as a discovery would inevitably ensure ; but she well knew, that all attempt at opposition on her part, would only expose her to more inhuman treatment from the villains ; and therefore resting her faith in a presiding Providence, which watches over the innocent and the good, she accompanied the wretches to the village. It was about two miles distant from the wood, and she felt herself somewhat relieved from the heavy weight of grief which oppressed her, when she entered the village, for there she expected to meet with sympathy, and

to the sorrowing heart, it acts as a styptic to the bleeding of the wounds, which the cruelty of man may have inflicted. The party halted at the door of a small but neat inn; the proprietors of which were not a little amazed, to behold two beautiful and interesting females, whose dress and manners bespoke them to belong to the higher order of society, travelling in company, and on foot, with two fellows, whose exterior too well bespoke their vocation and their character. Suspicion was immediately on tip-toe, to know who these females could be—whither they were going—whence they had come—what they had been doing—and what they were going to do. To all which enquiries, Mr. Roderic, who was deputed to hoax the inquisitive landlord or landlady, gave such very plausible and consistent answers, that the host began to rub his hands at the thought of the gain which would accrue to him from having such respectable people in his house. Adeline and Ellen were shewn into a secret room, which looked upon the very road on which they had travelled from the wood; but the increasing gloom prevented her from distinguishing any objects, and therefore all hopes of obtaining any immediate knowledge of the motions of Rosenheim, were utterly destroyed. They had, however, not been seated long in the room, when the landlady entered, and with a doleful countenance informed them, that she feared the accommodations she had to offer them for the night, would

be found rather homely for ladies of their rank, for she was very sorry to say, she had but one bed-chamber, which was pre-occupied by a lady who had arrived that afternoon. Adeline bade her divest herself of fear on her account, for that in her present situation, she felt herself very little inclined to sleep.

The worthy landlady took this in a different sense than what Adeline meant. "Indeed, Miss," she answered, "a young lady going to meet her husband is very seldom inclined to sleep."

Adeline now considered, whether a good opportunity did not offer itself, of disclosing to the landlady her real situation, and of imploring her assistance towards effecting her escape; but although Adeline was, in many respects, a mere novice in the world, yet she had seen enough of its black side, not to know, that it is the height of folly to make an individual your confidant, before you have had some opportunity of ascertaining the degree of fidelity or honor which he or she may possess.

"But Miss," said the hostess, "as it is my sincere wish to make you as comfortable as my scanty accommodation will afford, I will enquire of the lady above, whether she will allow you to occupy part of her chamber, in which case, I can soon put up a comfortable bed for you;" and without waiting any answer from Adeline, the good woman hurried out of the room.

There are some circumstances in the world,

on which nature has written such a legible hand, that the innate goodness of the heart instantly displays itself, and we feel ourselves disposed to unlock the secret stores of our grief, and by the force of sympathy alleviate the weight which oppresses us. The landlady had no sooner left the room, than Adeline and Ellen consulted on the propriety of revealing to her the particular situation in which they were placed, and to implore her to obtain for them that assistance in the village, which would protect them from any further molestation on the part of the infamous gang. Some objections of minor weight presented themselves to the adoption of this measure, but they were all overruled by the pressing urgency of the situation in which they found themselves, and the return of the landlady was anxiously expected, to disclose to her the whole of the infamous transaction which had been the cause of bringing them under her roof.

In the mean time, the landlady hastened to the apartment occupied by her other guest, and she found her sitting in a most languishing mood, complaining sorely of fatigue, and expressing her fears, that from the influx of company in the house, her sleep at night would be disturbed. The landlady hoped that would not be the case, and in a kind suppliant tone, declared the purport of her visit, concluding with a humble request, that she in her goodness would allow the young ladies to share the bed-chamber with her.

Reader! thou hast perhaps, seen a person sit down—or perhaps thou hast thyself sat down upon a chair, in which either mischief or chance has placed a needle or a pin in a perpendicular position, which perforating thy clothes, has given thee such a pungent prick, that thou hast started from the chair, with all the features of thy face most strangely discomposed, at the unexpected accident which has befallen thee—then, and then only canst thou have an idea of the sudden manner in which the lady bounced from her chair, at the very unseasonable and impertinent request which the hostess had made.

“I can only attribute the very indecorous request which you have now made,” exclaimed the lady, “to your entire ignorance of the world, and also of that station which I hold in society.”

“I may indeed,” replied the hostess, “be ignorant of the world, but I hope I shall never be ignorant of the duties of humanity.”

“Duties of humanity indeed!” ejaculated the lady, with a sneer; “all balderdash—mere trumpery and froth. . . I never knew a person who was very punctilious in the performance of the duties of humanity, who was not a milk and water character. I can look down with indifference upon the petty ills of human life—nor do I see that two wandering females, of whom I know no more than that they are inmates of your house—have any claim upon my compassion, nor that I should be called upon to incommode myself to give the accommodation.”

"Their appearance and demeanor," said the hostess, "bespeak them of no common rank and station in life, and as they have travelled far, and appear very fatigued, they have expressed a wish to retire early to rest."

"Make them a bed on the floor," said the lady.

"They shall rather sleep in mine," said the hostess.

"This is what I call," said the lady, "silly good nature—rest is conducive to health, and mine requires that my repose should not be disturbed. I cannot even sleep with a person that snores, and how do I know, but that both the females are snorers?"

"We can soon solve that objection," said the hostess, "by making the inquiry; and if it should be found that they are not snorers, and you will allow me to prepare them a bed in this apartment, I will willingly forego every charge for your accommodation."

"Do you mean to insult me?" exclaimed the lady. "Do you suppose that I am not able to pay your charges, or that I should be induced to accede to your request, for the paltry consideration of your expences? You have hurt my feelings, you have—and if you knew to whom you were addressing yourself, you would almost fall upon your knees and implore my forgiveness."

"I do ask your pardon, madam," said the hostess, "if I have in any manner offended you,

but you must attribute it to the warmth of my zeal to serve the two ladies, and not to any desire to offend you."

"Well, well," said the lady, "the offence shall be forgiven you—but before I allow the females to enter into my company, I beg every inquiry may be made as to their character; it is a very good maxim, which says, that people are known by the company they keep—and were it to be known in a certain quarter that I had admitted into my society, any females of a loose or profligate character, the consequences might be very serious—my reputation might receive that stain, which never could be wiped away."

"Your wishes shall be attended to, madam," said the hostess; "but if innocence and virtue ever shone in two female countenances, they do in those of the ladies now in my house."

"The exterior of a female," said the lady, "is a treacherous index to her heart and dispositions—you may be deceived, good woman—therefore make your inquiry, and I shall consider you responsible for the character of the females to whom you introduce me."

The hostess rejoicing in having carried her point with her consequential guest, hastened, not to make the promised inquiry, but to collect the necessary apparatus for the bed of Adeline and Ellen, in whose comfort and accommodation she felt so warm an interest. But whilst she had been holding conversation with her apparently

prudish guest, particular circumstances had taken place with Adeline, which rendered it a matter of very little moment, whether the hostess had provided her a bed of down, or a pallet of straw ; or whether she or Ellen were inflicted with the natural infirmity of snoring, and thereby shutting themselves out from enjoying the edifying conversation of the lady, in whose apartment they were to be allowed to sleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

Cucullus non facit monachum.

"The cowl does not make the friar."

WHEN Rosenheim saw Adeline and his sister depart from the wood, attended by only two men, leaving the other four behind them, he felt himself in a complete state of embarrassment as to the mode of conduct he should adopt. To discover himself to the remaining fellows, he well knew were fraught with the greatest danger, not only to himself, but also to the cause in which he was engaged. He therefore attempted to make his way through a different part of the wood so as to enable him to keep his eye upon Adeline and her companions ; but he found the underwood so thick, that it was impossible to force a passage, and he was therefore under the necessity of returning to the path, which appeared to be the only outlet from the wood. On his return to the spot where he had left the four men, he was much surprised to find that they were gone, and following the path, he saw them at some distance before him, out of the wood, bending their steps towards the village ; the gloom of the evening was favor-

able to his purpose, and following them at a distance, he saw them arrive at the village, and enter the inn.

In the primitive ages of society, when every man was content with his own possessions, no occasion whatever existed for locks or bolts, or bars, or chains, or the other safeguards which a higher degree of civilization has invented, to protect the property of individuals, from the grasp of those, who not being legally entitled to any, consider themselves privileged to appropriate to themselves whatever they can acquire, by leger-demain, or other such honorable tricks. It was also necessary in the progress of civilization, before luxury invented the winding stair-case to the bed-chamber, and men—and be it understood, women also were satisfied with a couple of rooms on the ground floor, serving for kitchen and sleeping-room, that the rude gaze of the passenger into the interior of the latter, should be obstructed by a piece of canvass—or, supposing that no canvass, cloth, or blanket, could be spared, by the flannel petticoat of the lady of the house. It appears, however, from authentic documents in the history of woman, that those woven obstructions to the visual organs of the curious passenger, are apt by chance, or the destructive tooth of time—or by a little host of moths, to be gnawed into holes—or into some widely yawning slits, beyond the power of the most notable housewife to darn. And as it appears in the

sixth section of the history of women, which is to be found near the middle of the work, that these holes and rents were excessively dangerous to the preservation of the character of the lady of the house, when her husband was gone to church—or to market—or on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem—or to my Lady of St. Loretto, a meeting of the most virtuous part of the female community was called, when it was resolved, without a dissentient voice, that instead of canvass, cloth, or blanket, an exterior wooden shutter should be adopted, which would undoubtedly prevent all profane and vulgar eyes from prying into the sanctum of their slumbers, and their follies; and it has been ascertained, that since the adoption of the shutter the fidelity of the wife has been more seldom called in question, and the husband now goes to market or to church—to Jerusalem or Loretto, and on his return, finds every thing as he left it—for,

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

In the village, however, in which the inn was situate, where Adeline and her friend were now reposing from their fatigues, civilization had either not corrupted the morals of the inhabitants, or the women were too virtuous to require the window shutter, for Rosenheim after having observed the fellows enter the inn, crept slyly towards it—and how great was his joy, when he

beheld his Adeline and Ellen, sitting close to the window, and their apartment illumin'd by a faint light, issuing from a small lamp on the table. He lost no time in seizing the golden opportunity—he knocked gently at the window, and in a faint voice, pronounced the name of Adeline. The sound was soon recognized, and no language can speak the joy of Adeline, when she saw Rosenheim before her.

“Time is precious,” he said; “I will be here exactly at twelve, and your escape is then certain. I will go and prepare matters for it—Heaven be with you.” He disappeared in a twinkling, and when the good hostess returned with the welcome intelligence, that the lady had allowed them to sleep in her apartment, provided neither of them snored; she was rejoiced to find that the ladies appeared more gay and happy, and she assured them that every thing should be done in her power to render them comfortable.

“We tender you our sincere thanks,” said Ellen, “but I am sorry to inform you, that I am unfortunately afflicted with an incurable propensity to snore, and consequently, I am certain I shall disturb your guest.”

“That is indeed unlucky for you,” said the good woman, “but perhaps the fatigue which you have undergone, will make you sleep so sound, that you will relinquish your usual habit of snoring.”

"It is by no means my wish," said Adeline, who saw the drift of Ellen, "even to run the risk of disturbing your guest—be so good therefore as to prepare us a bed in this room, and we shall be equally thankful to you for your kind endeavours to obtain for us a share of your guest's apartment."

"Well, it shall be so," said the hostess. "I am sure I had no other motive than to make you comfortable, and if you can render yourselves so in this little room, I shall be perfectly satisfied. I will now go and hold my head high with the lady above, and tell her we can do without her apartment—and I hope you both may snore in such a manner, that the sound may penetrate through the ceiling, and prevent her from having a single wink of sleep; and were it not for the introduction of such troublesome gentry into my house, I would beg a few hundred bugs from my neighbours, and they should have the pleasure of fattening themselves during the night upon her corpulent body."

"She is some ill-natured old maid, I'll warrant you," said Ellen, "and I hope if she ever enters into the matrimonial state, that she may obtain a husband who will regale her all night by the music of his nose."

"But ladies," said the landlady, "you must stand in need of some refreshment—I have some fine chickens in the house—let me dress you a couple for your supper."

"Do so, my good woman," said Adeline, "and let our supper be early, for we shall retire soon to rest."

"No time whatever shall be lost," said the landlady, and she hurried out of the room.

Adeline and Ellen being now left to themselves congratulated each other on their fortunate escape from the dilemma in which the officious kindness of the landlady had nearly involved them, and which, had it been carried into effect, would have subverted all their hopes of an escape from their present dreadful situation. Great and unlimited however as was their confidence in Rosenheim, they yet knew too well that he had a gang of enemies, of the most desperate dispositions, to contend against, and who, if they could entrap him, would make no more ceremony of running him through the body, or bespattering the wall with his brains, than they would of shooting a hare for their dinner. On the heart of Adeline, the danger which Rosenheim incurred for her sake, made therefore a deep impression, and she began seriously to reflect, whether she were not involving him in irretrievable ruin, and which might ultimately close with the sacrifice of his life. She was sitting with her head resting upon her hand, perplexed with these unpleasant thoughts, when the leader of the gang, in a most abrupt and unceremonious manner entered the room, and informed her, that it was his intention to depart

by day-break, and in order to prevent any chance of an escape, his companions had resolved amongst themselves to keep a watch on the outside of the house, to be relieved every four, and that on the slightest disposition shewn on her part to effect her escape, they should be obliged to treat her with the greatest of severity, and to depart instantly on their journey. I tell you therefore, beware—conduct yourself as you ought to do, and you shall experience from us the most respectful and lenient treatment. The fellow left the room with the most threatening mien, and what were now the feelings of Adeline and her companion? The hopes of an escape which had exhilarated them through their trials, now gave way to despair; and to this distressing state was superadded the dreadful idea, that Rosenheim would come at the appointed hour, and thereby fall into the power of his most inveterate enemies. The heart of Adeline sunk within her, and she saw before her no other alternative than to submit to her fate, and to rely upon a superintending Providence for her delivery from her present harrassed state. She saw no means of conveying the intelligence to Rosenheim of the precaution which had been taken by the gang to prevent her escape, and ardently as she a short time before longed for the hour of midnight, she now dreaded its approach, equal to the criminal the hour of his execution. Whilst Adeline and Ellen were in close deli-

variation on the present unfavourable posture of their affairs, the landlady entered the room with the necessary preparations for supper, and Adeline fancied that she saw in the conduct of the good woman, a marked and particular change. The kind and familiar tone with which she addressed her on her arrival, - was now altered to that of the humble and submissive inferior, or of a servant to her mistress, and the garrulity which in general distinguishes the landlady, not only of the Swiss inn, but also those of other countries which could be mentioned, was now suddenly changed into a close taciturnity, and a modest use of monosyllables, accompanied with a low courtesy, whenever an answer was given. Adeline also detected her several times in catching a stolen glance at her, which immediately brought the blush of shame upon the cheeks of the honest woman, and checked in a great degree the familiarity which had on their first acquaintance subsisted between them. Adeline, fearing that some of the gang might have been imparting some information to her of an unpleasant nature, forbore to question her as to the change of her conduct, and supper being ended, Adeline requested they might not be disturbed again, as it was their intention to retire to rest; but Adeline had no sooner expressed this intention, than a smile came upon the countenance of the landlady, which utterly baffled Adeline to account for, and which she could not but construe into a kind of

insult, or of triumph over her present depressed situation. "Good night," she said to Adeline; and turning to Ellen, she said, in a jocose manner, "I hope you will restrain your snoring, that my guest above you may not be disturbed—but should I hear any noise in your room, I shall know to what to attribute it."

These latter words were spoken in such a significant manner, that Adeline was now fully convinced that the landlady was in possession of some information respecting her, or that she had been induced to join the gang in the confederacy against her. The landlady left the room, and as it may rationally be expected, no disposition was shewn by either Adeline or her companion to ruffle the bed which the landlady had adjusted for them—on the contrary, their hearts beat with the intensity of anxiety, and at every step which passed by the window, they expected to hear the appointed signal from Rosenheim. Ellen ventured to take a peep from the window; she saw one of the fellows parading before the house, and fearful that she might be discovered, she hastily drew the casement, and awaited, in all the horrors of suspense, the fateful hour of midnight.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'Tis only when with inbred horror smote,
Of some base act—or done—or to be done—
That the recoiling soul, with conscious dread,
Shrinks back into itself.

It was on this memorable night, in the life of Adeline Lindamore, when the village clock had just struck eleven, which was an undoubted proof that in another hour the same village clock would strike twelve ; a portentous sound to all the ghosts which were appointed on that night to hold their revels in charnels and in sepulchres ! Yes ; the last sound of the hour had just startled the drowsy ear of the night, as Rosenheim stood at a small distance from the inn, concealed by the hospitable shade of some chesnut trees, with which the windows in that part of the world are lined. He saw the lights disappear one by one in the roads of the happy villagers—the busy hum of men had ceased—and that silence appeared to be around him, as if he were the sole tenant of the world. He felt himself on the eve of a dangerous enterprise, and he knew the enemies with whom he

had to contend; but, fortunately for him, he found a friend when least expected; and one who was not only willing, but who had the power to serve him. This friend was no other person than the landlord of the inn, who no sooner saw the villains enter the house with Adeline and Ellen, than he suspected some foul game was playing, and he resolved therefore to keep the strictest eye upon them. When Rosenheim presented himself at the window, to inform Adeline of his intentions, he was, on his retiring, accosted by the landlord, who, supposing him to be one of the gang, entered into conversation with him, under the hope, that he might be able to extract some information from him as to the extent of their designs upon the two females. The landlord, however, had not discoursed long with Rosenheim, before he discovered his mistake, and after hearing from him a relation of the infamous conduct of the gang, he resolved to render him every assistance in his power towards securing their escape. It was then mutually agreed upon, that the landlord should keep a strict eye upon the motions of his guests, and on the hour striking eleven, they were to meet at an appointed spot to concert their measures for the final success of their undertaking. Rosenheim was punctual to the hour, and now and then a solitary step passed by him; but it was either the lover stealing from his assignation,—or perhaps, he was stealing

where some door stood ready half-opened to admit him, near to which two youthful arms were longing to enfold him. Perhaps it was so, and then my best wishes are—that I was a peasant of the village also, with the same object in my view. Rosenheim, however, had not been long at the place of appointment, when the worthy landlord was heard approaching him, and he was soon made acquainted with all that happened in the house, and the plan which the fellows had adopted to prevent Adeline from making her escape.

“But,” said the landlord, “we’ll out-general them yet—it will only require a little boldness on our part, and I know well what a lover will do when his mistress is in danger—and I know what I will do to save innocence from the grasp of villainy.”

“I know not,” said Rosenheim, “how I shall be able to repay ——”

“Talk not of repayment,” said the landlord, interrupting him; “the man who performs a good action, with the expectation of a reward, would perhaps take the same reward to commit a bad one. Do you, my friend, keep yourself well concealed behind those trees; and when you see me approaching you, accompanied by one of the gang, be ready to assist me. I’ll warrant you, I’ll teach him to keep watch over the beautiful ladies.”

The landlord now imparted to Rosenheim

the plan which he had in contemplation, in order to frustrate the designs of the villains; and bidding him be of good cheer, he hastened back to the inn. There, before the door, he found one of the fellows keeping the watch, and the landlord fell into conversation with him, by asking him the necessity of keeping such a strict watch over the ladies.

"It is not our will," said the fellow; "it is done at the particular request of the ladies."

"How so," asked the landlord, "are they of such a high station in the world, that they must have a guard set over them?"

"Not that, exactly," said the fellow, "but they are naturally very timid, and they would not go to bed unless they knew we were guarding them."

"Indeed," said the landlord, "you are a very kind set of gentlemen; but I beg your pardon, I have no right to inquire into the motives of the actions of my guests."

"No offence, I assure you," said the fellow, with a degree of consequence.

"I am, however, sorry to say," said the landlord, "that a sad misfortune has just befallen me."

"What has happened?" asked the fellow. "Nothing of a serious nature I hope?"

"Indeed, it is," said the host, "one of my best mules has fallen into a gravel pit, and I have been trying for the last half hour to extri-

eat it; but it is more than my strength can effect. Now, as it is only a short distance hence, if you will assist me, I will reward you well."

"I should thereby neglect my duty here," said the fellow.

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the landlord, "the ladies will not miss you; perhaps they are now asleep."

"That I know they are not," said the fellow.

"I will send my wife to keep them company, until you return," said the landlord; "we shall not be long in hauling the mule out."

"Well, well," said the fellow, "I do not see why I should not earn an honest penny."

"I must fetch some strong ropes," said the landlord; and he was hastening into the inn, when the fellow whispered to him—"take a peep at my comrades, and see what they are about."

"I will," said the landlord.

"And remember to send your wife to the ladies," said the fellow.

"You may depend upon it, I will not forget it," said the landlord, "I will soon return."

The landlord entered the inn, and the credulous fool on the outside began to consider whether he were acting right in helping the landlord with his mule; for, should the ladies, in the mean time, make their escape, he stood the chance of receiving the most tremendous thrashing that any mule ever yet received; but

then, the landlady would be with the ladies—true—then their escape could not possibly be effected ;—and then the reward—true—that was by no means to be overlooked ;—and then there was every chance of finding the ladies where he left them—true—therefore, there were so many arguments in favor of his helping the landlord with his mule, that it was with no small degree of satisfaction, that he saw him approaching, carrying with him a bundle of ropes, and also a small phial of his best liqueur, of which he solicited the fellow to partake, before they set out upon their expedition.

“ Your comrades are all fast asleep,” said the landlord, “ and they appear, too, as if they would not awake were a thirty-pounder to be fired over them—and my wife is just now amusing the ladies with one of her long-winded stories about our courtship—a pretty subject to entertain two such jolly lasses with—and she’ll perhaps not only tell them of our wedding, but of every thing which happened after it. Depend upon it, they’ll not think then of escaping out of a window, till the story is concluded, which I’ll warrant you will last an hour.”

“ Come on, then,” said the fellow, “ I see you have got your ropes ready.”

“ Why, we shall have to haul the brute up,” said the landlord ; “ but let us make haste, or my wife will have finished her story before we return.” The landlord and his companion set

off at a quick pace; and they were soon at the spot where Rosenheim was concealed.

"We are not far from the mule now," said the landlord, as he entered the clump of trees, and at the same time he gave a shrill whistle.

Rosenheim understood the signal—in a moment he rushed from the place of his concealment; and, like two furies, he and the landlord rushed upon the fellow. In vain were all his struggles—in vain all the bitter execrations which he uttered—his arms were bound, and in a few minutes he was tied as strongly to a tree, as if it were determined that he should remain there for his life.

"Make yourself contented till the morning," said the landlord, "I'll send some of your gang to release you, or some one else to carry you to prison. Good night—you'll remember the mule in the gravel pit."

"May you be doubly cursed," said the fellow.

"Pleasant thoughts to you," said the landlord, and calling upon Rosenheim to follow him, they hurried towards the inn. The clock was striking twelve as they reached it. "We are just in time," said the landlord; "I'll enter, and see if all is clear before you. You know where the carriage is waiting for you, and may Heaven speed you."

The anxiety of Rosenheim, whilst the landlord was in the inn, had risen to the highest pitch. The hour appointed with Adeline was passed, and

he could scarcely refrain from giving the signal which had been agreed upon.

In a few minutes the landlord returned. "It is all safe," he said, "but take my advice—let them escape by the window. They might be discovered, were they to pass through the house."

"Generous man!" said Rosenheim.

"Talk not, but act," said the landlord. "We may, perhaps, meet again. Farewell! I will keep the watch for you within, and prevent any surprise from that quarter." The landlord shook him heartily by the hand. "Now, lose no time; may success attend you." The landlord hurried into the inn, with a joyous heart.

Rosenheim gave the appointed signal. Adeline was not long in answering it, and in a few minutes, the happy trio were on the road to the place where the generous landlord had stationed a carriage for them, to convey them to the place of their destination.

The landlord had no sooner completed his work of goodness, than he retired to his bed-chamber, fully prepared for the bustle and confusion which would reign in his house, on the discovery of the flight of the females; and at the same time he was resolved within himself to make use of every possible subterfuge which could tend to mislead the villains in their pursuit. At every noise which he heard, he expected they were proceeding to relieve the watch

which had been so cautiously set ; and then he was well aware that the discovery would soon be made, and what the consequences then might be he could not foretel. One hour, however, elapsed after another, and the party appeared to be so fast locked in sleep—some stretched on the benches, and others on the floor, that it would have been an easy matter to have fastened them so securely, that none of them could have escaped until the officers of justice had arrived. This was, however, an experiment which the landlord did not feel any great inclination to try ; for, he knew well the nature and dispositions of his guests ; and he proved the truth of the old proverb, which says, “ that it is better to let sleeping dogs lie.” Day-light appeared, before any of them awoke ; and the landlord was highly delighted, to think, that the females were several hours in advance of them ; and, he sincerely hoped beyond the chance of their being overtaken. He heard one of the fellows give a tremendous yawn—loud enough, of itself, to wake a person who was not worn out with fatigue, or who had not been lulled to sleep by the influence of some strong narcotic. The outer door of the inn was soon after unbolted ; and in a short time, he heard one of them exclaim—“ What the deuce is become of Martino ? I suppose, he was tired of watching, and has fallen asleep somewhere ; perhaps upon the dunghill in the yard. Come, wake ! ye lazy sluggards, it is time we were upon our journey.”

"What do you say," asked the leader, "is not Martino there?"

"Perhaps he is gone after some girl," answered the fellow, "for I cannot see any thing of him."

"An excellent watchman, indeed," said the leader; "but, how is the shutter of the ladies' apartment?"

"Every thing there appears to be safe," was the answer.

"We must wake the ladies soon," said the leader; "it is high time we were out of the village—the people will soon be stirring."

At this moment the landlord came out of his apartment, as if he was just risen; and joining the fellows who were standing at the door, he bade them a good morning.

"You are early up," said the leader.

"Not earlier than usual," said the landlord; "the sun and I generally rise together."

"We have lost one of our companions, during the night," said the leader.

"I'll warrant you, you will find him again," said the landlord—"he is snoring, perhaps, in some of the stables."

"Go, and search for him," said the leader, "and in the mean time, I'll rouse the ladies; and without any further ceremony, he knocked loudly at their door—but no answer was returned. He knocked again, but all was silent. He tried to open the door, but it was locked. He returned to his companions, and they made a

thundering noise at the window ; but still no sign of any one being within presented itself. " There is some foul play been going on, whilst we have been sleeping," exclaimed the leader, and in a furious tone he declared he would break open the door of the apartment.

" Consider," said the landlord, " the ladies were much fatigued, and you should allow them time for sleep."

" Time !" ejaculated one of the gang, " they have had time enough to sleep ; therefore, I am for breaking the door open."

" But, who is to pay me for the damage ?" asked the landlord ; " besides, I do not wish such rude acts to be committed in my house, as to break open the door of the sleeping-room of two ladies."

" A fig for your door," said one of the gang ; " and as for the ladies, they bring it all upon themselves—why don't they answer ? I'll be bound for it, they'd answer soon enough, if their sweethearts were to knock at the door."

" Or at the window either," said another.

" But you must allow" said the landlord, " that there is some difference between you and a sweetheart."

It is uncertain how long this conversation would have lasted, for, in one sense, the landlord had no objection to its duration the whole of the day, as it thereby enabled the fugitives to get the longer start of their enemies ; but as every hole

and corner of the inn and its premises had been searched for Martino, and no traces had been discovered, the leader of the gang began to suspect that some foul game had been playing, and in an imperious tone he informed the landlord that he should not procrastinate any longer, but that he should break open the door of the ladies' apartment instantly, and he now left it to the option of the landlord whether he would produce the key, or whether he would have his door broken to pieces.

"How can I produce the key?" asked the landlord; "the ladies must have it in the room."

"Curse all these prevarications," said the fellow, and without any further ceremony, he applied his foot to the door, and it instantly flew open;—but words cannot describe the rage which the whole of the gang exhibited, when the escape of the females was discovered; and it is, perhaps, certain that they would have vented their resentment upon the landlord, had not one of the gang exclaimed—"Oh! this is Martino's doing, —now his absence is accounted for. I thought he at times cast a longing eye towards the wenches."

"It must be so," said the leader; "he has assisted them in their escape, and to crown the business he has escaped with them."

"But," said another of the gang, "I heard the landlady say something about the girls sleep-

ing in a room above—perhaps we shall find them there?”

“It is possible,” said the landlord, “and if it be any satisfaction to you, I will go and make the inquiry of my wife; she may, for aught I know, have arranged the matter so, that the three females should sleep in one room.”

“I shall wait” said the leader, “for no inquiry. I am determined to convince myself with my own eyes,” and without any further ceremony, he ascended the stairs, followed by the whole gang. They soon began to make a most obstreperous noise at the door, and the fair inmate of the apartment was heard to utter one of those piercing shrieks, which some ladies are particular adepts at, whenever a real or fancied annoyance is offered to them.

“How many are there of you within?” asked the leader.

“Nobody, but myself—and I am in bed,” answered the female.

“Then get out of it,” said one of them, “and open the door.”

“O! Heaven defend us,” cried the female, “you would not surely have me open the door in my situation?”

“Then we will open it for you,” said the leader, “we are not to be trifled with;” and in a twinkling of the eye, the door flew open, and oh! monstrous to relate!—there, in all the charms of feminine beauty, decently attired in her night chemise,

and a ruffled cap concealing the lovely ringlets of her hair, sat erect in bed, trembling with affright, our old acquaintance, Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen. What a piteous plight for a lady of her immaculate character to be discovered in—to be gazed at by about half a dozen boorish fellows in the sanctuary of her slumbers, where no eye of man had yet ever seen her—without her own consent. But if Mademoiselle was astonished at this most rude and uncourteous intrusion of the gang, the leader of them was not much less so, when he recognised the lady, whom he had treated so uncavalierly, to be the governess of Adeline Lindamore, and whom he remembered to have seen at Niolo. The terrible alarm which the sudden appearance of the gang had excited in the breast of Mademoiselle, prevented her at first from recognising an old acquaintance; and he immediately exclaimed—“Oh! is it you Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen? who would ever have thought to find you here?”

“Ah! Jaques!”—exclaimed Mademoiselle—“now I know you—how could you treat me in this uncourteous manner?—but leave the room instantly. I will rise immediately and demand an explanation—your conduct shall be reported, where you shall gain nothing by it.”

“We came to look for Miss Adeline Lindamore,” said the leader.

“Adeline Lindamore!” exclaimed Mademoiselle—“what of her? why surely she is not in this neighbourhood?”

“ I know not where she is now,” said the fellow, “ but I know that I had her safe here last night.”

“ Prodigious !” exclaimed Mademoiselle.

“ Yes,” said the leader, “ it is a prodigious bad business for me.”

“ And was she one of the ladies, whom I refused to admit into my apartment ?”

“ I suppose she was,” answered the leader.

“ Leave me,” said Mademoiselle, “ and I will hasten and join you below, and you shall tell me the whole of the story.”

The fellows left the room strongly disappointed with the search, and on reaching the foot of the staircase, they were surprised to behold a crowd of people before the door of the inn, and in a moment, the officers of justice rushed into the house, followed by a number of sturdy peasants: the miscreants were seized, and although they defied themselves courageously, yet they were soon overpowered by numbers, and in a short time they were dragged away to prison, the honest landlord marching at their head.

“ This is all done by that traitor Martino,” said one of the gang.

“ You will soon find yourself mistaken,” said the landlord. “ If credit be due to any one for providing you with a lodging in our prison, I must take it all to myself, and if it will give you any satisfaction, I will tell you, that Martino shall soon join you, and then he will tell you of the par-

ticular manner in which we extricate mules from a pit in this country."

The fellows did not understand the latter part of the landlord's raillery; but having seen the fellows safely in prison, the landlord conducted the officers and the peasants to the spot where he had fastened Martino to the tree—but to his great surprise, he was gone, and the ropes which yet remained to the tree, shewed, that they had been cut by some friendly hand, and that the villain had been emancipated from his galling situation. This circumstance vexed the whole party not a little, but as it was conjectured that on his liberation, he would bend his steps immediately to the inn; the crowd hastened thither, but no tidings of him could be obtained. They, however, satisfied themselves with what they had done, and the most active measures were set on foot to discover the route of Martino, from the idea that he might still be lurking in the country.

As to Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, she had been assailing the landlady with a thousand questions respecting Adeline; and all that the landlady could do was to sympathise with Mademoiselle on her dislike to sleep in the same apartment with snorers, and which if she could in this instance have conquered, circumstances might have taken a very different turn.

We have given Mademoiselle her share of frailty—and where is the human being without it? and we may say, with some degree of truth, that

some strong compunctions rose in her breast, of the part which she had acted, and the force of which was not a little increased by the rude and unjustifiable manner in which she had been treated by Leopold and Ortano, who, as she had construed it, had run away with her, and then left at a sorry inn, to find her way to Niolo as well as she could, and as she was on her way thither, when she stopped at the inn, where she was disturbed from her repose, and exposed in her nocturnal habiliments to the licentious looks of a gang of miscreants. Revenge had therefore some share in the resolution which Mademoiselle at that moment formed, which was, to hasten with all possible speed to Niolo, and give that information of the route of Adeline, by which the necessary steps might be taken for her recovery, and her restoration to her anxious father. Having consulted with the landlord upon the subject, and having formed in her breast the judicious resolution, never again to refuse a female the liberty of sleeping in her room under the fictitious pretence that she abominated snorers, she departed in high spirits for Niolo; and it is believed, that she arrived there without any further exposure of her corporeal beauties to the rude stare of human bipeds.

CHAPTER XIX.

Yet still their half-formed words, and breathings were
Of one that loved them, and had brought them home
With him, in full felicity to dwell.

* * * *

To sing of all the scenes our travellers saw
An angel's harp were mete, which mortal hand
Must not essay. These scenes must be concealed
From mortal fancy, and from mortal eye,
Until our weary pilgrimage is done.

It was in one of those lovely and retired spots, which nature seems to have formed for the refuge of the wounded mind, and as an asylum for those who have suffered by the perfidy of their fellow creatures, that the Convent of the Grey Sisters was situate. The silence of the deepest solitude reigned around it, broken only at times by the slow and heavy tolling of the bell, calling the sisterhood to their devotions, and on the midnight air then floated their choral symphony, that the benighted wanderer often stopped, and thought some heavenly spirits were hovering over him, so sweet and soothing were the sounds. In this lovely retreat, Maria Orsini had hitherto found a

secure asylum from the persecutions of Leopold Lindamore, in full expectation that condign punishment would one day be awarded to the villain, and her union with Villano be consummated. It may be remembered, that when Anselm, the monk, left the hall in the castle of Niolo, he beckoned Villano to follow him; and it was for the purpose of apprising him, that the retreat of Orsini had been discovered by the emissaries of Leopold, and that the most villainous plans were laid for obtaining possession of her person. Roused at the danger which impended over the woman whom he so ardently loved, and for whom he had braved so many hazardous undertakings, he determined to lose not a moment; and Anselm, proffering his assistance in removing Orsini to a more secret place of safety, they both set off instantly towards the valley of Cambrera.

It was, however, on one of those beautiful evenings which distinguish the southern climates, that Bonano, the fisherman, accompanied by two others, as deeply versed in villainy as himself, arrived in the vicinity of the convent of the Grey Sisters; and the first step which Bonano took, was to pay a visit to the cottage, where he had discovered the dog belonging to Orsini, and where he knew he could obtain all the information he required towards the success of his undertaking. He knew very well, that were he to make any direct inquiries,

he should excite suspicion: and therefore, in a circumlocutory manner, he at last entered upon the subject; and by degrees, attended with no little art, he succeeded in gaining the intelligence, that Maria Orsini had been lately afflicted with a severe illness, which had put a stop to her visits to the cottage; but the last accounts from the convent stated her to be convalescent, and that a little time would restore her to her wonted health. This information was, however, by no means pleasing to Bonano. He did not feel much inclination to wait in the vicinity of the convent, until the object of whom he was in search should have recovered from her illness; as that, he was well aware, included an indefinite period, which by no means harmonized with his notions of doing business. He hated procrastination of any kind, and particularly that which prevented him from pocketing a reward for any action he might commit for the accommodation or advantage of his friends. Besides, a residence in the neighbourhood for such a length of time, would naturally expose him to suspicion; and therefore, he plainly saw, without he had recourse to some dexterous manœuvre, the prize might slip through his fingers, and he have had all his pains for nothing. A villain, in order to render him perfect in his profession, must be possessed of abilities—for a fool never yet made the accomplished villain; and few, who ever had any transactions with Bonano, refused to give him ample credit for as full a share of ability as is necessary

to constitute a villain of the first order. He did not, therefore, take a long time to consider of the plan which it was necessary for him to adopt, in order to secure the person of Orsini; and on the following morning he was seen ringing at the bell of the convent, leading a mule, laden with those kind of wares which he knew were suited for the market of a convent, and especially one of that rigid nature, as the Grey Sisters. What sort of commodities these are, they best can tell, who have purchased them at the grate of a convent, and therefore, no inventory of them here is necessary; but in convents, as in commercial states, certain kind of articles are positively prohibited. But then, Bonano had not lived so long on the shores of the Adriatic, as not to have attained to some knowledge of the art of smuggling; whether it were a pretty girl into a monastery, or a pretty one out of a convent, provided he was well paid for it. Bonano, however, with all his shrewdness, committed this morning an egregious error, and which threatened to throw him a whole day back in the execution of his plan. He rang at the gate of the convent with all that modesty and gentleness which distinguish the travelling pedlars of that country, and which is as different from the violent ring of a person of consequence, as in England, the humble single rap of the cheesemonger, or the butcher, differs from the thundering clatter of an insolent coxcomb of a powdered footman, at the door of a demirep of

fashion; the gate of the convent opened—and an old porter, whose eyes were filled with rheum—whose skin appeared like shrivelled parchment in the fire—whose sunken mouth, shewed but one solitary tooth—whose legs resembled two oaken sticks, as large at the bottom as the top, and whose whole figure partook more of the letter C, than any other letter in the alphabet—questioned, with a trembling voice, the pedlar, regarding the kind of wares he had to sell.

Bonano indeed, had no printed list; but he enumerated by memory, a few of those commodities, the importation of which, into so holy a place, was not prohibited.

“It is all well,” said the porter, “but you cannot be admitted.”

“How so?” asked Bonano; “I bring nothing contrary to the rules of your convent.”

“That may be,” said the porter, “but you cannot enter—depart—propriety forbids your entrance.”

“I am told,” said Bonano, “by my brother pedlars, that they often sell their wares at this convent.”

“True, they do,” said the porter, “but then they come in a decent manner.”

“Why am not I come in a decent manner?” asked Bonano, who began to examine every part of his dress.

“By no means,” said the porter. “You must be a stranger in the country, or you would not come

to the convent as you have done this morning—go, go—it is very indecent—very indeed.”

“What is there about me that’s indecent?” asked Bonano; “tell me, and I will rectify it.”

“It is not you I mean,” said the porter, “its your mule—take it away—take it away.”

“My mule,” exclaimed Bonano, “what in the name of goodness is there indecent about my mule?”

“Why, you fool,” said the porter, “you ought to know, that we never admit any one within these walls of the masculine gender; come here, and I will shew you our rules, that you may not err another time.”

The porter hobbled with Bonano into a little room contiguous to the gate, in which, suspended on the wall, appeared the rules of the convent, “Read—read,” said the porter, “this 28th article.”

Bonano read as follows:—“And it is ordered, for the better peace and tranquillity of the holy sisterhood, that no animal whatever of the masculine kind, be admitted to the grate of this convent.”*

“There now,” exclaimed the porter, “you see you have violated our rules.”

“I’ll be bound for it,” said Bonano, “that it is not the only thing which has been violated in

* This rule is literally copied from the written rules of the convent of Konigstein, in Franconia!—Fiat Lux!!

your convent ; but how am I to act in this emergency ?”

“Exchange your mule for a female, and then I will admit you.”

“There is not a better-behaved mule in all the country,” said Bonano.

“It matters not,” said the porter, “our holy place would be contaminated—therefore, go—go.”

“Give me leave to rest myself for a few minutes,” said Bonano.

“Most willingly,” said the old man, “our convent is noted for acts of kindness.”

“And my old friend,” said Bonano, “although my mule cannot be admitted, that is no reason why you and I should not enjoy some of the load which he carries—there is no rule against that, I hope?”

“None,” said the old man. “I live here a sort of an austere life—but I am fitted for it.”

“But are you not of the masculine gender?” asked Bonano.

“True,” said the fellow archly ; “but I am not an animal.”

“Come, drink my good fellow,” said Bonano, “I wish you were forty years younger for the sake of your ladies.”

Bonano now cared very little about the gender of the mule ; for as the old man drank the wine, his garrulity increased, and, in a short time, he gained all the information he required regard-

ing Orsini—her favorite walks were pointed out whither she repaired every evening ; and the old porter made no scruple to tell, that she would be seen that night in one of the walks which he had mentioned. Having gained all the information he wanted, he left the porter in that happy state of inebriety, that had any mule presented itself at the grate, it is a query, whether he could have distinguished its sex ; and the 28th article of the code of laws of the convent of the Grey Sisters, might have been infringed, to the great detriment and injury of the innocence and virtue of the holy sisterhood.

Bonano left the convent, with the firm resolution, whenever he visited it again with his wares, always to select a female mule ; and congratulating himself on the information which he had obtained, and the near prospect which presented itself of gaining possession of Orsini, he joined his companions, in order to concert the proper measures for carrying her off before the alarm could be raised in the country. He saw with particular pleasure, the shades of evening creeping upon the earth ; and accompanied by his worthy coadjutors, he repaired to the spot, where the drunken porter informed him that Orsini generally enjoyed her evening walk. There, concealed behind some thick bushes, the villains awaited the coming of their victim ; nor was it long before they saw her approaching with a slow and languid step, and carrying with her

every appearance of having just recovered from a severe illness. She was now near the place of their concealment, when, like tygers upon their prey, they darted from their ambush—her shrieks were stifled—and in a senseless state, they bore her away.

About six miles from the convent of the Grey Sisters, was situate the pleasant, but not very populous town of Castellati. It abounded in monks and nuns, devotees, male and female—wives who wished to be single, and single girls who wished to be wives—in which commodity, the town of Castellati is by no means singular. Moreover, it abounded with mules and pigs and inns, which, again abounded with a multitude of fleas, which, as they felt no inclination to sleep themselves, were in revenge determined not to allow a traveller to close his eyes, and would even often prevent him from enjoying his soup, by skipping in dozens into the plate from which he was regaling himself with the delicious mixture. The landlord of one of these well-frequented inns was standing at the door, which in every country is said to be the sign that there are no guests within, when to his inexpressible satisfaction, he beheld two persons directing their steps towards his comfortable domicile. The lowness of the bow of an English landlord is determined by the rank and quality of his guests—to the humble pedestrian he makes no bow at all, on the contrary, he expects to be bowed to ; to the stage-coach tra-

veller, something very like the scowl of contempt, or an extraordinary turn-up of the nose, is all he receives for being brought to his house, whether he chooses it or not; to the consequential traveller in a post-chaise, the smile of welcome, and the obsequious bow are given—but to the titled traveller with four horses—Heavens and earth! all his house is put into an uproar—in his hurry, he throws down the waiter—the waiter throws down the landlady—the landlady comes in contact with the hostler—the hostler with the chambermaid—the chambermaid with boots—the boots with the cook—the cook with the post-boy—in fine, the bustle of an English inn, is determined by the particular manner in which a traveller presents himself at the gate. Now to judge from comparison—we might be led to suppose, from the very obsequious and respectful manner in which the landlord of the inn of the town of Castellati received the travellers, that he must have seen something in their exterior, which convinced him they were persons of some note and consequence; for from their mode of travelling on mules, no certain criterion could be formed of their rank. However, it was with peculiar satisfaction that he saw them stop before his house, and inquire if they could be accommodated with lodgings for the night.

“The best in the country, Signors,” said the landlord—and calling to a ragged, half-starved,

shirtless mortal, who was just then cleaning the pig-styes, to take the mules of the travellers, the landlord ushered them into the best room of his house, the furniture of which consisted of three chairs and one table, which were made about two centuries ago.

"You will provide some refreshment instantly," said one of the travellers.

"And beds also, I suppose," said the host.

"Certainly," said the traveller, "we cannot sleep upon the boards."

"Forbid it all the Saints," said the host, "with such excellent beds as I possess."

"We shall remain with you the whole of to-morrow," said one of the travellers, who was no other person than Leopold Lindamore—"we have some business to settle in your neighbourhood."

"No better accomodations, Signor, in all Switzerland," said the host.

"How far do you say it is from this place to the convent of the Grey Sisters?"

"In the valley of Cambrera, you mean," said the host.

"The same," said Leopold.

"It is about six miles distant," said the host.

"Enough," said Leopold—"let us have some refreshment."

The host left the room, and turning to Ortano, who was his companion, he said—"We are rather too far from the convent to carry our plans into execution—we must to-morrow look out for some place where we can be concealed a little nearer."

"Let us be thankful," said Ortano, "that we are so far on our expedition—if Orsini now escapes us, then farewell to every hope of obtaining her. We'll give the nuns a taste of the same medicine which we administered to the ladies of St. Roch, e'er we be foiled."

In this strain the two villains sat conversing; and as the day began to decline, they had so far made their arrangements, that in imagination, Leopold saw Orsini in his arms—for so deep were their stratagems laid, that no chance of a failure presented itself. The sun had sunk behind the mountains, and the loveliness of the scene would have infused tranquillity into any breast but theirs—but their hearts were assailed with the most furious passions of human nature. Despair, revenge, hatred, and remorse, displayed alternately their hideous effects, and rendered them callous to every feeling of a gentler nature. Leopold had sat for some time in a deep reverie, when on a sudden, he was roused by the stopping of a carriage before the inn, and going towards the window, how great was his surprise, mingled with joy, when he beheld the travellers to be. Adeline, Rosenheim, and a lady, with whose person he was not acquainted.

"See," he cried to Ortano, "the fish have run into the net at last—now Adeline is yours, if you act a political part, nor shrink at trifles."

"How so?" cried Ortano, hastening to join Leopold at the window.

"There," exclaimed Leopold, "who is that lady that is just now stepping out of the carriage?"

"By heavens," cried Ortano, "it is Adeline Lindamore—and there is her hated paramour."

"True," said Leopold—"but it depends upon you, whether he shall hold that situation long; if it depended upon me, he should soon be degraded a few feet below the surface of the earth, and then the only things that would love him would be the worms."

"But how shall we act in this unexpected case?" asked Ortano; "it will not be prudent for us to shew ourselves, as that would defeat every thing."

"Right," said Leopold, "we must keep ourselves concealed—we can, perhaps, obtain some information of their motions from the landlord, and then we must act accordingly."

"This is, indeed, a most fortunate circumstance," cried Ortano; "if we do but now succeed in obtaining Orsini, we'll away with our prizes to some distant land, and laugh at the fools of Niolo, whom we have cajoled."

"Perhaps they will travel further to night," said Leopold, "for we know not how far they may be from the place of their destination."

"So much the better for us," said Ortano. "I'll warrant you that in this part of the country, they'll not travel far before they'll be obliged to pass through some wood, and then the leaves

of autumn may form a shroud for the beloved Rosenheim."

"We must be cautious how we act," said Leopold—"all will now depend upon our good management; if the host will but stand our friend, then success will be ours."

The unusual bustle which now sounded in the inn, declared the arrival of the party—and Ortano gently opened the door of the apartment, to catch, if possible, some part of the discourse, which he heard Rosenheim carrying on with the landlord.

"What distance do you call it from the convent of the Grey Sisters?" asked Rosenheim.

"About six miles," answered the host.

"We can then," said Rosenheim, "after taking some refreshment, reach the end of our journey to-night?"

"If the convent be the end of your journey," said the host, "it will be in vain for you to pursue it to-night—the gates close with the setting of the sun—and you see, Signor, that it has been set some time."

It was very proper that the host should have some excuse for keeping such respectable guests in his house during the night: and it was by no means improbable that the convent gates did actually shut at the setting of the sun; but if the sun even had not happened to have left this hemisphere, to illuminate our friends, the Antipodes, the host was resolved in his own mind, that his

guests should not depart that evening—and when a man is determined upon a deed, he is not very nice in the selection of the means wherewith it is to be accomplished.

“ You must, then,” said Rosenheim, “ furnish us with the best accommodation in your power—and particularly for the ladies.”

“ The ladies !” exclaimed the host—“ God bless them. I will sleep in the stable, rather than they shall not be made comfortable—it does me good to see a lady in my house. But the convent, Signor—I hope you are not going to shut up such lovely creatures within its melancholy walls—why, the human race will soon be extinct, if we go on in this manner, filling our convents.”

Rosenheim made no reply to this wise remark of the landlord's ; and desiring that the most particular attention should be paid to the accommodation of the ladies, which was most cheerfully granted by the landlord, they parted, and Ortano closed the door again, highly satisfied in having obtained the information that the ladies were not going to pursue their journey that night.

The landlord soon afterwards entered the room, with the smile of satisfaction gracing his ruddy countenance, which was most regularly and beautifully studded with some vivid spots, proceeding from a long rooted attachment to the Falernian juice—for as it did not frequently happen

that the contents of his cellar were called for by his guests, he knew not that any let or hindrance existed, why he should not enjoy them himself. And he is not the first landlord, either in Switzerland or England, who has personally contributed to the emptying of his cellars more than all the guests who ever drank in his house.

"You appear to have an influx of company, to-night," said Leopold to the host, "as he deposited some wine on the table.

"Yes, Signor," said the host, "it seldom rains but it pours with me—but my heart is sorely grieved——

"That it does not rain in such a manner every day, I suppose," said Ortano.

"Not that, Signor," said the host; "but if you were to see the lovely girl that is now in my house, and I were to tell you her fate, you would grieve also."

"Is she going to be married?" asked Leopold.

"Holy fathers," said the host, "what girl is there that grieves at that, whatever she may do afterwards? But of what benefit is the scent of the rose, if it blooms in a desert?—and, of what use is a pretty girl shut up in a convent? I do not know what you may think, Signors, but as to myself, I think it is high treason against nature."

"And is then this beautiful creature going to a convent?" asked Ortano.

"Aye, marry is she," said the host, "to the convent of the Grey Sisters; but were I the young fellow that is with her, I would make something better of her than a nun; and if there be any language in a human eye, I can easily divine which condition would be the most pleasing to her."

"You appear to know something of the female character," said Leopold.

"I have not lived fifty years in the world for nothing," said the host; "and he who in that time remains in ignorance of what women really are, deserves to be sent to Jericho to be cut for the simples. But, Signors, when I look you in the face, I rather suspect that you are somehow connected with this beautiful creature that is going to be immured for life."

"How so?" asked Leopold with surprise; "we are strangers in the country."

"That may well be," said the host, "and so are my other guests; but that is no proof that you are not what I take you for."

"Explain yourself," said Leopold, in an angry tone, "I am not accustomed to be trifled with."

"I beg your pardon," said the host, making a low bow, "but I meant no offence. I merely came to inform you that the gentleman who accompanies the ladies, has been making some inquiries, if two gentlemen, who by his description very much resemble you, have been seen in this part of the country."

"And what answer did you make?" asked Leopold.

"A silent tongue makes a wise head," said the host, "and as I wish to act impartially towards every one, not to be the bolster and pillow to one, and the cat's paw to another, I briefly answered—that I never troubled my head about other people."

"It was well answered," said Leopold.

"I had a particular motive for it," said the host. "If my suspicions be just," said the host, "from what I have accidentally heard, I suspect the gentleman to be the beautiful creature's brother—for I heard the words brother and sister mentioned, and I suppose she may have fallen in love, for aught I know, with one of you gentlemen, and they are now hurrying her away to the convent, to prevent her having the husband of her choice. Now, although I never interfere in other people's affairs, there is nothing in which I would not meddle sooner, than to keep a fine girl from a convent, and throw her into the arms of the man she loves."

"You are a most notable fellow," said Ortano, "and I have no hesitation now to tell you, that your suspicions are well founded. I idolize that lovely creature."

"And you are then her lover?" exclaimed the landlord—"then my services are at your command—no convent for such an angel."

"The first service you can perform for me,"

said Ortano, "is to obtain the most correct information of their motions—and then be it our task to circumvent them."

"That shall be done," said the host.

"But in the mean time," said Leopold, "let not a syllable escape your lips about our presence here—that would defeat all."

"Rely upon me," said the host. "I will now leave you, and as soon as I have gained any information, I will not fail to communicate it to you."

"Our thanks attend you," said Ortano, and the host left the room.

"This is most strange," said Leopold, looking towards the door by which the landlord had gone out—"every thing seems to favor us—we shall now get all the information we require, and Adeline shall at last be your's. But of what are you thinking so deeply?" asked Leopold.

"I was thinking," said Ortano,—

"How happy you will be in the arms of Adeline," said Leopold, interrupting him.

"My thoughts had no reference to that subject," said Ortano.

"So it must be," said Leopold, "or your countenance would not be so grave and solemn."

"It was a solemn subject on which I was thinking," said Ortano.

"Marriage is, indeed, a very solemn subject," said Leopold, "and I am therefore not surprised at your gravity, when you are so near it."

"May perdition seize him," said Ortano, springing wildly from his chair.

"How now," said Leopold, "what has happened thus to excite your anger?"

"Have I not reason," said Ortano, "to execrate him? Has he not like a damning fiend, stood in the way of my greatest bliss on earth?"

"I know not to whom you are alluding," said Leopold.

"To that hated Rosenheim," said Ortano; "but for him, Adeline would have been mine."

"Well," said Leopold, with great coolness, "your rival is now in your power—and you had better not let the golden moment slip away without being profited."

"Nor shall it," said Ortano, "though all the demons of hell stand in my way. I'll have my revenge; and has he not injured you too? Has he not foiled all your plans? Blasted all your hopes, and thrown us from almost the summit of our wishes, to this state of degradation and uncertainty?"

"True, he did," said Leopold, "and he shall suffer for it. I think that man is a fool who knows his enemy within his power, and then suffers him to escape."

"I agree with you," said Ortano, "but —"

"But what?" exclaimed Leopold, casting a scrutinizing glance upon Ortano.

A pause of some moments ensued. The thoughts of both of them had a tendency to the

same object, and yet neither was willing to express them.

"I think this opportunity should not be lost," said Ortano.

"Nor I," said Leopold.

"The hour of our vengeance is arrived," said Ortano.

"And it shall be accomplished," said Leopold; "but have you the means at hand?"

"Do I ever travel without them?" said Ortano.

"It requires but a little boldness," said Leopold, "and one moment delivers us from a hated enemy."

"We are then of one accord," said Ortano.

"We are," said Leopold; "but how is it to be effected? We should know the room in which he sleeps."

"Our landlord will tell us that," said Ortano.

"We must, however, be circumspect in our inquiries," said Leopold; "we must not excite the suspicion of the landlord, for he does not appear to be a man who would co-operate with us in such a deed."

"That is easily effected," said Ortano; "but the most material point is yet to settle. I know not which of us he has the most deeply injured; therefore let us draw lots, and to whomever it falls, let us previously swear to perform the deed."

"Agreed," said Leopold.

The solemn oath was taken, and the angels of

Heaven wept at it. The die was cast—intense anxiety sat upon the miscreants' brows—a deadly paleness covered their features. The lot fell to Ortano. "Be it mine, then," he said, "and let no merciful spirit in the trying moment stay my arm. Now our only object is to ascertain the room in which he sleeps, and I will then take care that no morrow dawns for him."

At this moment a gentle rap was heard at the door—it was the landlord.

"Well," exclaimed Ortano, "any intelligence?"

"Yes, yes," said the landlord, "the ladies set off at six to-morrow morning, for they appear to be all in a flutter."

"Thanks to you," said Ortano; and with a good deal of circumlocution, he extracted from the landlord the intelligence of the exact room in which Rosenheim was to sleep; and Ortano assured the landlord, that he had no other motive for it, than that all danger of their meeting might be avoided.

"If you will just step with me down the passage," said the landlord, "I will shew you the very room; there is no danger of you meeting with your sweetheart nor her brother, for I have just set their supper before them."

"Come on, then," said Ortano.

The landlord led the way, and at the extremity of a narrow passage, he pointed to a door—"that is the room in which he will sleep," he said,

"but you must be early up, if you mean to carry off your beautiful girl before she gets into the convent."

"Do not fear me," said Ortano.

Thus discoursing, they reached the room in which Leopold was sitting.

"We shall not require your assistance any more to-night," said Ortano.

"Bring more wine," said Leopold, "we shall not be disposed to retire early to rest."

"Whenever you please," said the landlord.

"It is necessary for us to be upon our guard," said Ortano, "the precious prize may slip through our fingers."

"That would indeed be a pity," said the landlord ; "the wine shall be sent immediately," and wishing the villains a good night, he left them to ponder on the dreadful act which they had in agitation.

By degrees, silence reigned in the house—the voice of the landlord alone was heard giving some directions to the servants as they retired to rest. Leopold had sat for some time immersed in thought, but on a sudden, he exclaimed—"I think on mature consideration, we should be more likely to allay suspicion of having been the perpetrators of the death of the wretch, were we to retire to our rooms. The murder will not be discovered until the morning, and we can then by that time, have placed ourselves beyond the reach of pursuit."

Ortano agreed to this plan of Leopold, and it was in a short time adopted. Leopold retired first to his apartment; and Ortano, having exhilarated himself as much as possible with wine, awaited with apparent composure, the moment which was to decide for ever the fate of his rival. He opened the door of his apartment, not a sound was stirring in the house; thick and heavy clouds shot across the moon at intervals, and the hollow gusts of wind whistled round the isolated dwelling. With a cautious tread he paced the passage leading to the chamber of the ill-fated Rosenheim: in the apartment contiguous, was slumbering in her innocence, the loved idol of his soul. Ortano thought he heard her breathings, and the madness of passion seized him: he thought he felt his arm nerved with unusual power, and resolute and bold, he reached the door which the landlord had pointed out to him. His hand trembled not as he opened it, all was still within, save the breathings of a person in sleep, which were distinctly heard. A dense cloud broke the light of the moon, but still there was sufficient light to shew him the bed on which his victim was sleeping, unconscious of the fate which awaited him. For a moment Ortano stood by the bedside—he drew the dagger from his bosom—with the other hand he felt for the body—where were the guardian angels of heaven in this awful moment? The assassin lifted his dagger on high—once—twice—thrice—the fated instrument pierced through the heart of the

suffering sleeper ; a heavy groan broke the silence of the night—the gurgling of the blood ceased, and death had claimed its sacrifice.

The murderer casting no look behind him, gained his apartment—he threw himself on his bed, the deed of the night was done.

CHAPTER XX.

O happy, happy scene, might this but last,
Tell not my song, how soon the charms decay ;
Tell not how these fair visions fade so fast,
That memory scarce can tell they once had sway.
Tell not how soon the bright hues melt away,
That o'er life's dread realities are cast ;
How soon dark win'try clouds deform the day,
And innocence and bliss for ever past,
Fade like the Autumn's leaves, from Winter's withering blast.

HAPPY in the restoration to his father, Frederic Lindamore sat in the hall of Niolo. The venerable man had recounted all his sufferings during the lingering hours of his confinement, and the prayers which he had often directed to heaven for his speedy release from his earthly sorrows; acutely the heart of Frederic felt that all those unmerited sufferings should have been visited upon his unoffending head by the machinations and villainy of a son. Deeply, however, as he felt the moral turpitude of his brother, and poignantly as it appeared to throw an oppressive gloom over the evening of his father's life, yet there was one individual, in whom he

felt too deep an interest, to allow his mind to dwell continually on the afflicting circumstances of his brother's conduct. Some consolation had, indeed, been imparted to him by the worthy abbess, who had related to him the various means which she had adopted, to rescue Adeline from the danger which impended over her, and the place which she had selected for her retirement, until affairs at Niolo assumed a more favorable complexion. Frederic thanked the abbess in the warmest terms, for the friendly and affectionate manner in which she had espoused the interests of his daughter ; and the best return he could make, was the re-building of the convent, and providing, in the mean time, for the comfort and safety of the nuns, who had been so villainously expelled from their home. It was not, however, solely on Adeline's account, that Frederic found that he was indebted to the abbess for her disinterested interference. Although an apparent silent spectator of the scenes which were passing at Niolo, the abbess had taken an active, but secret part in them, and she was obliged to adopt that line of conduct, from the fear which rested upon her mind, of exciting the resentment of the abbot, with whose character she was well acquainted ; and who, in a secular point of view, would inflict the most terrible vengeance upon the convent, were it discovered, that she was acting in opposition to his wishes, or his plans. It was some time before she could find a person,

in whom she could place implicit confidence; and she was not a person to unbosom her intentions to any one, until she had completely investigated his character. Amongst the guilty tribe, which at the outset of this history, polluted by their presence, the holy monastery of Arienheim, there was one who was guiltless, and who was often in the habit of conversing with the abbess, on the nefarious practices which were carrying on within the walls of the monastery, and who had often expressed his intention of quitting it, whenever he could adduce that reason, which would allay the suspicion of the brotherhood. It was from this monk, that the abbess obtained her information, not only of the chief occurrences which had taken place at Niolo, but also of the plans which were in agitation in the future to bring almost immediate ruin upon the worthy family of Niolo. It however, behoved the abbess and the monk to act with the greatest caution—their very existence depended upon their secrecy—and when Leopold and Ortano set off for Zurich, at the time that his brother and niece were there, it was well known, that their journey thither had no other motive, than to lay those plans by which they could obtain possession of the person of Frederic, and thereby remove one of the chief obstacles to Leopold's becoming proprietor of the extensive domains of Niolo. It was therefore determined, that the monk should immediately depart for Zurich, and

warn Frederic of his impending danger, which he effected with all due caution, but which was not regarded by Frederic, and which, but for the most providential interference, would have ultimately led to his death. In one of their private conferences, the abbess informed Frederic of these circumstances, and in gratitude he became doubly bound to her. It was, however, necessary, that the most speedy method should be adopted of apprising Adeline of the change which had taken place at Niolo, and to hasten her return to her paternal home, where the arms of her aged grandfather, and her own father, would be open to receive her. For this purpose a messenger was despatched on the route which she had taken on her way to Cambrera, and he arrived at the village, where the mules had been very seasonably seized with the gripes, for the purpose of delaying the progress of the travellers. Like all other messengers, who travel at the expense of other people, and therefore regale themselves, not only with the best fare which the different inns can afford, but also consume twice the time which any other person going upon his own business, would think of sacrificing, the trusty agent from Niolo, seated himself in the best room in the inn, and calling the landlord to keep him company, desired him to relate to him the whole of the particulars which happened to the travellers, during their stay at his house ; and as the messenger had a particular taste for good

wine, the landlord had no dislike to partake of that which he would be paid for. The story, as may be supposed, resembled in some degree, the English story of Chevy Chace; and it was adorned and beautified with so many digressions, breaks, explanations, and illustrations, that had the landlord been one of the Shandean family, he could not have acted up to the character of the incomparable individuals who composed that original society, with greater spirit and harmony. It is an undoubted truth, and let it be strongly engraven on the minds of those sceptical beings, who believe, that there is no such thing as truth in the world, that whilst a messenger is sitting drinking his wine at an inn, and listening to a long-winded harangue from the landlord, he cannot be supposed by any mathematical deduction, to be proceeding on his journey; and a second truth naturally arises from this position—which is, that if a messenger be sent in pursuit of any particular individual, he will never come up to the object of his search, whilst he sits drinking at an inn. Now, these truths are so palpable, that they require no argument to enforce their validity; but several hours had elapsed, before the strength of the wine had operated upon the talkative faculties of the landlord—and it is another undoubted truth, that the messenger would never have proceeded on his journey that day, had not the landlord accidentally rose from his chair, but for what purpose is not known—and

looking out at the window, exclaimed, " Why as sure as there is a saint in heaven, (which, however, be it said *en passant*, is a very dubious matter) here is the very man entering the yard, who drove the ladies and the gentleman, of whom you are in search."

" Well, that is lucky," said the messenger " now I shall know all about them—call him in, I desire, and I will question him."

" And shall I bring another bottle ?" asked the host ; " I dare say the poor fellow is thirsty."

" My employer is well able to pay for it," said the messenger.

" Then I would not be very nice about a bottle," said the host—and he departed in search of the muleteer, with whom he soon returned ; leading him in with one hand, and in the other carrying two bottles of wine. The muleteer entered with a most doleful countenance, and he was immediately interrogated by the messenger, as to the place where he had left the travellers, and of the route which they had taken.

" I—I cannot say," said the muleteer, " where I left them."

" How so ?" asked the messenger.

" Because, answered the muleteer, " they left me."

" That may well be," said the messenger ; " and then I suppose they hired another, and proceeded on their journey ?"

" I know nothing about them," said the mu-

leteer—"and were the whole riches of our Madonna to be offered me, I would never pass through that wood again."

"Why, what has happened?" asked the messenger—who, though somewhat addicted to the bottle, was like many others, who can lay equal claim to the same failing, a good-honest fellow at the bottom—"Surely no accident of a serious nature has befallen them?"

"I know not what you may call an accident of a serious nature—but I know that the wood is bewitched; and it is one of the greatest wonders of the world, that you now see me before you."

The eyes of the landlord and the messenger began to assume that sort of wild stare, which credulous people exhibit, when some strange unaccountable story is relating; for there existed not a being in that part of the world, who was not more or less tinctured with superstition.

"Yes," continued the muleteer, "your hearts would have leapt out of your bodies, had you witnessed what I have—mine was nearly out—but I summoned all my courage; I offered two and thirty prayers to St. Honorarius—I vowed to give one of my best mules to our holy monastery, if he would come to my assistance—and he did come, and saved me from the tremendous fate which awaited me."

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed the host, "what then has befallen the beautiful ladies?"

"Aye," said the muleteer, with a heavy sigh, "that I cannot tell."

"Where are they now?" asked the messenger.

"I cannot tell," said the muleteer, in the same desponding tone. "O that wood—I'll never go through it again—thanks be for ever to St. Honorarius for his aid. You know, said the muleteer, the reason of the ladies going before the gentleman."

"I do," said the landlord, "and I have told the whole story to this worthy man."

"Well," exclaimed the muleteer, in a low fearful tone, "I drove as fast as I could, in hopes of overtaking the ladies; and we had proceeded some way in the wood, but no symptoms of them appeared. Oh that wood, I never shall forget it. Well and we travelled on, and on, and on, and every now and then, something came whizzing about my ears, and dismal shrieks and groans sounded in all parts of the wood. O! St. Honorarius defend me, what perils have I escaped! At last, the gentleman alighted, but the ladies were nowhere to be found; at last I saw him strike into a narrow path, and there, O! I shall never forget it; I saw a hideous figure, beckoning him to follow—a shower of hail came on at the time, and if you had heard the hailstones beat against the skin of the figure; you would, like myself, never forget it: it was like a thousand peas falling upon a drum head, rattle, rattle, rattle. The birds fell at my feet with fear. The skin of the figure must have been parchment; and with

a horrible grin, and a shrivelled arm, it kept beckoning to the unfortunate gentleman. I kept my eyes upon them as long as I could, but on a sudden they disappeared—and whether they went up into heaven, or whether the earth opened and swallowed them up, I cannot tell—but I saw no more of them. It was a sight I never saw before—nor do I think I shall ever see it again.”

“Heaven forbid you should,” said the messenger; “and the heiress of Niolo has, at last, after all her troubles, fallen a victim to some horrible spirit?”

“There is little doubt of that,” said the muleteer—“she is gone, poor thing. I wish it had entered into my head to ask St. Honorarius to assist her also, and then she would undoubtedly have been saved—but my poor mule, it must now go—and that is all the reward I shall obtain for my anxiety to serve the ladies.”

“Will you return with me to Niolo?” asked the messenger, “and having related your story there, I am certain you will be well rewarded.”

“Indeed, I will,” answered the muleteer, to whom the prospect of reward appeared in the most tempting light; and who, like many other persons of a dissolute mode of life, when they are ill, most fervently promise to reform their lives, but who forget their promise as soon as they have recovered their wonted health, began most seriously to consider in his own mind, whether he

should keep his vow to that most immaculate of all saints, St. Honerarius, in regard to his mule, or whether, if he were to take a little time for consideration, he could not find some accommodating priest, who, for a bottle of wine, or for introducing him to some frail meretricious lady, he could not get absolution for his vow, and thereby save his mule, and at the same time exonerate his conscience from the flagrant crime of ingratitude towards his patron saint. So easy is it in this world, to find an excuse for our actions, and to wrap them in the deceitful covering of propriety, whenever circumstances so combine, that our inolinations and our propensities are fostered and flattered by the infraction of our most positive duties.

After the report which the muleteer had given, the messenger did not think it prudent by any means to prosecute his journey; indeed, where could be the utility of it, for the party of whom he was in search, were, perhaps, no longer to be found upon the earth: considering that the muleteer himself had declared, he could not tell whether they were above or below it; but he had positively affirmed that they were not upon it, and if he went in pursuit of them, he would have to pass through the very wood, in which the muleteer had beheld the demon with the parchment skin, there was therefore no certainty but that the said demon might take a fancy to him also; and there was a little voice within him which

declared, that he was not fit for the place above the earth—and as to that under it, he had good reason to believe that it would be amply filled, without his adding to the number. Having therefore extracted from the muleteer all the information of which he was possessed, some of which, it must be confessed, partook very much of the wonderful and the incredible, they both set forwards towards Niolo, where they arrived, without meeting on their way with any wood, or demons with parchment skins.

CHAPTER XXI.

There is a home of peace, that shall soon be thine,
And there thou shalt see thy father and mine ;
The flowers of the world shall bud and decay,
The trees of the forest be weeded away,
But there thou shalt bloom for ever and ay.

It is natural to suppose, that Frederic no sooner heard of the return of the messenger, whom he had sent in pursuit of his beloved daughter, and that he was accompanied by a clownish looking fellow, than he ordered them into his presence, and began immediately to question them as to the information which they had brought respecting his daughter. The messenger prefaced the story, by a recital of every particular which the muleteer had imparted to him, with this only difference, that the muleteer had informed him there was only one demon in the wood, whereas the messenger multiplied the one into a hundred, and so enlarged upon the wondrous part of the story, for which there was no necessity whatever, that Frederic, who was himself rather addicted to superstition, began to form the most wonderful conjectures as to the actual

fate of his daughter. In those not very enlightened ages, the belief of the existence of supernatural beings was very prevalent—and the monks and priests found their interest in supporting that belief, for they were not such Tyros in the knowledge of the human mind, as to be ignorant, that so long as a man is under the influence of superstition and bigotry, he can be moulded and fashioned into whatever character, the designing knave, or the interested priest, may please to make of him. Frederic first sent for the worthy abbess, to consult with her on what measures should be adopted in his present emergency; but the abbess attached no credit whatever to the story of the hobgoblins in the wood—nor did she believe that the singular disappearance of Adeline was, in the least, owing to their interference. It was therefore finally resolved, that on the following day, the muleteer should accompany Frederic to the place where he had seen the most horrible of apparitions, and perhaps some circumstances would present themselves, which might lead to a discovery of the actual reason of the mysterious disappearance of the females. This plan was, however, by no means agreeable to the muleteer—for as to his ever entering that wood again, not all the riches of Niolo could tempt him to set a foot into it; and therefore, he devised the best plan which could be adopted under such circumstances, which was, to make as precipitate a retreat from Niolo as possible; but he took care

previously to represent his impoverished condition to Frederic, who handsomely relieved his wants, and bade him be in readiness early in the morning, to accompany him on his excursion. Frederic looked forward to the morrow with peculiar anxiety; he determined to trace even the most distant clue which could lead to the discovery of his daughter, and to sacrifice every personal consideration to restore her to her native home.

The Castle gates were closing for the night, and old Rupert was fastening the draw-bridge, when a sound resembling that of a carriage, travelling at a quick rate, suddenly struck his ears. In this sequestered spot, a travelling carriage was as rare a sight, as it is in the most desert parts of the Highlands of Scotland; and as Rupert supposed that the carriage might be conveying some visitors to the Castle, he refrained from drawing up the bridge, and listened to the sound of the carriage, which was now evidently approaching the Castle. Rupert had, however, lately seen such strange things, that he was positive, on all occasions, that he would be acting very remiss, were he not to be guided by the strictest maxims of prudence and caution. He therefore hobbled away to his master, to inform him of the prospect of an early visit, but from whom, or on what business, Rupert very naturally expressed the most profound ignorance. "They may be enemies," said Rupert, in a tone of suspicion—"I will draw

up the bridge immediately, and then I can question them as to the purport of their visit."

"Do so," said Frederic; "grant heaven it may be my daughter."

"It may be her, indeed," said Rupert, "and then I will not be long in letting down the bridge."

"But be upon your guard," said Frederic, "there may be some of the gang still lurking about; at all events, let the male domestics be assembled; we will give them such a reception as they little think of."

Rupert having received these orders, repaired without the least delay to the gate, and he espied a carriage, as well as the gloom of the night would permit him, just entering the avenue which led to the Castle. Rupert was at no time gifted with an uncommon share of courage; indeed, he considered it to be the very height of folly in a man, to expose himself to the risk of having his brains knocked out, when, by a little prudent caution, which by some is construed into cowardice, he could save them for other purposes. Rupert, therefore, with all due regard for himself, planted his valuable person behind one of the pillars of the bridge, and in complete concealment, though not wholly divested of fear, coolly awaited the arrival of the carriage. Not a long time had elapsed, before it stopped at the gate, and a voice, by no means familiar to Rupert, was heard to exclaim, "Well, thanks

to the mules, we are here at last. I will soon rouse the inhabitants of the Castle." A man alighted from the carriage, and gave a most violent ring at the bell.

"I shall be able better to ascertain who they are," said Rupert to himself, "by keeping them a little at the gate:" and he therefore paid no attention to the ringing of the bell.

"You are now at the end of your journey, Signora," said the man. "I wish the lazy Seneschal would bestir himself, and open the gate. I'll give him another peal."

The man having rung the bell again most violently, Rupert crept from his hiding place, and in a most authoritative tone, demanded the business of the travellers.

"Is the Lord of Niolo in the Castle?" asked the man.

"First tell me your business," said Rupert, "and then I will answer you."

"Our business," said the man, "is of a most pleasant nature to him; he will rejoice to see us."

"That may all be very true," said Rupert; "but I am an old bird, and not to be caught with chaff. Whom have you got in the carriage?"

"One that your master will give half his estate to know within his walls," said the man: "it is a lady."

"A lady!" exclaimed Rupert; "and have you really brought her?"

"Indeed we have," said the man, "and I am sure we deserve the reward which will be given to us."

"You shall, indeed, be well paid," said Rupert; "how I shall rejoice to see my dear lady once more at home. Wait an instant, I will let down the bridge instantly."

Rupert lost no time in opening the passage for the carriage, and it had no sooner passed the bridge, than he hastened into the Castle, to apprise Frederic of the arrival of his daughter. The whole of the Castle was immediately in a bustle—all the domestics flocked to the gate, eager to welcome the heiress of Lindamore, and in a short time the carriage stopped—the door was opened—and, supported by two ruffians, in a weak and trembling condition, Maria Orsini entered the Castle. Frederic hastened with the view of welcoming his daughter, and pressing her to his paternal heart; but his surprise and disappointment were boundless, when instead of his daughter, he saw before him an utter stranger—though all the dignity which distinguishes superior birth, declared her to be no common personage. Frederic advanced towards her with every mark of respect, and in a most friendly manner, asked "whom he had the honour of receiving in the Castle?"

"My name is Orsini," she answered.

"Orsini?" exclaimed Frederic, interrupting her
"Maria Orsini?"

"The same," she replied.

"Heaven be thanked," said Frederic—and he was on the point of giving some orders to Rupert, when on a sudden his look fell upon Bonano, who was standing near Orsini. He had seen him in the vicinity of Stavelo, and he had heard from Villano the treachery of the villain, when Sazzano had determined to murder him. Frederic lost not a moment—he was convinced that Orsini had been brought to Niolo, under the idea that it was still in the possession of Leopold—and calling upon his servants to assist him, they fell in the most furious manner upon the miscreants—their defence was desperate, but numbers overpowered them—their hands and feet were bound—and muttering the deepest curses on Leopold Lindamore, who had brought them to this state, they were thrown into one of the vaults of the Castle, the door was locked upon them, and it was resolved, that the servants should keep a regular watch before it during the night, and it was the intention of Frederic to despatch them in the morning, to suffer for their iniquities according to the laws of the country.

In the mean time, Orsini was conducted by Frederic into the apartment where sat his aged father, who, as well as the infirmity of his age would allow him, rose to welcome, as he supposed, his beloved grand-daughter to her natal home. He was soon apprised of his error—for

Orsini, pale and dejected, and with a trembling step, threw herself at his feet, and implored his protection against the machinations of her enemies. Frederic was conscious of the mistake under which she laboured ; and in as brief a manner as possible, informed her of the change which had taken place in the Castle, and of the complete security in which she might now consider herself.

" Am I not then in the power of Leopold Lindamore ?" she exclaimed, raising her beautiful eyes to Frederic.

" Indeed you are not," Frederic answered ; " you are in the protection of those, whose greatest happiness will be to repair the injury which one of the family has so criminally caused you."

" Your name ?" asked Orsini, in a quivering tone.

" My name is Frederic Lindamore."

" Frederic Lindamore—the friend of my Villano ?" asked Orsini.

" Of that Villano," said Frederic, " to whom I am indebted for my life—and whom I shall never be able to repay for the services which he has rendered me."

This unexpected change in her destiny was too much for the weak and harassed frame of Orsini to support ; she had imagined herself on the point of being forced into the arms of the man she hated, nor did any hope of relief present itself. The aged Count grasped her hand—" you are

welcome—doubly welcome,” he said—“heaven has watched over you, and the sun of your misery has, I hope, set for ever. Come, cheer up, all will yet be well.”

The heart of Orsini was full—the faint lustre of her eye was quenched—her lips, pale as the lily broken by the storm, quivered with the parting blood—a beam of gratitude cast towards Frederic, shone in her deadened look—a heavy sigh broke from her labouring bosom, and she fell senseless at the feet of the Count. With the assistance of Deborah and the other domestics, she was conveyed to bed, and by their unremitting assiduities, she was restored to consciousness. This happy news was conveyed to Frederic, who received it with the highest possible delight, and he ordered that the Abbess of St. Roch might be sent for, as she was not only renowned for her medical skill, but her society could not fail to be pleasing to the invalid, and would materially tend to expedite her recovery.

Frederic, however, felt himself in some embarrassment regarding his proposed journey in the morning, in quest of his daughter, for he could not but look upon it as a breach of hospitality, in leaving Niolo, almost at the very time when his residence there was particularly necessary, to defend Maria Orsini from the machinations of her enemies, and to provide, as much as possible, for her comfort and accommodation. He was also anxious to hear from Orsini, a particular re-

lation of the circumstances which were the cause of her having been brought to Niolo, and then he might form some plan for making her retreat known to Villano. But strongly as these circumstances weighed with him, and anxious as he was to pursue that line of conduct, by which he could testify his sense of gratitude to Villano, for the many singular services which he had rendered him, yet his affection for his daughter overcame every other consideration, and he resolved to put his original plan in execution, and make the best possible apology he could frame, to Orsini, for leaving her so abruptly.

It was late, or rather early in the morning, before the family retired to rest—and there were some individuals, who appeared to have lost the power of locomotion, for by some necromantic influence, they no sooner rose from their chairs, with the intention of seeking their beds, than by some strong attractive force, they fell upon the floor, and there they seemed very willing to rest, until some charitable individual would carry them to their chamber. The causes of intoxication are various—some adhere to that vice from a natural propensity to brutify themselves—and others are driven to it, from an overwhelming weight of grief, from which they think to unburthen themselves, by losing all remembrance of their sufferings in a fictitious oblivion of themselves.

As Rupert could not attend upon the ladies,

he had, with his usual hospitality, invited the messenger into his private room, where the former was called upon to relate the whole of the adventures of the muleteer in the wood, and he so amplified the incidents of it, that at every sound which struck his ears, he startled for fear, and at every start, he swallowed a copious draught of wine, and the messenger was nothing loath to follow so good an example. The two worthies had been thus sitting and conversing for some time, when Frederic desired the attendance of the messenger, to give him the necessary instructions for their intended journey—but alas, with the best disposition to obey the order, the messenger fell prostrate upon the floor on rising from his chair; and as it is an undoubted truth, that when the mountain cannot come to Goliath, Goliath must go to the mountain—Frederic found himself at last obliged to attend upon the messenger, and, if possible, make him understand the instructions which he intended to give him; but although Frederic spoke in that language, the parlance of which the messenger had imbibed with his mother's milk, yet he might as well have spoken the Sanscrit to him, and leaving his honest domestic and his companion upon the floor, he resolved to retire to rest, and leave the prosecution of his plans until to-morrow. But it is not wise in any man to say, what shall be in his actions in the subsequent hour, for the chain of circumstances runs sometimes in such a crooked

and disjointed manner, that no two links can be found properly to associate. With the exception of the abbess and Deborah, who were attending in the sick room of Orsini, the whole family were safely locked in the arms of Morpheus, and Frederic was passing along the corridor which led to his apartment, when a violent ringing was heard at the Castle gate. This circumstance embarrassed Frederic not a little—he knew he had some desperate fellows confined in the Castle, and whom he intended to deliver into the hands of justice with all possible despatch; but with that knowledge, it certainly could not be an act of prudence in him to open the Castle gate, and perhaps thereby, admit an accession of numbers to the gang whom he already had confined. Besides, single-handed as he then was, what could he effect against a number? and he therefore considered it to be the wisest plan to let the midnight visitors seek a dwelling wherever they could find one, than endanger the safety, and perhaps the lives of himself and his family, by an imprudent admission of them in the dead of the night. But whatever might have been Frederic's opinion upon the subject, it was by no means neither the wish nor the intention of the persons at the gate, to bivouac on the outside of the Castle, for a more violent ringing at the gate of Niolo was never heard, since its now crumbling walls had been reared. Frederic could also distinguish a voice, which certainly bore no affinity to the rough

and coarse sound of a mountain bandit, for it resembled more the shrill and effeminate tone of a female; at all events, from whomever it did proceed, the urgency of the business must have been very great, if any judgment could be formed of it, by the hasty manner in which the bell was rung. Frederic attempted as well as the darkness would permit him, to discover the number of the party; but at the distance which he then stood, he found it to be impracticable. In the mean time, the vociferation of the stranger increased, and Deborah came to inform her master of the disturbance which the person was making, and which might tend to break the repose of her patient. Frederic therefore determined to use no further delay, but proceeded straight to the gate—and on demanding the name and business of the intruder, he was answered in a well known voice—"Why, don't you know me? How long am I to be kept here in the midnight cold, after having escaped a thousand dangers?"

"My senses deceive me," said Frederic, "or it is Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen."

"Why to be sure it is," said the lady—"open the gate. But who are you? I should know that voice."

"Yes," said Frederic, jocosely, "I am risen from the dead."

"O!" exclaimed Mademoiselle, with a loud shriek, "it is the ghost of Frederic Lindamore"

O! save me, St. Peter—that I should live to see such sights. O! whither shall I fly at this hour of the night? I shall never recover this dreadful shock.”

“O yes, you will,” said Frederic, “I am no ghost, but good substantial flesh and blood.”

“It is impossible,” said Mademoiselle, “you have been rotten this many a month.”

“Indeed?” said Frederic, who had now nearly opened the gate; but Mademoiselle did not wait for it, but took to her heels as fast as possible.

“Silly woman,” cried Frederic, “did you ever hear a ghost speak?”

At this moment, Deborah made her appearance at the gate, to whom Frederic related the alarm which had seized Mademoiselle, and her subsequent precipitate flight. “Hasten after her,” said Frederic, “you will be able to convince her that I am not a ghost.”

Deborah proceeded on her search, calling upon Mademoiselle by her name; and she had not made great progress, before a faint voice issued from a bush “Here I am!” and there indeed, crouching as low as possible, lay the comely but terrified form of Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen. Deborah soon made herself known to the lady, and in as concise a manner as possible, convinced her that the cause of her alarm was wholly groundless.

“Well, but you must allow,” said Mademoi-

selle, creeping from the bushes, "that it was enough to frighten a stouter heart than mine, to be told, that a person was dead and buried, and then on a sudden to find him at midnight opening a gate."

"Why strange things do happen in this world," said Deborah; "but return to the Castle, and you shall convince yourself that we can shew another, who has also risen from his grave."

"Then has the young Count really risen?" asked Mademoiselle.

"Yes," said Deborah, "the only thing that I know he has risen from, is his bed, this morning: but lose no time, I have an important task on my hands."

For various reasons, which it were here superfluous to enumerate, Mademoiselle was rejoiced to hear that Frederic was no ghost, and with an unburthened heart, she accompanied Deborah to the Castle.

There is nothing so unpalatable to some minds as ridicule, for it is the severest wound that can be inflicted on our self-love; and Mademoiselle no sooner made her appearance in the hall of the Castle, than Frederic commenced his jokes respecting the ghost; and in a pettish tone, she declared, that if he did not desist, she would withhold from him the information which she had it in her power to give him respecting Adeline.

This assertion on the part of Mademoiselle, put an immediate stop to the current of Frederic's jokes, and in an anxious tone, he inquired what information she had to impart to him.

Mademoiselle now entered into a long-winded relation of her adventure at the inn, and expatiated very largely upon the manner of Adeline's escape from her enemies, but at the same time, she carefully withheld all mention of her refusal to admit her to sleep in her room, from her aversion to a snoring bed-fellow. This intelligence on the part of Mademoiselle, gave a wholly different turn to Frederic's plans. He had in the beginning attached no belief to the hobgoblin story in the wood, but still his heart was afflicted at the great uncertainty which hung over the fate of his daughter; that was, however, in a great degree assuaged from the certainty of her escape from her enemies; and as Mademoiselle had obtained the intelligence from the landlord as to the actual place whither Rosenheim was conveying her, Frederic determined to lose no time in hastening to the convent of the Grey Sisters, and complete the prospect of his future happiness, by the re-union with his beloved daughter.

CHAPTER XXII.

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Last came joy's extatic trial,
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amid the festal sounding shades
To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love fram'd with mirth a gay fantastic round.

ADELINE awoke from rather a refreshing sleep ; for the fatigue which she had lately undergone had almost exhausted her, and considering herself now beyond the reach of her enemies, her mind had, in some degree assumed a comparative state of tranquillity, and observing that the sun shone full into her apartment, she arose, with an intention of enjoying the morning air, and was descending the stairs, when she observed the landlord standing at the bottom, surrounded by about half a dozen rough and ill-looking fellows, who appeared by their gestures to be intent on some important errand.

The landlord, however, no sooner saw Adeline descending, than he hastened to her, and in the

kindest manner requested her to return to her room, and not to leave it, until he sent to her. Adeline was about to question the landlord respecting the cause of this injunction, but he prevented her, by saying—"that a particular circumstance had occurred in his house on the preceding night, which could not fail to shock her, and as it in a great degree concerned herself, it would be most advisable that she should not be seen until those steps had been taken, which would save her from so affecting a sight." Adeline followed the advice of the landlord, and returned to her apartment, where she communicated to Ellen the import of the landlord's request, but neither of them could discover the slightest clue to the cause of the precaution which he had thought it necessary to take. Adeline, however, was in hopes, that Rosenheim would soon rise, and then, some elucidation of the shocking deed which had been committed in the house might be obtained from him. But might not that deed have concerned Rosenheim himself? might he not have fallen into the hands of his enemies? and as the landlord had declared that the affair concerned her, the most painful impression began to seize upon her mind, and it was, at length determined, that Ellen should repair to the apartment in which she knew her brother slept, and if not already risen, to rouse him from his sleep, and to apprise him of the communication which the landlord had made.

Ellen undertook the task without any objection, and having arrived at the door of her brother's apartment, she knocked, but no answer was returned—she knocked again—all was still. Some alarm now began to take possession of her, and she determined to open the door, and wake her brother from his sound repose. She accordingly opened it gently—but, oh horror! what a sight met her eyes, the bed on which he had slept was literally soaked with blood; but his body was gone. Terror for a time chilled all the power of motion, and Ellen stood gazing upon the dreadful scene in breathless horror. The coat which he had worn lay on the ground, and some heavy clots of blood were distinctly seen upon it. With an almost instinctive feeling, Ellen seized the coat, and tottering towards the apartment in which Adeline was waiting for her, pointed to it, and with a loud shriek fell senseless upon the floor. This dreadful sight came upon Adeline like some horrid apparition—she could now discover some clue to the injunction of the landlord, and no doubt rested upon her mind, that Rosenhorn had fallen a victim to the diabolical plans of his enemies. Summoning all her fortitude, she called loudly for assistance, and a female soon appeared, to whom Adeline exhibited the senseless form of her friend, for her terror had almost deprived her of articulation.

“Poor thing,” said the woman, “aye, aye—

this love is a dreadful thing—but I will hasten and fetch some assistance.”

“Tell me,” exclaimed Adeline, seizing the woman by the hand—“tell me, I beseech you, is—is—he—he murdered?”

“He is killed indeed,” said the woman—“and a dreadful business it is. I wish it had happened in any other house—but, poor thing, let me fetch some water—do not let us have two deaths in the house in one day—that would indeed bring down upon us all the vengeance of the saints; thus saying, the woman left the room, and left Adeline to all the horror of her situation. For a long time she stood looking upon the senseless form of Ellen, and found it impossible to collect her scattered senses. She was however, in some measure relieved from her dreadful state, by the return of the servant, bringing necessary refreshment for Ellen, and whose ill-timed volubility began to run in its usual course, enlarging most copiously upon the terrible murder which had been committed, and the dreadful penance that ought to be made for the deed. For some time she had the whole of her conversation to herself; she might have asked a thousand questions, and not have obtained a single answer, nor indeed did she seem to require it; for, whilst she was sprinkling the face of Ellen, and rubbing her hands, she held a parley with herself, from all of which, Adeline could extract no more, than that the dead body had been taken

to the next monastery, for the monks to read their masses over, and that the landlord, and all the servants were gone thither, to give in their depositions respecting the particulars of the murder. "But thank heaven," continued the old garrulous dame, "the murderer is taken, and I would not be in his skin for all the riches of the world."

This information appeared to rouse Adeline a little from her stupor, and in a tremulous voice, she asked—"Is the murderer really taken?"

"Aye, truly is he," said the dame.

"Is he of this country?" asked Adeline.

"I know not of what country he is," answered the dame, "but I know to what country he will go—and that is, where there are huge caldrons of brimstone, in which his body will be plunged—but dear o' me, I may rub this poor lady's hands for ever, and never recover her. I fear it is all over with her. Aye, so it is in this world. I heard our landlord say something about her being desperately in love, and I suppose it was with the gentleman that she came with—well, she will find her mistake soon, and then the roses will come upon her cheeks again."

This monologue of the dame was, in many respects wholly enigmatical to Adeline, who was now so far recovered as to assist in the recovery of Ellen. It was, however, a long time before any signs of returning life presented themselves,

and then they were attended with such alarming symptoms, that a relapse was every moment to be dreaded. She looked about her with a wild and hideous stare—and as her eyes caught the sight of the coat, which she had brought from her brother's apartment, a violent shudder seemed to come across her, and consciousness appeared to be lost in the recollection of the scene which she had witnessed. Adeline now made the most minute inquiry of the time when the landlord was expected from the monastery; and so great was the anxiety and suspicion in which she was involved, that had it not been for Ellen, she would have set off towards the monastery, and ascertained the particulars of the dreadful deed. The woman, however, assured her that the landlord would soon return, as the monastery was not far off, and the business there would not detain him long. The female party were at this moment roused from their reflections, by a violent knocking at the front door of the inn, and the old dame left Adeline and her companion, in order to ascertain the cause of it, grumbling as she went, that no woman was ever so overworked as she was, but that she would remain no longer in such a blood-stained house. She opened the door of the inn, and two travellers presented themselves of a superior rank in life.

"We want some refreshment," said the elder of them—"can you provide us with it?"

"If you will enter," said the woman, "I will

set the best before you which the house can afford; but you could not have come at a worse time, for here have been sad doings. Travellers murdered—Ladies fainting—in fact, the whole house is in an uproar.”

“These circumstances are of little import to us,” said one of the travellers: “we are, indeed, near the end of our journey, and having particular business of our own to transact, we think it the best method to leave people to attend to their own affairs, whilst we attend to ours.”

“I wish,” said the woman, “that were the general case of the world, we should not see such misery in it, as now stares us in the face, withersoever we look—but walk in—walk in.” The travellers required not a second invitation, and they were soon seated in the room, which on the preceding night had been occupied by Leopold and Ortano.

“Well,” said one of the travellers, “we are now within a very short distance of the convent—and as matters appear now to have taken rather a favourable turn, I intend to remove Orsini from her place of retirement, and restore her to that station of society, which she is so well calculated to fill; the persecuting spirit of her enemies is nearly allayed, and she will now receive a requital for all her sufferings.”

“It will, indeed, be a proud moment for you,” said the other traveller—“but I will go and seek the host—this house appears almost deserted,

and my early rising this morning has given me an appetite." Thus saying, he left the room, leaving his companion for a moment to his own reflections. He had, however, scarcely began to descend the stairs, when Adeline was hastening from her room in search of the old woman, who had left her in such a precipitate manner, at a time when her assistance was so essentially necessary, and finding herself on a sudden in the presence of a stranger, she gave an involuntary start, and would have returned to her apartment; but how great was her surprise, when the stranger, fixing his eyes steadily upon her, pronounced her name, and taking her tenderly by the hand, inquired "the purport of her presence at such a distance from her home? But," he added, "do not tremble—look me fully in the face, and then try if you cannot recollect having seen me elsewhere." The tone in which these words were pronounced, inspired Adeline with a certain degree of confidence, but still she could not identify his person.

"It is strange," said he, "but the change of my dress may in some degree prevent you from recognizing me. You are Adeline Lindamore of Niolo?"

"I am," answered Adeline, in rather a trembling voice, for she now began to fear that she might have fallen into the hands of her enemies.

"You know the monastery of Arienheim?" asked the stranger.

"Well, indeed," said Adeline, "and in some respects better than I ever wish to know it again."

"And you have ample reason for that wish," said the stranger; "but amongst the inmates of that monastery, you have undoubtedly heard of a monk, designated by the name of Anselm?"

"Anselm?" repeated Adeline, eyeing the stranger in the most inquisitive manner, "I have heard much of him."

"Much evil, indeed," said the stranger; "but the time is come when he can make much amends for that which he has committed."

"But," asked Adeline, "if you be the Anselm of Arienheim, are you not the brother of——"

"Adolphus Rosenheim," cried Anselm, for it was he.

"Then," said Adeline, averting her face—"you are truly miserable."

"I need not be told that by you," said Anselm, in the most feeling manner; for happiness and I have long since parted."

"Forgive me," said Adeline, "if I have in any degree wounded your feelings; but you see before you a sufferer like yourself: yet I can say, I know the extent of my calamity—you do not."

"It must, indeed," said Anselm, "be a heavy calamity which can now oppress me. I have been so used to it, that every fresh stroke falls hurtless upon me, like a drop of heaven's rain upon the cygnet's breast."

"You *had* a brother," said Adeline, in the most expressive tone.

"*Had?*" repeated Anselm—"Have I not *now* a brother?"

"No," said Adeline, and the tears fell from her eyes.

In the dark countenance of Anselm rushed the wild blood of passion and revenge—"tell me, I conjure you—where is my brother?"

"Follow me," said Adeline, "and I will lead you to one almost as dear to you as your lost brother—one who now stands more in need of your assistance than he does—for he is beyond your power."

"Speak not to me in enigmas," said Anselm—"is my brother dead?"

"He is murdered," said Adeline.

"Murdered!" ejaculated Anselm—"by whom?—where?—when will the measure of iniquity be full on this earth?"

The heart of Adeline was too full to make any answer to Anselm, and beckoning him to follow her, she led him to the apartment in which his almost senseless sister lay reposing on her bed. It was long since Anselm had seen his sister—for under the peculiar circumstances in which he was an inmate at the monastery, it was a subject of a very delicate nature to declare himself, and he therefore rather checked within him every tendency to fraternal love, than subject himself to an exposure of his real condition and family, by

acknowledging Ellen as his sister. Thus living, as it were in the immediate vicinity of each other, they were comparatively ignorant of each other's existence, and the lapse of years had, in a great measure, effaced from their knowledge, the remembrance of each other's features. Anselm had not yet laid aside the habit of the monk, for he knew not to what scenes he might be called, and experience had taught him, that the cloak and cowl, the rosary and the cross, would obtain him admittance into those places, where it would be refused him, even if nature had stamped upon his countenance the impression of all the virtues which adorn mankind. A long corroding grief had deeply furrowed the countenance of Anselm, and they who had known him in the joyous days of his youth, would not now have recognized him. The open, unsuspecting air of youth had vanished, to give way to the dark scowl of suspicion, and the contracted eyebrows bending over a keen and penetrating eye, gave a repulsive and fearful cast to his countenance.

"Are you leading me to the murderer of my brother?" said he to Adeline, as they proceeded to the apartment of Ellen.

"O no," said Adeline, "I am leading you to one who will sympathize with you in his loss."

"Sympathy!" exclaimed Anselm, in a hasty tone, "what is sympathy in a case like this? mere baby-work. I shall require revenge."

"Not from a female arm?" said Adeline.


"It matters not," said Anselm, "if the cause be a good one."

They had now reached the apartment, and Adeline gently opening the door, introduced Anselm into the presence of his sister, who lay on the couch, weak and pale, from the late trials which she had undergone. Anselm gazed upon her with the most penetrating glances—a confused consciousness of some inward natural feeling was visible in the workings of his countenance, and he felt himself as in the presence of one, whom he could love, and yet he knew not why. The form and countenance of Anselm were familiar to Ellen—but in her present depressed and languid state, she could not recall to her memory, when nor where she had seen him. Adeline felt herself in a particular state of embarrassment—it was now evident that neither the brother nor the sister recognized each other; but how to disclose the secret to them in the most delicate and feeling manner, was a task to which she felt herself incompetent. At this moment, a confused noise was heard in the house and the landlord's voice in particular, denouncing all the vengeance of heaven on the villain. A hasty step was heard mounting the stairs, accompanied by the voice of the old woman, declaring that the lady would never survive the shock. The door of the apartment opened, and to the astonished gaze of Adeline and her companions, Rosenheim presented himself. Surprise was the

first emotion which Adeline felt, but joy immediately succeeded, and she rushed into the arms of Rosenheim, which were extended ready to receive her. If, however, the surprise of the party in the room was great, that of Rosenheim was not less so, when he beheld his brother an anxious witness of the scene, and on whose countenance sat the expressive feelings of undissembled joy. Rosenheim having disengaged himself from the affectionate embrace of Adeline, turned to his brother, and folded him in his arms—the stern countenance of Anselm relaxed, and the first tear which he had shed for years, fell from his cheeks. The remembrance of the early scenes of his life, of his boyish days, flashed upon him; and the memory of those who made those days so dear, rose with its painful images; to draw the tear from the source which he thought had long been dried. The sudden appearance of Rosenheim infused fresh life into the languid frame of Ellen, and rising from her couch, she threw her affectionate arms round Anselm and Adolphus, to the former of whom, this was a fresh source of wonder and delight. In after years, when a few gray and straggling hairs on the head of Anselm declared that the winter of his age was come, this moment was remembered, and it shone in the dark picture of his life, like a bright spot on which a meridian sun was shining. It opened to him a new source of feeling; for it taught him, that although his heart had been seared by an

intercourse with the world, and had assumed a stern and callous disposition, bordering upon apathy in all points in which a love of his fellow-creatures was concerned—yet, that such a disposition was not the natural bent of his heart, but had grown upon him by a too unrestrained indulgence of his passions. An elucidation of the apparent mystery attending the sudden appearance of Rosenheim, when according to all human supposition, he had been treacherously murdered, was now anxiously sought by the whole party: but Anselm informed Rosenheim, that there was still another individual in the house, to whom the communication of these extraordinary proceedings would be highly acceptable, but who, in his turn, had some intelligence to communicate of a most pleasant nature to one individual of the party, and in the accomplishment of which, he had acted neither a mean nor insignificant part. On saying this, he cast an expressive look upon Adeline, but she understood not the meaning of it, and at the request of Anselm, they all bent their steps to the apartment in which Villano was sitting, anxiously awaiting the return of his companion.

CHAPTER XXII.



Tranquil, spotless, and serene,
Weeks glided by in that fair scene ;
No change their calm existence knew,
Save, that increase of kindness grew.

THE dignified deportment of Villano was such as to instil a high degree of respect into all who had any communication with him, and by many it was construed into an insufferable height of personal pride ; but he was a man well versed in the knowledge of the world, and to the meek and innocent, he could deport himself in the most familiar and condescending manner ; but to those whose actions he suspected, or of whose guilt he was convinced, he might, with a positive degree of truth, be denominated the haughty and supercilious Count. His temper was, in many instances, intemperate and irascible ; and he had waited the return of Anselm with feelings by no means of the most pleasant nature. How great therefore, was his surprise, when he saw him enter the apartment, attended by two ladies and a stranger, at a time when he supposed they were wholly unknown in the country, and the habit in

which Anslem was decked, was certainly not the most appropriate for the acquisition of friends. He was, however, soon undeceived as to the opinion which he had formed of the associates of Anslem—and it was with the most unfeigned joy that he now saw before him the daughter of his dearest friend, delivered from the snares of her enemies ; for although he was in all respects ignorant of the transaction which had taken place in the inn, yet he was now well assured, that with the assistance of Adolphus, and that of his brother, and his own, they would be able to conduct her safe to the mansion of her fathers, where the arms of a fond and endearing parent were ready to receive her. Villano was well acquainted with the intricacies of the human heart—its passions and affections—and he was not therefore ignorant, that a sudden impression of joy is as dangerous to its peace, as the most afflicting grief. It was therefore in the most delicate and feeling manner, that he revealed to Adeline the restoration of her father and grandfather to that home, from which they had been driven by the turpitude and villainy of one of her nearest relatives. A new scene now opened itself to Adeline—all idea of the convent vanished, and her whole thoughts were directed to her home, and every moment appeared an age to her which kept her from her father. She wished much to hear from Villano a recital of the manner in which her father had been restored to them, and particularly of the

credited death of her grandfather, and his reappearance on the stage of this world, when he was supposed by every one to have been long since amongst the saints in heaven.

"Let this recital," said Villano, "be reserved for our winter evenings, when round our social hearth we may talk of the dangers which we have surmounted, and like the storm which has passed harmless over our heads, smile at the desolation which it threatened."

To Adeline and Ellen, the return of Rosenheim was still an inexplicable mystery, and they besought him to explain to them the proceedings of the past night, which had been to them a source of so much affliction, and which had threatened to deprive them of their only protector which they possessed in the world.

"Happy, indeed, I am to say," said Rosenheim, "that the guilty have at last reaped the reward of their crimes—they sharpened the dagger for themselves, and one of the villains is already gone to render up his account at the awful bar of divine justice, and the other, having expiated his crimes on the scaffold, will join his companion in that punishment which sooner or later always awaits the guilty. The recital, however, cannot be heard without inflicting a certain degree of pain on one here present—for although every machination was employed to deprive that person of her earthly happiness, by the relative, who can now give her no further trouble nor mo-

lestation in this world ; yet, there are few hearts who can hear of the untimely death of a near relation, but which weep for his fall, and wish that his days might have been lengthened, that the solemnity of his dying hour might have been cheered by the presence of the blessed form of repentance. I, indeed, was the selected victim ; I was to have bled under the stiletto of the assassin—but the eye of Providence watched over me—the designs of my enemies were circumvented, and the snare which they had designed for me, was changed into the instrument of their own destruction. But my bold liberator shall speak for himself,” and Rosenheim left the room, to which he soon returned, leading in the landlord, who no sooner saw Villano, than a paleness came over his countenance, and an evident degree of embarrassment was visible in his demeanor.

“ Here,” said Rosenheim, “ is my noble deliverer, and to him, and him alone, am I indebted for that life which I am now enjoying.” The fixed and penetrating eye of Villano met that of the landlord, but there was a confusion and a shame so visibly depicted in the features of the latter, that they could not fail of being observed by the whole party. Some attributed his singular deportment to his modesty, on being called upon to recite the particulars of a noble act committed by himself ; but Villano and Ansehn, were both convinced that some other cause existed for the

embarrassed state of the landlord's feelings. A silence rather painful to all the party, lasted for a short time; at last, Villano, in rather a confidential tone, and laying aside that high degree of hauteur and repulsive pride, for which he was so eminent, solicited the landlord to unfold to them some mysterious transactions which had taken place in his house, and in which it appeared, that he had acted not only a prominent, but a noble part.

"Your name is Villano of Venice?" asked the landlord, in rather a trembling tone.

"It is," said Villano, "what know you of me?"

"Much, very much," said the landlord, "and I need only to recal to your memory, the attack which was made upon your life by Leopold Lindamore, when we carried off your affianced bride, to shew you that you are no stranger to me."

"It is an event of too serious a nature in my life," said Villano, "not to remember it—but were you at Venice at the time?"

"I was," said the landlord.

"And you heard of the diabolical deed?"

"I did not *hear* of it," answered the landlord.

"Then by what means came you acquainted with it?" asked Villano.

"At that time," said the landlord, in the hey-day of my youth, I plunged into every species of debauchery—I associated with men of the most loose and profligate manners—I

had lost my patrimony by extravagance, and dissoluteness, and I sought to repair my loss at the gaming-table, and the robbery of the defenceless traveller. In this state I became acquainted with the gang, who called Leopold Lindamore their captain, and now on my knees I implore your pardon. I was one of those hired by that consummate villain to murder you, and from which you only escaped by a mistake of your person."

A heavy frown came over the countenance of Villano, but seeing the contrite disposition of the landlord, he told him to proceed.

"After a life of the most abandoned and dissolute nature, my conscience began to upbraid me, and at this period I became attached to a female, who rejected my hand on account of the badness of my character; from that moment I resolved to separate myself from my companions, and I took refuge in a monastery, from which, after many years of penance I departed, and sought my native home, and there became the husband of the woman whom I had loved, and who had formerly rejected me. I now sought every opportunity of making amends for that injury which I had formerly occasioned to particular individuals, and I no sooner saw Leopold Lindamore, and his friend Ortano, both of whom I immediately recognised, although they did not remember me, enter my house, than I was certain some despe-

rate action was in agitation, and I determined to watch their motions most narrowly."

At the mention of the name of Leopold, the countenance of Villano assumed an indignant expression, and he inquired, "how long time had elapsed since Leopold had been there?"

"He came yesterday morning," said the landlord.

"Yesterday?" asked Adeline.

"Yes, Signora," said the landlord, and he now recounted the story, which Ortano had vamped up to deceive the landlord as to his real intentions in regard to Adeline. "But," he continued, "there are such things as chinks and holes in walls, to which you have only to apply your ear to become acquainted with all that is said; and I was by those means soon let into the whole secret of this plot. I saw them cast lots, by which it was determined, who was to murder the companion of the ladies, and I was soon after sent for to shew the apartment in which he slept, and I then designed the plan, to rid the world of so great a monster as Leopold Lindamore had shewn himself through life. With the most apparent hearty good will, I shewed Ortano the apartment, and I even pretended to assist him in his plans. Having watched their motions most narrowly, I conducted Leopold Lindamore to the apartment which I had shewn him, as being that appropriated for their victim; and having

placed myself in such a position, that I could distinctly observe the motions of Ortano, I saw him bend his steps to the apartment in which Leopold was sleeping. The result was, that instead of murdering this young gentleman, Ortano completely put an end to the earthly career of his friend."

"And was it then my uncle Leopold that was killed?" asked Adeline.

"It was, fair lady, and a ranker villain never left this world," answered the landlord.

A gleam of the purest joy ran over the countenance of Villano; but Adeline turned her head aside, and wiped away the tear which she could not restrain, to the memory of her ill-fated uncle.

"He has died the death he most richly deserved," said Villano; and addressing himself to the landlord, said, "you have my full forgiveness for all the actions which you ever committed against me; for by this single deed, you have made ample amends for all your former transgressions. But what is become of the murderer?"

"I immediately," continued the landlord, "repaired to the apartment in which this Signor was sleeping, and having roused him as gently as I could, I imparted to him the whole of the business; he instantly rose, and having obtained three or four stout fellows, who happened to be sleeping in one of my out-houses, we, without much ceremony, attacked the murderer as soon as it was light, and having shewn him the mistake which he

had made, we hurried him off, with the corpse, to the neighbouring monastery—we placed the latter in the cemetery, and Ortano is now confined in one of the strong cells, to be carried before those judges, who will condemn him immediately to the scaffold."

"You have deserved well of society," said Villano, "in ridding it of such pests;" and addressing himself to Adeline, said—"do not weep—were you to know the full extent of the misery which the two reprobates have inflicted upon those who are most dear to you, you might deplore the dreadful turpitude of their nature, but you would cease to weep at their fate. It becomes us now," said Villano to the landlord, "to reward you for your noble conduct."

"That be my office," said Rosenheim; "I am the individual most indebted to him, and by me he shall be remunerated."

"I will not accept of any reward," said the landlord, "I carry it within my own breast; and I hope my God will look upon me with a favourable eye when I appear before his judgment seat—I have been a sinner, but I hope I am so no more."

"Then will you be received indeed," said Anselm, "for a repentant sinner is more pleasing in the eye of heaven, than the virtuous man, who never erred. We have, however, yet much to do—the monks will expect us at the monastery,

and the corpse must be removed from their holy ground."

"Will they not give it burial?" asked Adeline.

"Not in their cemetery," said the landlord.

"Let us not refuse our last offices to it," said Adeline; "let me know it interred in holy ground—it will be the only consolation now left to his family."

"It shall be done," said Anselm. "I will visit the monks and intercede in your behalf; the masses shall be said, and the requiem shall be sung for his guilty soul."

"Guilty, indeed," said Villano; "he injured his fellow creatures too deeply in this world, for his soul to find acceptance in the eyes of heaven."

"He might have repented, had he lived," said Adeline—"but his murderer gave him not time for it."

"Our holy church," said Anselm, "is ever open to the sinner, and the sinner's tears are our best reward."

"But our time is precious," said Villano. "I must now repair to the convent of the Grey Sisters."

"To the convent of the Grey Sisters?" asked Adeline; "it is the very place whither I was going."

"It would have no charms for you," said Villano; "but your prospects are now completely

changed. Do you, Anselm, accompanied by the landlord, hasten and perform the task imposed upon you at the monastery, and take good heed that Ortano does not escape you. You know his nature well—it is of no common mould, and whatever man dares to do—he dares. In the mean time, let Rosenheim be left to protect the ladies—we cannot be too cautious. Then, with my beloved Orsini, we will form a joyous party to Niolo, and the walls of the old castle shall again ring with our revelry.”

Anselm and the landlord set forwards to the monastery, and the sacred habit of the former procured for them every possible respect. Anselm, in pursuance of his promise made to Adeline, used every argument to induce the monks to grant a holy burial to the corpse of Leopold, and having been authorised by her to offer to the monastery some precious gift, as a reward for their pious offices, the sagacious monks began immediately to draw a line between the murderer and the murdered. In the eye of justice, they were not bound to consider the latter as guilty, notwithstanding the dreadful reports which had been conveyed to them of the dissolute mode of life which Leopold had led. In this instance, however, he was the sufferer, and therefore, had a claim upon their compassion ; his friends were willing and able to reward them for their holy services ; and therefore, it was determined in the conclave, that it would not be for

the interest of the monastery, to refuse the request submitted to them by Anselm, and in a short time, the monks had finished the grave in the most desolate part of the cemetery. Around it stood the cowed tribe, muttering their masses; and from the chapel sounded the solemn tones of the organ—and the sepulchral voices of the choristers, chaunting the requiem to the departed spirit of the dead. No relative—no friend—no wife—nor child, joined in the solemn service; no tear was shed as the uncoffined corpse was huddled into its last resting-place—no eye was fixed upon the grave, anxious to catch the last look, ‘ere the devouring earth closed in upon its prey.’ No flowers spread their odours on Leopold’s lonely grave—no affectionate hand e’er came to root out the weeds which soon waved over his remains—the midnight air whistled through the thistle and the nettle, which grew luxuriantly over them—no holy cross decorated the head—no stone declared the name of him, who there lay mouldering. Far from the tombs of his forefathers—solitary—neglected—and alone—not by strangers honored—nor by strangers mourned—Leopold Lindamore now slept the sleep of death—the dread reality of a future world has burst upon him—and the sentence of his Maker has been pronounced. Peace be with him for ever.

The monks, with a slow and solemn pace left the grave, and no hoary chronicler remained in

after years to tell the spot where Leopold Lindamore was interred.

Anselm and the landlord had yet another task to perform. The murderer of Leopold had been committed to one of the dungeons of the monastery, which in former times had been used as the prison of heretics, and from which no one was ever known to emerge, but as a corpse. Having obtained the necessary aid, they repaired to the dungeon, with the view of conveying Ortano to the neighbouring town, and there to consign him to the hands of justice; but the soul of Ortano was in itself of too proud a nature to undergo the ignominy of a public execution. His crime was too great, and the evidence against him was too conclusive, to admit the slightest hope of the remission of the sentence due to the murderer. The dreadful idea of his having been the assassin of his own friend, haunted him like some baneful demon, and at times set his brain a maddening. In his restless sleep, the ghosts of those whom he had murdered, stalked before him—and in his dreams he saw the bleeding form of Leopold. No spot on earth presented itself to him as a sanctuary—no hand was stretched forth to save him—he stood like an isolated being—an outcast of his race, rejected, despised, and cursed. On the surface of the earth, he saw no resting-place—and in heaven he placed no confidence. The grave offered him an asylum, and in a frenzied moment, he

plunged his dagger in his heart ; and when Anselm and his assistants entered the dungeon, he lay stretched before them a stiffened corpse. Horror seized the sacred brotherhood as soon as it was known, for now their holy dwelling was polluted with the blood of the suicide. In the most indignant manner they insisted upon its immediate removal, and far beyond the precincts of their monastery. As to a grave, the suicide was not worthy of it. The corpse was carried to the woods, and a rude grave was dug—there rotted the form of Ortano. The wolves at night scratched the earth away, and fattened on the body—his bones were scattered to the winds, and the wintry blasts bleached them.

Dejected and depressed, Anselm and the landlord returned to the inn, and in as brief a manner, as possible, related their dreadful tale—and the party only now awaited the return of Villano from the convent, to commence their journey to Niolo.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Yes, I confess, that he has won my soul,
By generous love and honourable vows.

* * * * *

Who aids the cause of innocence oppress'd,
Is by the act alone supremely bless'd :
No greater rapture man on earth can know,
Than that of feeling and relieving woe.

VILLANO, impelled by the ardor of his love, hastened with all expedition to the convent—and although he came not on a mule of the masculine gender, yet belonging to that class himself, the careful porter, anxious for the virtue of the fair inhabitants, refused Villano admittance, even to the grate of the convent, until intelligence of his arrival had been communicated to the abbess, in order that she might remove her virtuous flock to that quarter of the house, from which it was impossible for them to obtain a view of the dangerous biped, who might instil thoughts into their heads by no means in unison with rosaries and ave-marias. It was wisely done on the part of the abbess, for it is cruel to tantalise another with the view of that fruit, which they are ever debarred from enjoying, notwithstanding they may long so

much in secret for it. These precautionary measures were, however, by no means pleasing to Villano. He had put some questions to the porter respecting Orsini, which had been answered in such a vague and mysterious manner, that some very unpleasant feelings arose in the mind of Villano. He tried to divert the tedious moments by reading the rules of the convent; but although some of them were well calculated to excite a smile, yet, so strong an impression appeared to rest upon his mind, that some calamity had befallen Orsini, which was in some degree strengthened by the protracted absence of the porter, that had the rules been more ridiculous than they actually were, it is a quere, whether they would have brought a smile upon his countenance. The porter at length returned, and with a grave and puritanical air, announced to Villano, that the abbess was ready to receive him. He was not long in obeying the summons—and the good woman, in as concise a manner as possible, informed Villano of Orsini's sudden disappearance from the convent, and her total failure in the plans which she had adopted to obtain any information respecting her. This was a death blow to the hopes of Villano; yet, a beam of consolation dawned upon him, when he reflected, that she could not possibly have fallen into the hands of Leopold; for he was now in that sphere, where all the means of annoyance were wrested from him. Villano

questioned the abbess most minutely of the exact time when Orsini left the convent; and having made himself master of every particular, as far as she could give it him, he took his departure, resolved to use every possible exertion to discover her retreat. If she had been carried off, some clue might be found in the country of the track which her seducers had taken—but although he was assisted by Anselm and Rosenheim, not the slightest information could be obtained. He now in some degree regretted the death of Ortano, as he had no doubt, that as the friend of Leopold, he was privy to the steps that had been taken to obtain possession of Orsini, and that he was acquainted with the place whither they had conveyed her. Thus circumstanced, he knew not how to act—nor to what quarter to direct his steps to obtain the object for which he so ardently longed. It however frequently happens in life, that whilst we purblind creatures are calling forth all the energies of our nature, and attempting almost impossible things, to bring about a desired end, a gust of good fortune blown by some good natured spirit, effects in a moment, what the puny efforts of man would be an age in accomplishing.

Whilst Villano was sitting with Anselm and Rosenheim in deep consultation, as to the steps which should now be taken to discover the retreat of Orsini, the trusty porter at the gate of the convent of the Grey Sisters, was roused from his

evening regale of the humble convent fare, by a loud knocking at the gate; and Cerberus-like, conscious of the precious treasures which he guarded, he peeped through a small aperture in the gate, cut on purpose for ascertaining the quality and condition, and, not least, the sex of the numerous visitors, who, whether for pious or interested motives, visited this holy place. The incomparable knight of La Mancha, who will live in story until the world is loosened from its hinges, was notoriously guilty of converting men into women, and women into men—but in no part of the history of the life and adventures of the porter of the gate of the convent of the Grey Sisters, is it stated, that in the transformations and metamorphoses above alluded to, he bore any relationship or affinity to the chivalrous knight; but certain it is, that in peeping through the little aperture of the gate, he espied a being seated on a mule, which, as he was neither a Buffon nor a Linnæus, he knew not under what genus to class it, and therefore wisely considered it as a non-descript, of the nature of which, no authentic history had yet been given. It is wonderful how brave and courageous some men are, when no positive danger awaits them, and when a pleasing consciousness tells them that they are in absolute safety. This being the real situation of the porter, he eyed the singular intruder with feelings of the most proud and indignant nature, and in a hoarse croaking tone, demanded, what a

person of his appearance and condition could possibly require in such a holy place as that, over which he had the honor to watch? Now in one respect, the porter and the visitor bore a strong resemblance to each other; there might indeed, perhaps, have been a time, when neither of them would have been long in the company of a nun before they would have attempted to catch a stolen glance of her lovely bosom, peeping from under the sable crape that covered it—and perhaps, the nun herself would have had no objection to open that crape a little wider, that the licentious glance might wanton over a greater portion of her charms; but were I an abbess, or more properly speaking, the keeper of a few score of unpolluted nuns, falsely denominated virgins, I would have allowed free intercourse and communication with the whole of the lovely tribe, both to the porter within the gates, and to the visitor without, with the same confidence and assurance that the grand Seignior trusts his ladies to his eunuchs.

“But who are you—and whence do you come—and what is your business?” asked the porter. “And what is the reason of the singular manner in which you have equipped yourself?”

“It is my custom, answered the visitor, “when I am employed on a secret expedition, always to disguise my person.”

“Why, your figure,” said the porter, “is sufficient to frighten the whole of our religious community into fits.”

"God bless them," said the visitor—"I would not hurt a hair of their heads."

"Fiddle-faddle," cried the porter, "I'll take good care it is never within your power."

"But," cried the visitor, "you inquired my business? Now I tell you, my business is not with you, but with your abbess."

"What business can you have with her?" asked the porter.

"That I will tell to her, and not to you."

"She is now at vespers," said the porter.

"They'll soon be over," said the visitor; "but whilst she is enjoying the spiritual food, I see no objection why you and I should not enjoy a little bodily comfort. I never travel without it, and it is such wine, as seldom falls to the lot of a porter at a convent gate to drink: to my knowledge, it has been in my master's cellar above fifty years."

"It is high time it should be removed," said the porter; "but I thank you for the offer, and if you will alight I will give you my opinion of the flavor."

"And so you shall," said the visitor; and dismounting from his mule, he was introduced with all due ceremony into the court-yard—not before, however, the porter had thoroughly convinced himself of the sexual qualifications of the mule.

The porter now secretly wished that the vespers would last, as an Irishman would say, until

the morning, for he found the flavor of the wine delicious ; but all his art could not extract from the visitor, the purport of his visit to the abbess, and the vespers were no sooner ended, than the porter hastened to inform the abbess of the arrival of the grotesque visitor ; but as the porter did not forget to mention, that he was of that standing in life, from which no danger whatever could accrue to the fame and reputation of the community, by admitting him into her presence, she issued her orders accordingly, and with all the grace of the most finished master of the ceremonies, the visitor was ushered into the apartment of the abbess.

“ You come in a very questionable shape before me,” said the abbess. “ I dislike disguise more than any thing, and in a place like this it is highly unbecoming : you appear, however, of that age, at which no danger can accrue to us.”

“ God bless me,” said the visitor, “ I always bore the character of a very chaste man—and I am sure I feel no inclination to lose that character at my time of life.”

“ It rejoiceth me much,” said the abbess, “ but your business, good man, and that will, perhaps, explain to me the reason of your very singular apparel.”

“ My name, madam,” said the visitor, “ is Rupert ; and I have been from my youth in the service of the worthy family of the Counts of Niolo.”

"Of Niolo?" repeated the abbess.

"Aye, marry have I," said Rupert—"and I think now that I shall die in it—but we have had strange doings in the family—the storm is, however, almost over, and I am sent to you upon a confidential business to inform you, that the lady, Signora Orsini, who was forcibly carried away from this convent, is now safe at Niolo."

"At Niolo?" exclaimed the abbess—"this is, indeed, happy news."

"Yes, madam—and my young master Frederic, as worthy a soul as ever lived, thinking that his friend, Count Villano, might visit the convent in search of his Lady, and not finding her there, might commit some desperate deed, has sent me with this information; and as I am well known to all the enemies of the house, it was thought proper for me to assume this disguise for the greater safety of my valuable person."

The abbess expressed her unfeigned satisfaction at the intelligence which Rupert had communicated to her, and she now informed him of Villano's visit, and the discovery which he had made of the abduction of his betrothed bride; "but I have reason to believe," continued the abbess, "that he is still in the country, and that you will find him in company with some others with whom you are well acquainted, at an inn, about six miles off, on the road to Cambrera."

"I'll hasten thither instantly," said Rupert—"it is a pleasure to me to be the bearer of good

news ;" and paying a most respectful obeisance to the abbess, he departed on his mission. He took a friendly leave of his companion, the porter, and having gained some little distance from the convent, old Rupert saw no sin, in resting himself for a few minutes, and recruiting his exhausted powers by a bottle of the fifty years' wine of his master's ; accordingly, he opened his wallet, and took out the last bottle, but to his great mortification he found, that his worthy friend, the porter had eased him of the contents, and had put an empty bottle in the place of the full one. This was indeed a sore mortification for Rupert, but he consoled himself with the thought, that when he returned to Niolo, the cellars would grant him a most copious supply, and in good spirits he pursued his journey to the inn.

When a man is bent upon a pleasant piece of business, it is astonishing with what glee and good humour he pursues his journey. If he passes by a hideous mass of rocks, he find an uncommon beauty in the tints of their various strata ; the golden bloom of the furze and the broom, the purple tinge of the heath, and the vivid color of the thistle, all appear in his eyes as invested with superior charms, and be his road as rugged as that over which I have travelled in my life, it seems to him as smooth and as free from obstacles as that on which an angel travels from heaven to earth ; and so thought Rupert, as he travelled from the convent to the inn—

he never saw the sky so lovely, he never heard the birds sing so sweetly, the kids seemed to share his happiness, and bounded in joyous leaps round their dams. But yet, such is the extraordinary condition of this world, and so chequered and diversified is the state of its inhabitants, that happiness is seldom imparted to one without a corresponding share of misery being given to another. It was true, that honest Rupert felt himself almost at the pinnacle of human happiness, for he knew he was the bearer of pleasant tidings, and the sooner he imparted the import of his mission, he knew well, that the sooner the sum of human felicity would be increased in this world; therefore, dismounting from the sluggish brute, which bore such a mass of honesty, he made no hesitation to despoil a hedge of a good supple stick, which, on having regained his position on the mule, he applied in a most unmerciful manner to the sides of the flinching animal, and puffing and blowing with the exercise, and the noise of the thumps sounding far and near, he stopped at last at the door of the inn. Had such a grotesque figure as Rupert arrived at the gate of an English inn, no doubt whatever can exist, but that he would have been made the laughing-stock of post-boys, hostlers, waiters, and chambermaids; but the case was different in the Valley of Cambrera, for Rupert no sooner checked his mule, to which the animal testified no positive objection, than out sallied the land-

lord, and made all due obeisance to his most distinguished guest—and distinguished he was, for he was an honest creature, and that is more than can be said of half the guests that stop at either an English or an Italian inn. Rupert had certainly nothing very commanding in his air and manner, by which the worthy landlord could determine that he was some old degenerate sprig of nobility, but his surprise was unbounded when, 'ere he had scarcely assisted the tired traveller from his mule, Adeline hastened from the house, and in the fulness of her joy and simplicity, threw her arms round the neck of the astonished Rupert. From what quarter his beloved mistress had so suddenly come upon him, Rupert could not tell; it might be from the clouds, for aught he knew, but at the same time 'twas certain, that it could not be from any of the lower regions, for innocence and virtue like her's could only find a place in heaven. As to speech, Rupert found himself on a sudden utterly deprived of the power of it, and he stammered and stuttered, and hesitated, and after all could not express a single word. But if the sudden appearance of Adeline had confounded and confused the old man, the circumstance of Rosenheim, Villano, Anselm, and Ellen, rushing from the house, and surrounding him, each apparently more happy than the other to see him, completely distracted him; if he turned himself to the north, there was the face of a friend, if to

the south, the face of another, until he believed, that had he turned himself to all the thirty-two points of the compass, some features would have presented themselves, which were well known to him. It was, however, some time before honest Rupert could be convinced that the scene before him was real, and that it was not the work of some frolicsome fairy, or some mischievous necromancer, for he could not conceive it within the range of probability, that all his best friends should have thus met together, without the aid or influence of some supernatural power. So strongly, however, was the idea of happiness associated in the mind of Rupert, that the view of Villano first roused him from his confusion, and he exclaimed, "All's well—the lady's safe—no more nunneries—for I'll soon dance at your wedding."

Although this exclamation of Rupert was, in a great degree, enigmatical to Villano, yet he was convinced that Rupert had some intelligence to communicate to him respecting Orsini; and delivering his mule to the landlord, Rupert entered the house, surrounded by the joyous groupe, where being seated, Villano questioned him as to any intelligence which he had to communicate respecting Orsini.

Rupert declared, "he had a great deal to tell him; but first of all, it was necessary for him to quench his thirst, for that most abominable rogue at the convent of the Grey Sisters had stolen his wine."

"And what business," asked Villano, "have you been transacting at the convent?"

"I have been looking for you, Signor," answered Rupert, "though I must own, a convent is rather an odd sort of a place, to look for a gallant nobleman like yourself. I should think you would rather take an inhabitant out of a convent, than become one yourself."

Although Rupert might, with the greatest propriety be classed amongst those tiresome people, who are bountifully gifted with the art of circumlocution when they are telling a story, yet by degrees, Villano succeeded in extracting from him the purport of his journey to the convent; and great indeed was his happiness, when he heard, that his beloved Orsini had escaped the perils of her enemies, and was safe under the protection of his friend. Rupert now asked for an elucidation of those events which could have brought so many persons into each other's society, when he well knew, that none of them set forward upon their journey, with any expectation of ever meeting. This was all explained to Rupert; and when the manner of Leopold's death was related to him, the old man shook his head. "Well, it is true," he said, "I have nursed him on my knee, and I heard the first prattlings of his infant tongue; but I never thought any good would come of him, he was bad at heart. Well, he is gone, and let us hope that God has forgiven him."

The whole party now proceeded to make preparations for their journey to Niolo, but it was no easy undertaking. Travelling, in that part of the world is not conducted with that ease and expedition, which distinguishes the British islands, for although in the latter, you may be exposed to the insolence and rudeness of a coachman, yet you have the happiness to be free from the griping rapacity—the indolence and rascality which are the characteristics of the Italian muleteer; who sleeps away one quarter of his time, drinks away another, and prays another, leaving only one quarter to perform that business for which he was engaged. It becomes, therefore, a work of no small moment to arrange a journey, where every department of it presents a number of obstacles. To be sure, there was no Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen of the party, to raise those impediments and difficulties, which ladies of her consequence are generally in the habit of doing, and which are the usual characteristics of the frivolous mind; but, on the other hand, it was not a country where four noble brutes are seen standing at the stable door, awaiting only the horn of the guard, to be put to a vehicle, in which you can be whirled from Penzance to John o'Groats, and in which you can sleep, eat, and drink, and if opportunity offers, make love as fervently as in an arbor, surrounded with the honey-suckle and the jessamine. Indeed, I consider an English stage-coach to be the place, of

all others, in which love can be made with the greatest effect ; if you sit opposite your innamorata, what rapture is enjoyed, and what thrilling sensations are experienced, when your knees come in contact, and the eye shoots forth the glance of reciprocal delight ; and if you sit by the side of your beloved, O then, how easy it is sily to slip your arm round the waist, and taking advantage of a sudden motion of the carriage, to press the yielding form still closer to you. Let cynics say what they please, and argue the point with all the cold-blooded metaphysical subtlety of which they are capable, I never will be argued out of the belief that one of the most blissful moments of this life, (and heaven knows there are not many in it,) is, when you have your arm round the waist of the girl you love, and pressing her close to you, you taste the first kiss her virgin lips e'er gave to man. The time was, when I shared that bliss of earth—but 'tis passed—and it is certain, that not one of the party will ever arrive at Niolo, whilst I am playing the egotist ; but some time was necessary to obtain the vehicles for their journey, which was a work of no small difficulty—for it happens in Switzerland as well as in England, that a vehicle is of very little use without the brutes to draw it, except it be applied to the purpose which the inimitable Yorick made of the vehicle at Calais. And what was that purpose ? Indeed, my dear girl, it is your husband only that can answer you.

A considerable portion of time was consumed before the mules were obtained ; and they were several hours in the stable, before persons could be found who would undertake the journey ; every obstacle was, however, at length removed, and after leaving the landlord a valuable remembrance of their gratitude, the party set off towards Niolo.

It would be tedious to enumerate the various disasters, mishaps, and accidents, which the travellers encountered on their journey, for they who never travelled on an Alpine road, can form no idea of them, and they who have encountered the perils of them, cannot possibly wish to have their misfortunes placed again before their memory ; it must, however, be admitted, that objects assume their beauty or their deformity, according to the tone of mind in which they are viewed ; and the rocks, which to the misanthrope or the criminal would look hideous and ugly, would be regarded by the innocent and the happy as one of Nature's finest works. According to this principle, it is easy to determine the impression which the different objects made upon the mind and heart of Adeline, and indeed, with the exception of Anselm, whose stern and iron countenance could scarcely ever relax into a smile, the whole party seemed disposed to increase each other's happiness by mutual offers of friendship and esteem. It was calculated that the party would arrive at Niolo about the close

of the fourth day, after making every due allowance for the obstinacy and the tricks of the muleteers, nor was the calculation wrong. The sun was setting, as the brown woods and hoary turrets of Niolo burst upon the view of the travellers. With what ecstasy, with what rapture, did Adeline behold them; and how different were her feelings at this moment, now that she was hastening to the fond and affectionate embrace of her father, than at that moment, when she was leaving her home, and hastening to seek an asylum from the persecutions of her enemies, in the mansions of those, whose hearts were perhaps seared against the warm impulses of affection, and who would treat her with the mere cold formalities of common place respect. Never in her opinion, did the mules go so slow—and the very walls of Niolo appeared to recede from her view; but at times, so active and powerful is the human imagination, when directed to particular objects, that she could almost convince herself, that she saw her father standing at the gates, and her aged grandfather leaning upon him.

“Thanks be to the good saints,” said Rupert, “here we are at last, and never, I hope, shall I leave those walls again. Two days more such travelling as this, and all my bones would be out of their sockets. Ah! Miss Adeline, if your good father thought we were so near, the old family banner would fly from the tower, and Niolo’s rocks would echo with the cannon. I’ll

hoist it myself," continued the honest creature, "and it shall fly till the wind has torn it in pieces—but what can they be afraid of at the Castle? The draw-bridge is up, and we shall have some trouble to make them hear us—but I'll make their ears to ring again."

No one attempted to interrupt Rupert in his monologue, for so full was each of the party with the intensity of their own feelings, that Rupert's remarks were as completely lost upon them, as if he had been speaking Hebrew. The carriages now stopped at the gate, and Rupert certainly kept his word, for the great bell had never been rung so violently since it had been put up. Deborah was the first who made her appearance, but she no sooner saw old Rupert, with a retinue of carriages, than instead of proceeding to let down the bridge, she hastened back into the Castle, and thus gave old Rupert another opportunity of exercising his skill in the art of bell ringing; he was, however, soon interrupted in the exercise by the appearance of Frederic himself, with some domestics, and the bridge was no sooner down, than Adeline rushed from the carriage, and in a moment was in her father's arms.

There are scenes in life of which words are but poor interpreters, and all the powers of language are inadequate to convey a description of the feelings to which those scenes gave birth. It would be idle to attempt even a faint analysis of those feelings, which

swayed the breast of Adeline, as she again held her parent in her arms ; that parent whom she had reason to believe had been long ago numbered with the dead ; and when she emancipated herself from her father's embrace, and she saw standing near her, her aged grandfather—his head white as the snow of her native mountains, and restored to his family and his home—then in that moment, her past sufferings rested no more upon her memory, the dark clouds of grief and despair had vanished, and the bright sun of joy and happiness spread its enlivening beams around her. To Villano and Rosenheim, the most friendly welcome was given, but there was one who stood at a respectful distance, a cool spectator of the happy scene, for whom no female eye shed the tear of love or joy—and yet, who on looking on the happy countenances which surrounded him, could say with truth—“ This is my work.”

“ Come,” said the old Count to him. “ Come, my good deliverer, and share these happy moments with us—to you we are all much indebted—and the time, I hope, is come, when from your breast every remembrance of the adversity which you have suffered, will be obliterated for ever, and the sun of your future life decline and set in peace. You're welcome, thrice welcome to Niolo—let it be your future home, and together we will talk of former days, and your holy converse shall prepare me for that state whither I am hastening fast.”

"Thanks, many thanks to you," said Anselm, casting his eyes around the happy groupe, and as he advanced to take the hand of the old Count, which was extended towards him, his dark and sullen countenance bore the impression of an inward struggle. "The time was," he said, "when I also could look around me and see those beings who had reason to bless me—and there was a time, when I could point out to one nook of earth, and say, there lives one who loves me."

Down the grief-worn cheek of Anselm stole a solitary tear. 'Twas humanity's sweet power again vivifying a breast, which the calamities of the world had rendered callous—'twas the inward consciousness of the joy which the human heart experiences, when we see around us a fabric of happiness, and we the founders of it."

"The world," continued Anselm, "has no charms for me, for I am like the blasted tree of the desert, under whose branches no living being takes refuge: in the wide circle of creation, I know not one who loves me—and without love, this life is a weary pilgrimage. Though from no human lips the endearing sound of father ever reached my ears—yet, I once had ties which bound me firmly to the world—but they are broken and cannot be cemented again. There is then but one Being with whom, in future, I will hold converse—and that is my God." Turning to his brother and sister, he took their hands in the most affectionate manner:—"To you," he

said, "who came from the same womb as myself—who were the companions—the witnesses and the sharers of our infantine joys, that blissful era of human existence—to you my future retreat shall be known—the inheritance which by primogeniture is mine; I hereby assign to you for ever—on the condition, that you will not allow my eyes to be closed by strangers—and it will calm my dying hour, to think that a brother and a sister's tears will fall upon my grave. Now to you all farewell."

"Not so," said Frederic—"by all the ties of friendship and hospitality, you shall not leave us—we have a heavy debt to pay, and that must be cancelled ere you leave us."

"You have no debt to pay to me," said Anselm; "I have no claim upon any man which is not cancelled."

Ellen threw her arms around her brother. "O Anselm," she exclaimed, "do not leave me—let me accompany you to your retreat, and in me you shall find a soother of your grief—and I will administer to all your wants with the affection of a sister."

At this moment, Villano stepped up to Anselm, and in a friendly but decided tone, said, "You remember your promise to me, and that promise was ——

"Mention it not," said Anselm, interrupting him.

"It was solemnly given, and must be solemnly

kept," said Villano—"you leave us not. I will speak to you hereafter."

On a sudden the door opened, and the beautiful Orsini entered. Villano caught her in his arms, and on her pale cheek imprinted the warm kiss of love. "Thus," he exclaimed, "am I rewarded for all the dangers which I have run," and now turning to Frederic and the old Count, "let joy and revelry sound in the hall of Niolo—virtue has fought a glorious battle, and she has repeated the victory."

Rupert was sent for, to prepare the best cheer which the Castle afforded—but the honest domestic finding no pleasure in seeing lovers embrace, had repaired instantly on his arrival, to the cellar—and whilst relating his wondrous exploits and marvellous achievements to Deborah, he forgot the potency of the liquor, and in a little time knew not how to distinguish a fowl from a leg of mutton—but his services were soon supplied, and in truth it may be affirmed, that a happier groupe was never witnessed within the walls of Niolo.

In a few days, Adeline was perfectly recovered from the fatigue, which her late harassing life had occasioned—and in a short time, the health of Orsini was restored. The mutual attachment of Adeline and Rosenheim had been long known to her father—and although in point of fortune or of rank, Rosenheim was far her inferior, yet it was to his virtues, and the general dispositions

of his heart, that Frederic directed his attention ; and he had received so many proofs of their excellence, that all disparity of fortune became in his eyes a matter of minor consideration, it was to the happiness of his daughter that he looked ; and he was one of those parents who discard the grovelling idea, that wealth is indispensable to the establishment of a happy marriage. On the same day that Rosenheim received the hand of Adeline, Villano received that of Orsini. Old Rupert hoisted the old family flag on the tower, the gates of the Castle were thrown open, and the joyous peasantry flocked to partake of the good cheer which was spread before them, and to drink to the health of the happy couples. Old Rupert retired to his bed, after having quaffed many a glass to the first merry christening ; and as the shades of night began to fall, and on the summit of the mountains faintly shone the last ray of day, the eyes of Adeline met the piercing glance of Rosenheim ; and let those decide the cause who will of the lovely blush which tinged her cheeks, we will not attempt it. Joy and revelry still sounded in the Castle ; the strangers sat at the festive board—they looked around them, and Adeline and Rosenheim, and Villano and Orsini were gone—whither we know not, nor will we follow them. Darkness has spread its veil around them, and the blush on the maiden's cheek cannot be seen—the tear in the virgin's eye meets no beam to

tell its purity—the pearl is taken from the shell, and shines as the brightest jewel in the crown of matrimonial bliss. The great mandate of heaven was fulfilled, and ministering angels gave their blessing.

The old Count lived to see his beloved granddaughter with a lovely child at her bosom, and by the solicitations of Villano and Rosenheim, Anselm took upon himself the office of abbot of the monastery of Arienheim. Ellen became the chosen friend of Adeline, and took up her residence at Niolo. Mademoiselle Schlaffenhausen, from the most prudential motives, retired to a distant part of the country, and assuming a religious habit, made the best amends she could for the follies of her former life.

The virtuous are at peace—the vicious have reaped the reward of their crimes—and let those who are now borne down with grief and affliction, or who are suffering from the machinations of deliberate villainy—let them not be dispirited; the time will come, when heaven will pour out its vengeance on the sinner, and the good man will reap the reward of his unshaken constancy, and his firm adherence to the dictates of virtue and religion.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE BINDER.

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Portrait of the Author, to face Vol. II.

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